PUBLIC LIBRARY

974.1 Sy57rp 641506

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

FORM 3431 10-58

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00726 6084

dup. sold R.K.

FRAMINGHAM TOWN LIBRARY
Established 1855.

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
OF THE
"EDGELL-LIBRARY-FUND."
Accession No. 2965 Catalogue No. [illegible]

974.1 J.4

PEMAQUID.

ROMANCE OF THE MAINE COAST

In Five Vols.

I. Romance of Casco Bay.
II. Romance of Old York.
III. Sokoki Trail.
IV. Ancient Pemaquid.
V. The Land of St. Castin.
(in press.)

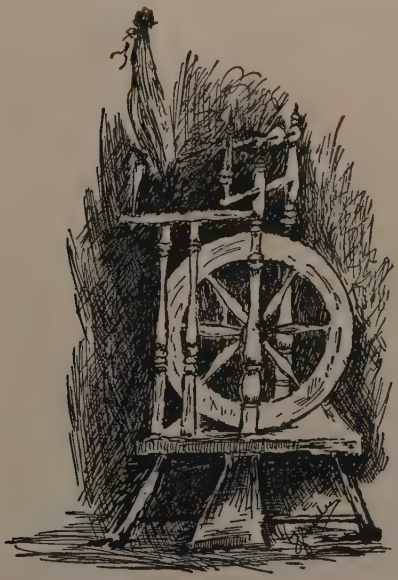
YE LITTLE RIVER OF PEMAQUID

MAINE COAST ROMANCE

Ye Romance of Olde Pemaquid

BY

HERBERT MILTON SYLVESTER



BOSTON
Stanhope Press
1908

974.1 v.4

*77.343

Copyright by Herbert M. Sylvester, 1908.
All rights reserved.

2895

974.1
Sy57np.
641506

3 1223 00726 6084

AUTHOR'S EDITION

This edition is limited to one thousand copies printed from the face type. This is No. 608

Yᴱ ROMANCE OF OLDᴱ PEMAQUID

IS INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR TO

HENRY LELAND CHAPMAN, A.M.

Professor of English Literature, Bowdoin College.
A Gentleman of Letters.

28965

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

Thorndike
Oak
Boundary Conifers

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

THERE is, my dear professor, in the inscription of this volume to you, a suggestion of carrying coals to Newcastle, yet I am impelled to it in open flagrancy of all the proprieties, perhaps; for I know of no one who is likely to be more patient under adversities of this sort, or so forgiving, once you are assured of the honesty of the trespasser's sentiment.

It is not a far cry to the inception of the work of which this volume is the fourth installment, and your kindly and encouraging suggestions are cherished, as well as your fine appreciation of my plan of writing these five stories of days well nigh forgotten. It struck you as a field hitherto unoccupied. It was only a hint on your part, but the sovereign rights of the squatter were singularly apparent in this particular instance, and I therefore proceeded to "squat", — with the result that my title to four-

fifths of this originally inchoate right has been fairly established, while the remaining fifth is struggling with the printer's devil.

I have not forgotten the genuine surprise that found a quick expression in your questioning glance when I said to you that only the story of Casco Bay was ready for the printer, while the four remaining volumes were but the unformed creatures of the brain with less of tangibility than the wind that sets the hilltop pines a-sough with drowsy complainings.

If there was an accent of doubt in your remark that perhaps I had too readily discounted the future and its exigencies, I failed to note it, but I am free to assure you I proceeded to set the kerosene aflame in the incubator with a somewhat anxious celerity. I cannot say that I gave much attention to the thermostat. The only question was, would the fuel hold out until the last legendary biped had pipped its shell. As it turned out, there was fuel enough and to spare after the last tale of all, "The Land of St. Castin," was fairly in swathing-bands and snugly tucked away with its elder brothers until the man with the composing-stick should come for them that they might receive their consecration in printer's ink.

Those were, I confess, anxious days, but the way the wingèd Mercuries fanned the atmosphere about that incubator would have startled the most prolific genius. It was a peculiar atmosphere. There were the musty cerements of long-gone dwellers in

these early places to be shaken out and aired. Old pictures long since turned to the wall were to be dusted and re-vitalized, — the long-silent tongue choked with mould and smothered with cobwebs was to trip again its 'customed gait. Faded out and invisible footprints were again to bloom out along the old ways, and to break their silences with sturdy foot-falls, while the clack of a clumsy wooden loom marked time with a lyric whirring of spindles that spun poetry along the vibrant woollen rolls daintly held by many a Priscilla, and in whose twisting was hopelessly caught the heart of many a John Alden. To be sure, the wide old-fashioned hearths were noisy with the crackle of blazing back-logs, but there was a smiting of the wilderness and its hidden terrors, the glower of a copper-hued visage among the shadows and the dull smother of a musket-shot, the blare of whoop and shrilling yell, — harmless imaginations of the brain, yet each and all clamoring insistently to be heard.

Then there were the audible silences of this aboriginal country broken only by the song of the centuries beating, measure upon measure, along the shores of this labyrinth of olden Sagadahoc and Sasanoa until the hail of the adventurous Champlain and sturdy English Waymouth mingled with its strange echoes the grinding tongue of a Ratcliff fisherman and the musical burr of Saintonge.

Notwithstanding the heart-burnings and the acrid controversies that began with the scruples of Dr. Belknap and the nosings of Skipper Williams, whose

brine-soaked prototype was wont to aver that he could locate old Ma'm Hackett's backyard despite his antipodal environment, and which have been punctuated by the rival memorial upon the Thomaston shores, there is left to one the "eye single" by which the body is filled with light. One is reminded, as well, if the blind lead the blind, the ditch is but a little way on.

This controversy is to be avoided from the author's point of view, for the reason there is really so little in the contention. I will, however, confess to you, my dear professor, that I have my doubts as to the veracity of Skipper Williams' "smellers" though he held Rosier's Tales of the Hills never so close to his nose before.

As compared with the subtle Rosier, Strachey was less the romancer, but more the "finisher of our faith," and one need not mind with Strachey in one's pocket. He leads straight to the ledgy dome of old Sabino and the heaped-up sand-dunes of Hunnewell's Beach. The Penobscot has an unsurpassed wealth of tradition, and dear old Sagadahoc is no less rich in ancient lore; for the names of Sieur du Gast, Champlain, Waymouth and Popham, yea! and grand old Samoset, are her peculiar heritage.

If I have seemed somewhat garrulous in this little epistle, it is because the opportunity is so suggestive, and yet, I am sure of absolution because your friendship is no less assured than welcomed, — the friendship of one notably of genial and hospitable characteristics and beloved by all the children of old

Bowdoin. I am heartily well-pleased, though not a University man, to give you of the best I have, hoping that the mellowing of the years may bring to you only fair weather and the companionship of your choicest friends.

How true it is that right living begets love! and with this for a parting thought while we quaff our stirrup-cup, the saddle between our knees, — give me your hand, neighbor! Here's to your health, until we meet again! Yours,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE

NEW MEADOWS RIVER

PREFACE

IF Byron has remarked the truth as more marvellous than the most pleasing and subtile product of the imagination, it is not perhaps so palatable to the mental relish. It does not exhilarate as does romance, and perhaps that is why one takes for a choice the following of the idiosyncracies of the rain-bow chaser as he keeps to the trail of Legend and Tradition as they lead him over the Delectable Mountains that mark the horizon of that strange country whose cosmographer discovers his affinity in a lively imagination.

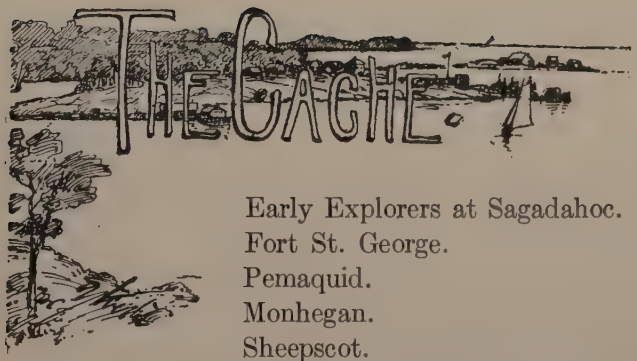
The Crucible of Time fuses Tradition into passable history, and in the absence of a better authority, it becomes current coin; and, by reason of its very elasticity it answers to the demands of an exacting

and hyper-critical antiquarian, more often than not. The reason is plain; for, where authentic evidence is not to be had, the best at hand is depended upon. Where there is none at all, a possibility will do, patched up like a pair of worn trousers, with a patch of a query, which is dropped by the next annalist for convenient reasons to be accepted by a careless and indifferent constituency; so, in the recalling of ancestral beginnings on the New England Coast, and especially that part under consideration, one assumes the right to set up one long-gone episode and another as mile-stones on the way to the dead centuries and those who wrought in them. Nor, is it to be wondered at, that the modern surveyor, blazing his way along the ancient demarcations, should be guilty, unwittingly, of a sometimes false reckoning, because, he, by chance, has established his metes and bounds outside the domain of ungarnished fact, to find himself browsing along the weed-beset byways of unauthenticated happenings.

One is not always sure of so-called facts, dipped as they have been from so many ink-pots, and colored as they must have been, inevitably, by the alluvium of one mentality and another through which they have found their way to the present time, as the channel was narrow and tortuous, or generously broad environed with fine atmospheres. If the reader should perchance discover here or there a sleazy place in the fabric which the author has tacked across the span of the years which made up the pioneer life of the seventeenth century, or else-

where, along the road among whose worn ruts the author has left his footprints, it is to be hoped that any sense of annoyance, if so serious an affection should result, may be over-balanced and assuaged by his sincere desire to interest, as to edify.

THE AUTHOR.



Early Explorers at Sagadahoc.
Fort St. George.
Pemaquid.
Monhegan.
Sheepscot.
The Priest of Nanrantsouak.

	Page
Half-title	
Frontispiece	2
Thorndike Oak	8
Headband, Epistle Dedicatory	9
Initial	9
Tailpiece	13
Headband, Preface	17
Initial	17
Tailpiece	19
The Cache	21
Notes With the Thumb-nail	23
Tailpiece	28
Headband, Explorers	35
Initial	35
Map	36
Map of Popham Country	39
Hockomock Bay	40
On the Sagadahoc River	43
Autographs	45

PAGE

Kidd's Cave 47
New Meadows River 51
The Cuckolds, Burnt Island 55
Allen Island, Waymouth Cross 58
Cape Rosier 62
The Cuckolds, Capemanwaggen 64
Squirrel Island Shore 65
Winnegance Creek 68
First Meeting-house, Bath 71
Fiddler's Reach 73
A Bath Wharf 74
Bluff Head, Arrowsic 76
Denny Block-house 78
Old Denny House 80
Off Pentecost Harbor 81
Monhegan Harbor 83
Seguin From Sewall Cottage 88
Seguin Landing 90
Headband, Sabino 93
Initial 93
Early Chart 95
Sabino Shore 98
Autograph, J. Popham 101
Autograph, William Strachey 105
The Cliffs of Monhegan 107
The Herons 111
Bald Head, Cape Small Point 115
Plan, Fort St. George 119

PAGE

Hunnewell Beach 122
Cape Small Point 124
Popham Point 127
Site of Old Fort at Ancient Augusta 133
Popham Beach 137
Sabino Hill, Fort Popham 141
Fort Popham and Cox's Head 144
Fox Island 148
Pinnace Virginia 151
Perkins Island Light 155
Headband, Old Fort Frederick 159
Initial 159
Early Chart 163
Entrance to New Harbor 168
Plan of Olden Pemaquid 171
On John's Island 175
Pemaquid Light 179
Samoset's Signum 187
Surf at Pemaquid 197
Site of the Old Forges 201
Pemaquid River, Inner Harbor 205
An Old Spanish Fort was On This Point 208
New Harbor 211
Pemaquid Reach, Field of The Three Hundred Cellars 215
Pemaquid Post Office 217
Old Dam, McCaffrey's Creek 221
Medomak River 225

PAGE

Below Pemaquid Falls 229
Autographs 236
Shell Heaps, Damariscotta 243
Old Burying-ground, Pemaquid 256
Ancient Pemaquid Graveyard 260
Plan Fort William Henry 263
Fort Frederick Before Excavation 266
Fish Point 268
The Shipyard 272
The Ruins Partly Restored of Fort Frederick . . 274
Autograph, D'Iberville 275
The Cache 277
Needle-like Pemaquid Point 279
West Bastion old Fort Frederick 281
Great Sand Beach 282
Headband, Monhegan 285
Initial 285
The Washerwoman, Lobster Cove 287
Monhegan Cliffs 292
Monhegan Harbor 295
Fish Flakes 298
Boar's Head 301
Turtle Head 307
Little Church on Monhegan 310
Pulpit Rock 315
Monhegan Light 318
The Lighthouse 322
The Fog-bell 324

PAGE

An Ancient House 326
Haunted House 327
Fish Houses, Monhegan 329
Headband, The King's Highway 333
Initial 333
Ancient Sheepscot 334
Basin Below Sheepscot Falls 336
Mouth of the Ovens 338
Narrows, Burnt Islands 341
Crumbie's Reach 343
Pines in Ancient Cellar 344
Joseph Glidden Manse 348
Brickyard Cove 350
Job's Hill 353
The Spring-well 355
Village Street 357
Davis' Point, Decker Narrows, Clough's Neck . 359
Bit of Wiscasset 361
Brickyard Cove 368
Marie Antoinette House, Edgecomb 371
Decker's Narrows, Squam Island 373
Garrison Hill 377
Site of Fort Anne 379
Block House, Egdecomb 382
Headband, Nanrantsouak 387
Initial 387
Arnold's Trail 389
Dead River 392

	Page
Autographs	395
Bit of Norridgewock	397
Fort Weston	399
A Norridgewock Highway	403
Old Fort Weston	407
Norridgewock Meeting-house	411
The Jail	415
Grand Falls, Dead River	419
Old Tavern	425
The Ralé Monument	430
Tailpiece	431

PRELUDE

Ho there, Seguin! tell me the tale
  Of olden days, when Du Guast broke the veil
Of Desert's rock-ribbed, fog-choked isle;
  Startled her painted shores with voiceless hail
Of ghostly-white sea-wings, to fade
  As silently within th' empurpled spell
Of Sasanoa's Daedalian fiord
  Where once the keen-eyed Champlain's shadow fell.

Who left that shallop of old Basque
  On York's dun sands! Sing me the roundelay
That thrilled its yellow ribs of oak —
  A fishing-song of ancient Brittany.
What Siren lured its fisher-crew,
  As, toying with her limpèd, sun-dyed locks,
She wrought the rune of summer days
  By Capemanwagen, or, on Hunnewell's Rocks!

What of the fair-haired Breton maid
  Who grieved with hopeless heart and sore!
No more her lover's hail might sound
  Across the dingy quays of old Honfleur.
But, ever as the storm winds howl,
  Or wild waves lash Sabino's hoary head,
The salt tears drip into the sea —
  Its mournful tribute to a nameless dead.

Caughtst thou the joyous shout that o'er
  These waters rang when Cabot furled his red
Sails 'neath Penobscot's regal pines;
  Or Waymouth's footfall on gray Pemaquid?
Saw you the walls of Popham rise
  And fall? Thou sayest not; but, churl-like, hoardst
Thy tryst as Egypt's Sphinx her own,
  Salt-smothered, drenched with every tide's unrest.

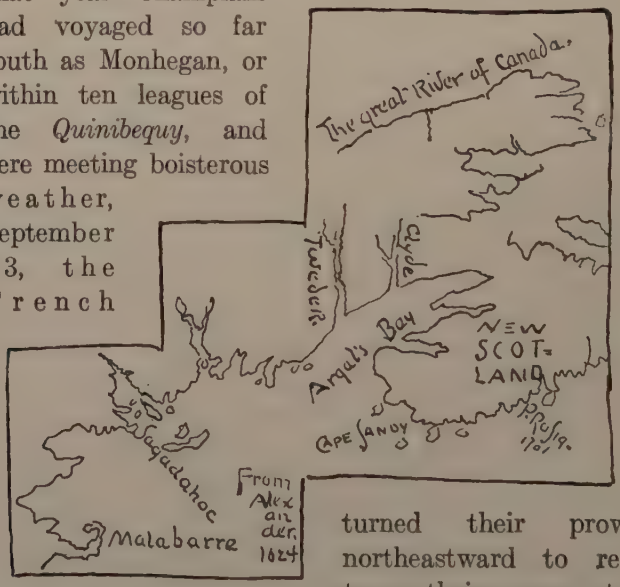
THE EXPLORERS

EARLY EXPLORERS AT SAGADAHOC

AS one sights spicy old Sut-quin (Seguin) to near the historic shores about the mouth of the Sagadahoc, the present fades like a dream to open out into the limitless vistas of those early days of prophecy, to which the fruition of to-day would have been as unreal to the Cabots, Champlain, Gosnold, Pring and Waymouth, as the *Terra Incognita* of this *Maine*-land, up and down which they coasted in turn, and with which, in a way, they acquired some familiarity, is to the antiquary of the Twentieth century. One can only approximate to the vision that broke upon the Cabots as they left the fogs of the St. Lawrence behind to skirt the

headlands of Cape Sable to sweep again northward on the swift tides of Fundy to Minas Basin, to again follow the swirl of the same tide along the New Brunswick shore, southward, to Quoddy Head, crossing what were afterward known as the waters of the St. Croix where Du Monts and Champlain a half-dozen years later were to christen St. Croix (Ducette's) Island, and build their houses of stone, which upon these shores were the earliest hieroglyphics of a foreign civilization.

This was in the year 1604, and in September of that year Champlain had voyaged so far south as Monhegan, or within ten leagues of the *Quinibequy*, and here meeting boisterous weather, September 23, the French



turned their prow northeastward to retrace their course to the St. Croix where they had pitched their winter quarters. The winter well over, Du Monts got

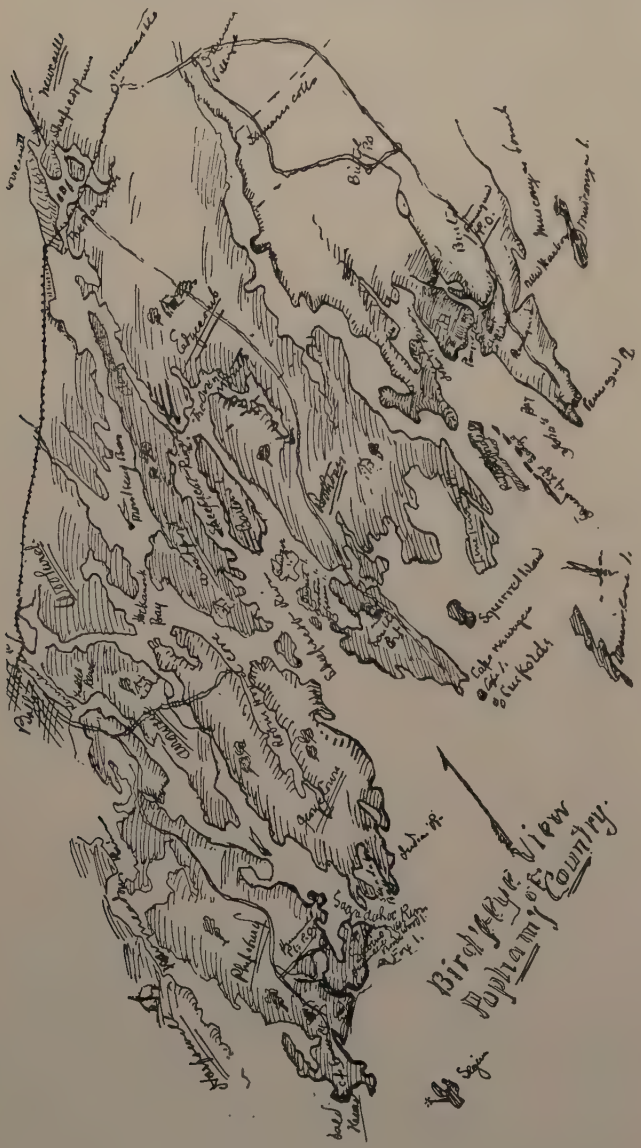
underway for a voyage down the Bay of Maine, and Champlain, as the annalist of the voyage of exploration, notes that on July 1st, 1605, they left the mouth of the *Norombegue* and filled away to the westward. He estimates they had sailed some twenty-five leagues over the course sailed the fall before when they came to the mouth of the *Quinibequy* where they anchored in five to six fathoms of water.

Champlain says: "At the entrance there is an island quite high which we have named *la tortue*, and between this and the main land are some scattered islands and the rocks, covered at high water, but the sea breaks over them. The *Isle de la tortue* and the river are SSE. and NNW."

There came along with them a dense fog which shut out the land as well as the sea, and they kept to their anchorage until the 5th, when they sailed into the Sheepscot River, to begin the minute scrutiny of its physical characteristics. The Sheepscot was the *Quinibequy* of the aborigine, and it was up this beautiful stream they worked their ship, but not without some danger as their vessel came near being wrecked upon one of its treacherous ledges. Farther up stream they encountered a party of savages in two canoes with whom they held some converse with the aid of the squaw of *Panounais*. *Panounais* had come along from St. Croix as a guide, by whose kindly offices, the French were able to induce these savage hunters to show the way to their Sagamore, *Manthoumermer*. Their course was still up stream past

miles of sloping uplands, meadow-lands and marshes beginning to yellow under the mid-summer sun, leaving behind a long narrow island, making at last the head of the river which may have been in the neighborhood of the present Wiscasset. Here they discovered the Indian village, its Sagamore, and about thirty of the tribe. It was a most friendly conference, and after the disposing of some trinkets among the delighted savages, a treaty was entered upon. The following day, guided by the *Quinibequies*, the French made the passage from the Sheepscot into another stream than that by which they had come thus far.

Champlain says: "Passing by some islands each of the savages left an arrow near a cape by which all must pass; they believe that unless they do this the devil will bring about some misfortune; they live in this superstition as well as many others. Near this cape we passed a fall of water, but it was not done without great difficulty, for although we had a fair and fresh wind and carried all the sail we possibly could, we were obliged to take a hawser ashore and fasten it to the trees and then pull with all our strength, and thus by main force and the favoring wind we got through. The savages who were with us carried their canoes along the shore, being unable to make headway with their paddles. After having passed the fall we saw beautiful meadow-lands. I was much astonished at this fall because we descended easily with the tide, but at the fall it was against us, but above the fall it ebbed as before much to our


Birdseye View
Popham's Country

satisfaction. Pursuing our route we came to a lake which is three or four leagues long, with islands in it. Here descend two rivers, the *Quinibequy* which comes from the northeast, and another which comes from the northwest, by which *Marchim* and *Sazinou* were to come, but having waited the whole of this day without seeing them we resolved to keep our time employed, and so weighed anchor and came to the mouth of the river."

According to Gen. John Marshall Brown, whose

HOCKAMOCK BAY

brochure upon Champlain's Explorations is a warm and deserved tribute to the genius of Champlain and his influence in the colonization of the Maine coast, he says that it is evident that Champlain explored the Sheepscot "to the northern extremity of Westport, descended the river on the west side of the island, passed close to what is now Hockamock Point, pulled the vessel through the upper Hellgate, and so entered

the Kennebec proper, and passed on to Merrymeeting Bay. The descent was made by the true channel to the site of Fort Popham where they probably anchored, unless they made a harbor a little further to the westward." This tracing of the trail of Champlain is doubtless the correct one, as an acquaintance with these waters would indicate. The boats hug the East shore of Hellgate to-day as did Champlain. Champlain used up about four days in his "spyeing out" the continually unfolding fascinations of the scenery along the way from the time he had turned Capemanwagen, dodging the Cuckolds until he had doubled Clough's Point at the upper end of Westport, until finally he had left behind him the sands of Hunnewell's Beach, all which to him must have been a wonderful revelation of Nature. It was on the 8th of July, delayed again by the fog, that Champlain sailed away westward toward the mysteries of Casco Bay.

As one sails up the Kennebec in these days, one finds patches of shore that are apparently unchanged from the coming of Champlain. The same bold headlands, the same reaches of salt marsh, the same bands of tawny sands hooping the curving shores of the narrowing bays, or gilding the jutting spurs of the evergreens that hold apart their emerald cups, are here as in the days when Waymouth strode up Hunnewell's Beach with his jester and story-teller Rosier not far behind. The waters roll in from an unbroken horizon, oceanward, and pound the black walls of stone as they have for the innumerable

centuries. They iterate the Litany of Nature now as they did in the days of the Cabots, the same ceaseless monody of the sea under the baton of the iridescent spray, keeping the tale of the tides with rhythmic notation. One hears to-day by the sea the Song of the Centuries, that began when the last glacier had melted away and the silt of its medial moraine had been garnished with a riant vegetation, and the hills had begun to be clothed with the verdure of the woods. In Cabot's day the shag of these shores was not so ragged as now; for, except on the marsh-lands, the greenery was interminable, the woods rolling back inland, unbroken and unscarred, while the islands were tree-sheltered and embowered with fruitful vines. The wild grape was indigenous to all the islands along the coast, and delicious to the palate, as Champlain discovered on his third and last voyage down the Maine Coast. These barren, tree-denuded heaps of rack mid-seas, were, in his time, oases of verdure; and it is only as the fishermen came that they have cut their trees for shelters, fishing-stages and fire-wood. It was a vandal tax upon the picturesque, but an inevitable.

It was on the 25th of July that Champlain left Cape Cod, after designating it among his notes as *Cap Blanc*, sailing down the coast with a fair wind to again run into the mouth of the *Chouacoet* (Saco) where he met *Marchim*, the Sagamore of the lands around Casco Bay, and whom he had hoped to meet at Merry-meeting Bay earlier in the month. Champlain gives this portrait etching of this savage, — "who had the

reputation of being one of the bravest men of his country, and he had a fine manner, and all his gestures and movements were grave and dignified, savage though he was." Champlain made these savages some presents, and, in return, the Sagamore presented him with a young Etchemin, a boy captured to the eastward. Champlain was again at the Kennebec

ON THE SAGADAHOC RIVER

July 29th, where they met the Sagamore *Anassou*, who, to use Champlain's own words, — "told us there was a vessel six leagues from the harbor which had been engaged in fishing, and the people on board had killed five savages of this river, under the pretense of friendship, and according to his description we judge them to be English, and named the island where they were, '*Le Nef*,' because at that distance it had that appearance."

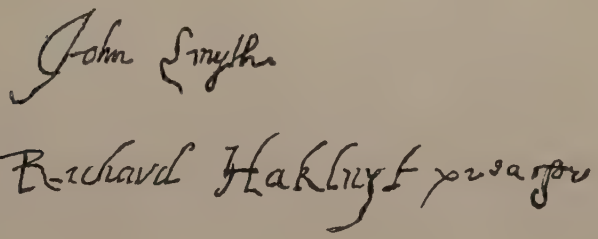
This island was Monhegan, and this coming hither of Waymouth in the *Archangel* was, without doubt, his nearest meeting with the English who were beginning to acquire some familiarity with these waters.

Sieur de Poutrincourt came over in the *Jonas*, 1606, bringing Lescarbot who was later to write the story of New France. Port Royal had been decided upon as a site preferable to that upon the St. Croix, and it is Lescarbot who relates the romance of the new colony. A large portion of those who came over with Du Mont returned with him to France, while Champlain remained "with the Sieur de Poutrincourt, intending by the grace of God, to finish and perfect the chart which," as he says, "I had commenced of the country and the coast."

It was in the early part of September of this year that Champlain essayed his third voyage of discovery along the coast of Maine. Some six days later he was again at the mouth of the Kennebec where the vessel came very near shipwreck amid "the currents which are peculiar to the place." His stay here was brief, as their destination was the *Cap Blanc* of the preceding year; and it was from Malabarre (the Cape Cod country) on October 28th, that they sailed for Port Royal. It was on this last voyage that Champlain tasted the wild grapes of the Isle of Bacchus and found them good. On his return he seems to have sailed across the mouth of the Kennebec without stay. This somewhat extended notice of Champlain's coming hither has been accorded him as

he was the first explorer of the inner Kennebec waters, and, as Gen. Brown says, "the three voyages are the first thoroughly intelligible contribution to the cartography of Maine."

Hakluyt says, "In the year 1497, the 24th day of June, on St. John's day, was New Foundland found by Bristol men in a ship called the Matthew." This



was a private adventure, but it was not until 1602 that the next English venture was made by Gosnold in the good ship *Dartmouth*. Much to Gosnold's surprise, he had hardly dropped anchor off the York sands when his vessel was boarded by the aborigines clad in a garb similar to his own; and later, in 1607, Gilbert had hardly furled his sails under the shadows of Pemaquid before a Spanish shallop was chafing the sides of the English ship, manned by a crew of savages who showed their appreciation of the hospitality of the English by leaving some of their party on board over night. These incidents are suggestive of a prior and some-time standing acquaintance with the civilization of Europe, and avouches the truth of the assertion of the familiarity of the Continental fisher-

man with these shores ante-dating the advent of the Cabots, even.

Just here, a quotation from Purchas's Pilgrimes, (1625) is of interest. The incident is founded upon Gosnold's Landfall in 1602 upon the York shore. The language of the annalist, Purchas, owns to a quaintness that is attractive. He says:

"The fourteenth, about six in the morning we descried land that lay north, . . . the northerly we called the North Land, which to another rock upon the same lying twelve leagues west, that wee called Savage Rocke, because the savages first shewed themselves there; five leagues towards the said rocke is an out point of woodie ground the trees thereof very high and straight from the rocks east northeast. From the said rocke came towards us a Biscay shallop with saile and oares, having eight persons in it, whom we supposed at first to bee Christians distressed. But approaching us neere, we perceived them to bee savages. These comming within call hayled us, and wee answered. Then after signes of peace, and a long speech by one of them made, they came boldly aboord us being all naked, saving about their shoulders certaine loose deere skinnes, and neere their wastes seale skinnes tyed fast like to Irish Himmie trousers. One that seemed to be their commander wore a wastecoate of black worke, a pair of breeches, cloth stockings, shooes, hat and band; one or two more had also a few things made by some Christians. These with a piece of chalke described the coast thereabouts, and could name

Placentia of the New-Found-Land. They spake divers Christian words, and seemed to understand much more than wee, for want of language could comprehend."

This relation, of Purchas, surprising as it is, is not

KIDD'S CAVE

lacking in authenticity, and the simplicity of the tale attests its truth.

Gosnold sailed from Falmouth, Eng., March 26, 1602, in the *Concord*. It has been alleged by historians that his purpose was the founding of a colony on the northern coast, and his voyage had been

alluded to as "insignificant in results." From best accounts he made his first landfall May 14th, about the purlieus of Casco Bay, and to which he gave the name of "Northland." Gosnold dropped his anchor off Cuttyhunk where he built a fort, the site of which, according to Belknap, was identified in 1797, and again in 1817 and still later in 1848. The building of this fort was a clandestine performance, and has been seized upon by the advocates of the earlier Massachusetts colonizations as an offset to the Popham works at St. George in 1607. Gosnold's Expedition was contraband in character, and without authority, and the building of the fort was not revealed by Gosnold on his return to England. His quest was for cedar, sassafras and furs, and it was a private undertaking for immediate gain. From the time of his arrival to his departure, his crew were in revolt over the division of the supplies, the shortage of which is abundant proof of the temporary character of Gosnold's intentions. Had he intended to have left any portion of his thirty-two companions as the seed for a colony, he would have come prepared for its provisioning until such time as it could have become self-supporting. But such was not the fact; for upon his arrival at South Hampton, July 23rd, he had "not one cake of bread," to, soon after, encounter Sir Walter Raleigh who confiscated his cargo as contraband.

It was the next year that Martin Pring, April 10th, sailed away from Bristol, sighting the Maine coast June 2nd. Where he made his first landfall is un-

certain, but he says he entered one of its rivers to afterward sail southward to drop anchor at Savage Rock (York), but not finding the aromatic root of the sassafras as he had anticipated he kept on to Cape Cod to drop anchor in what afterward became known as Plymouth Harbor, — the "Port of Cape St. Louis" of the Du Monts voyage of two years later; ten years later named "Crane Bay" by the Dutch.

The results of these voyages were meagre. They are nothing more than way-marks along the hitherto spasmodic efforts whose mainsprings of action lay in a desire for personal aggrandizement. If one accepts Purchas, Gosnold found a safe anchorage among the Islands of Pemaquid, which Gosnold says were "very pleasant to behold adorned with goodly grape and sundry sorts of trees, as cedars, spruce, pines, and fir trees." Robert Aldworth was the chief adventurer in this voyage, who with Giles Elbridge were the Co-patentees and Founders of Pemaquid, the waters about which, even to the Isles of Shoals, seem to have become after Smith's voyage, 1614, the Mecca of the English fishermen. Pemaquid and Monhegan at the time of Gosnold's coming had long marked an anciently known fishing-ground, the limits of the occupation of which anteriorly, is not to be bounded. Its mainland was a part of the Mawooshen of Purchas, the eastern boundary of which was the land of the Tarratines.

Of the contemporary English voyages, that of Waymouth in 1605, and who was located by Cham-

plain at Monhegan in July of that year was most important. Waymouth however, had come and had made some exploration of the Kennebec, and had sailed away ere the French cartographer was made aware of the proximity of the English navigator. On his return from his first voyage to Cape Cod, the second down the coast of Maine, he got from *Anassou* the story of the abduction of the five savages who were carried to England as the first New World freight of the *Archangel.*

This first coming of Waymouth is interesting from the record of what seemed to have an ultimate purpose, which was to be carried out the following year. He had sailed away from English Ratcliffe on Easter Sunday, Mar. 15, 1605. His destination, originally, was Cape Cod and the lands to the southward the descriptions of which by Brereton and Verrazano he had read. Contrary winds brought him up against the coast of Maine in 41° 2′, north, and against his preconceived course to the southward, he sailed to the eastward to anchor on the north side of Monhegan, May 17th. Here, to quote Strachey, "he found the land faire, and the whole coast bold to fall with, and then, a safe harbour for shippes to ride in, which hath besides, without the river, in the channell and soundes about the island, adjoyning to the mouth thereof, so desired a road, as yt is capable of an infinite nomber of shippes. The river, likewise, ytself, as yt runneth upp into the mayne for very neere forty miles towards the high inland mountaines, he found to beare in breadth a myle, sometymes three

NEW MEADOWS RIVER

quarters, and half a mile the narrowest; never under four or five fathom water hard by the shoare, and six, seven, eight, nine, and ten fathomes all along on both sides; every half mile very gallant coves, some almost able to conteyne one hundred sayle, where the grownde ys soft ouze, with a tuffe clay under, for anchor hold, and where shippes may lye without eyther anchor or cable, only moared to the shoare with a hauser; and which floweth eighteen or twenty foot at high water, with fit docks apperteyning to graine or carine shippes of all burthens, secured from all windes, which is so necessarye and incomparable a benefit, that in few places in England, or in any parts of Christendome, art, with great charges, can make the like; besides the bordering land most commodious and fertill, trending all along on both sides in an equall plaine, neither mountaynes nor rockye, but verged with a green border of grasse, sometymes three or four acres, sometymes eight or ten togither, so making tender unto the eye of the surveyor her fertility and pleasure, and which would be much more if, by cleansing away her woddes, shee were converted into a goodly meadowe; and the wodd shee beareth is not shrubbish, fitt only for fuell, but goodly oake, birch, tall firre and spruse, which in many places grow not so thick together, but may, with small labor, be made feeding grownd, being plentifully stoard, like the outward islands, with fresh water springs, which streame down in many places. The woddes here are full of deare, hares, and other beasts, and reasonably well inhabited by the

natives, of mild and good condicions; many provinces (as about us within the Chesapeak Bay, and about Roanoack) governed in chief by a principall commander or prince, whom they call Bashaba, who hath under him divers petty kings, which they call Sagamoes, the same which the Indians in our more sowardly parts call werowances, all rich in divers kinds of furs.

"Captain Waymouth thought it fitt to make up to the head of the river, which he did well *sixty miles* in his barge; and as the streame trended *westward* into the mayne, and at that height yt beganne to narrowe, so he there sett upp a crosse with his Majestie's inscripton thereon, observing all the waye, that in noe place, eyther about the islands, or up in the mayne, or all alongst the river, there could be discerned any one token or signe, that any Christian had been there before, of which eyther by cutting wodd, digging for water, or setting up crosses (memorialls seldom omitted) by Christian travellers they might have perceaved some testimony, or mention might have been left; and after this search, Capt. Waymouth being well satisfied with instruction and knowledge, of soe commodious a seat sett sayle for England, and the eighteenth of July following arrived before Dartmouth."

Strachey's account has been given, as it is of a certainty, in accordance with the fact; and with his relation in mind one is fortified against the intentional discrepancies of Rosier which led Dr. Belknap into a controversy as unimportant as it was idle. It

has been something of a thorn in the sides of the claque so persistent in the claim for the priority and permanency of the Mayflower settlement, as if such contention could add or detract from the glory of the Plymouth of 1620.

There is no question but the story of olden Pemaquid is the story of the most ancient of the New England settlements. It has never been claimed for it that it was a home-building community or the

THE CUCKOLDS, BURNT ISLAND

nursery for a religious cult, as was the Plymouth colony, a refuge for dissenters and non-conformists, a tillage-ground for Brownist or Separatist to be extended ten years later to Beacon Hill where Calvinism became a political creed and the communal conscience began to be trained to a stake like a trammelled vine, which some have interpreted to be the stocks, a whip and a cart-tail, a pillory or a ducking-stool, whose rigid shadows, as the sun rose and set, lay across men's ways, — dumb threats to spur the

spiritual laggard to more active pretension, or a more ascetic purity.

After the desertion of Hunnewell's Point by the Popham Colony, contemporary interests were centered at Pemaquid. I apprehend that the iconoclastically inclined antiquary reviewing the doings of men at Pemaquid from 1610 down through the succeeding decade of years, will hardly have the assurance to affirm that here was a deserted Auburn, simply because he does not find any, to him, satisfactory or affirmative evidence of a continuous occupation. As has been before remarked, here were prolific fishing-grounds. That they were frequented by fishermen is not to be gainsaid, nor is it strange that out of the dim obscurity of those years no story has been preserved of those who came to Pemaquid for fish and furs; nor is it any marvel that so much of Smith, Rocroft and Dermer has been given to us. They came for a purpose whose results were to come out of futurity, employed or predetermined to report the incidents of their several voyages. It is true that Gorges found his efforts abortive in that immediate locality, but there were those who came to fill their holds with the harvest of the sea, or the riches of the aboriginal trapper, and it was hardly for their interest to make their movements matters of record. I apprehend that those hardy fishermen had not a thought of the arguments that were like to grow out of so heinous a negligence on their part. Not one of them had a lapstone like Cobbler Keezar's, nor had they ever heard of the Mormon's Goggles, else they

would every one, to a man, turned to and cornered the paper, pen and ink market and, instead of fishing, gone to dreaming and telling Munchausen stories. The comers here were in that period mere fishermen, and it is safe to say that while Pemaquid could be hardly considered a permanent settlement, yet it must have been a familiar stamping-ground for those who came and went for gain, who sheltered their vessels in its quiet coves, and who dried their fish on its sunny shores, with the freedom of the King's subjects whose consciences were as easy under the shadows of Whitehall as within the sound of the surf off Pemaquid Point. There were shelters for them here, for here was a natural anchorage, while there was practically none at Monhegan, although this island afterward became a notable fishing resort, and no one can say that here was an isolate territory after the disruption of the Popham Colony, until the coming of Pearce. History is hardly more than biography, if one takes Emerson's view, and the days being written of were not prolific of biographic literature, especially when it concerned those whose walks were among the hedges or byways of the fishing villages.

One does not always feel to rush in where angels might fear to tread, but it is true that folk not infrequently get a touch of maggot i' the head and go daft on one thing or another and begin to argue to maintain their peculiar idiosyncracy. Like Thomas, they put their finger into the wound, and even then the stream of their argument flows on. One thinks

as he pleases; but at the long range of three hundred years, to make an assertion of what occurred at that time about Pemaquid, or rather what did not occur, — because one never heard of it, — is like long-range rifle-practice without elevation or wind-gauge. The

record of that old civilization is meagre. That is to be admitted, but one can be conservative, and one opinion is as good as another until something other than negative evidence is offered. Say what one will there is always something left on the shelf. One

might as well try to brush all the cobwebs from the ceiling at one fell swoop, — there is ever a strand of the spider's rune left. One gleans here and there; his harvest is his own, whatever its quality. It was perhaps something of a similar disposition that led Dr. Belknap into the contention that Waymouth explored the St. Georges River in 1605, and not the outflow of the Kennebec, but Champlain locates Waymouth off Monhegan, even if Strachey were lacking. Nahanada, the savage abducted by Waymouth and who piloted Pring in 1606 up the Sagadahoc, corroborates Champlain. As for the journal of Rosier, it was purposely misleading as to the location of Waymouth's operations and doubtless in conformity to his instructions.

Those were jealous times among navigators who sought these strange shores, with the exception perhaps of Champlain whose survey was of a territory supposed to be covered by a Patent under the seal of Henry IV., and which authorized the Sieur Du Monts to plant French colonies therein. This jealousy was common to maritime Europe, and newly discovered opportunities for trade and commerce were coveted, and the adventurings of one nation or another were guarded with the utmost secrecy.

Waymouth had been known as a bold navigator. Before his voyage to the Sagadahoc, he had been engaged in the searching out of the supposed Northwest Passage to the country of Cathay. He was in the Arctics in 1603, and upon his return was employed to make further search in the same behalf, but actually

to discover some feasible site for an English colony. It was by reason of that engagement that the voyage of 1605 was undertaken, and which led to the Popham settlement on the Sagadahoc.

It was incumbent on the master of the ship to keep a record of the voyage. It was not considered that a strict adherence to the truth should be observed, for the public was to be tickled and cajoled a little, enthused and excited to sail away to the strange lands where valuable minerals and precious stones were to be picked up by the mere stooping for them. The scheme was to induce emigration and the seeking for new homes, and the leaving of the easy-chairs and familiar places, the breaking up of the old-fashioned easy ways, for the lean and waiting years which were to be crowded with arduous labors and unanticipated perils. So it came about that Rosier kept the journal of the Voyage of the *Archangel* as Waymouth would have it kept, to set conjectural tongues a-wag and wise heads a-nod as the argument happened to lay.

It is not a far stretch of the imagination to one familiar with the seashore to paint a mental picture of the ledge under one's feet, while one looks out over the surf that ever lashes the rocks of Pemaquid, out over the strip of green water to where the sea is as blue as the drippings of an old-fashioned indigo dye-pot, to where rides a ship of quaint apparel and of stranger lines. One can see that its sails have been dipped in a vat of English oak and perhaps from Sherwood forest, and they show red against the

dusky verdure of old Monhegan, which Waymouth dubs at once "St. Georges." It was about twelve o'clock of a Saturday that the anchors were slipped from their lashings for their first plunge into these Pemaquid waters. The day before the ship had weathered a stiff gale and these quiet waters, the clear sky and the spring winds barely ruffling the sea, were especially welcome. It was a delightful maze of color that met Waymouth's eye as he looked landward with the tops of the woodlands massed into a huge brush of color as the deciduous trees began to burst their buds. The winds as they blew offshore brought suggestions of the spices of Cathay, the odors of the pines, the yellow birches, the firs and spruces, the reddening bloom of the maples and the subtle fragrance of the roseate mayflower, and underneath all, like the vehicle in which these royal scents may ride, comes the breath of the meadows which Strachey describes so enthusiastically. Waymouth was in the Land of the Magician. Away over the tops of the far woods that rolled like a huge billow across a limitless sea of forest, he saw some lofty snow-capped mountains, the White Hills of New Hampshire. Away to his right were the blue Camden Mountains, and the pictured shore lay before him from Muscle Ridge to Sabino, the like of which he never saw before.

Rosier says: "The next day, being Whitsunday, because we rode too much open to the sea and winds, we weighed anchor about 12 o'clock, and came along to the other islands more adjoining the main, and in

the road directly with the mountains, about three leagues from the first island where we had anchored."

This would bring him into the "offing against the Damariscove Islands," and, once there, he manned a boat and set out with two men to discover a safe haven for the ship, which having found, he signalled the vessel to a safe berth, a drowsy windless cove, and which he named "Pentacost Harbor," and which is better known as Booth Bay.

CAPE ROSIER

It was here on this day that the first observance of the English Sabbath was had. The service was held in the narrow cabin of the *Archangel*, and it was a solemn and heartfelt service. "We all praised God for his unspeakable goodness in directing us into so secure a harbor," writes Rosier. It was a high and hopeful emprise upon which Waymouth was bent, and he was greatly pleased with what lay before him. The climate was mild, and the weather that which presages the first days of Summer. One can see patches of bluets whitening the open places as if the snow had not altogether melted, and the purple of the violets, the yellow of the dog-tooth, the pallor of the anemone and the purple of the trillium make spatters of color where the wild grasses make daubs

of fresh vert. Under the evergreens the floors show warmly brown where the sun falls. The lichens on the ledges and on the trunks of the ancients of these woods have a lively glow for Nature has had her fill of saps, and is making new pigments with every dawn. All these made up the color that filled the vision of Waymouth as he turned his back to the sea for a leap upon the virgin sands of Booth Bay, — a small island as yet unidentified.

Upon this island they found timber and water, and signs of a recent occupation by the natives. Here they carried their pinnace ashore which had been brought over in small sections or pieces, and from the twenty-fourth of the month to the thirtieth, there were the sounds of hammers at the pinnace; some were digging a well for better water; some were fishing for something to eat; others were cutting spars and floating them out to the ship, — in fact, all were busy, and, according to Rosier, all were pleased and contented, so that events moved along from day to day with a cheerful alacrity. With the English instinct, some had rooted up the earth and made a garden which was planted. In a few days the seeds had germinated and the little slender blades were up. What it was they planted is not recorded, but they found the land responsive and fertile. I have often wondered what happened to that garden after these sowers of seed had departed in mid-June. Here was romance of its kind, a humble one to be sure, but one would like to know the date of the first frost, and whether the savages discovered, cultivated and har-

vested this foreign vegetation. This was the first garden of the Kennebec planted by English hands, but it is typical of the English thrift, that whatever they have should be made to produce more, to say nothing of the mental nourishment to be gained from such close contact with Nature. But along the coast were the planting-grounds of the aborigine, who had his patches of maize, his pumpkins and beans, and his stone mortar for grinding, much after the primitive fashion of the Orientals. But one would like to be able to locate the little island where this

THE CUCKOLDS, CAPEMANWAGGEN

Tragedy of the Seeds was enacted. It may have been Mouse Island, after all, as it must have been, by Rosier's account, well up toward the mainland where the *Archangel* dropped her anchor.

While the pinnace was building, Waymouth made a survey of the harbor. Fortified with the arms of the time, they landed upon two islands and traversed them their lengths. From the description, the larger must have been Capemanwaggen. Naturally, the other would be Squirrel Island. Capemanwaggen they found to be of good area with four to five miles of shore, and at its widest, to span a mile. In the forenoon of May 30th the little exploring craft was finished and being immediately stocked with

SQUIRREL ISLAND SHORE

provisions and such other things as were needed, Waymouth started off with thirteen men, "in the name of God," leaving fourteen of the crew in charge of the ship. Hardly was Waymouth out of sight than those on the ship were surprised at the sight of two canoes filled with savages who making their way to an adjacent island built a fire about which they gathered as if to attract more particular attention to themselves. The English beckoned them to come over to the ship. One canoe pushed off the sands and not far from the vessel began by strange and excited gesticulations to converse by signs which could be not otherwise than unintelligible. An exhibition of a few trinkets from the ship's side brought them on board, and here occured the first interview of the English with the aborigine. It is to be regretted that the English were not always so considerate of the savage, for upon this first visit they were treated with the utmost courtesy. These were followed by their companions, and at this time was consummated the first barter for furs, and arrangements were entered into for the further trading for peltry. It was not long after that the savages had occasion to rue their acquaintance with these white strangers.

It was mid-forenoon of the next day when Waymouth announced his safe return by three musket-shots, and as they approached their ship, they kept up a fusillade, Fourth of July fashion, so elated were these explorers with their discoveries, which, once on deck, Waymouth began to unfold, of "a great

river, which trended into the main about forty miles," which estimate must have been a matter of conjecture with Waymouth as he had had time to do hardly more than half that distance by daylight unless he had had the wind abaft both going and returning. It was outing of a kind new to Waymouth, and he enjoyed it. Not a cove with its rim of yellow sands, not a jutting nose of rock hooded

WINNEGANCE CREEK

with its bursting verdure, not a reach of gray salt marsh, with the wide vista of the river always before and behind, ruffled by the soft wind, or riffled by the wings of immense flocks of low-flying wild fowl, escaped his enchanted vision. The mink stopped his fishing to look wide-eyed at this strange craft. The otter forgot to slide down his clay-bank for a dip in the stream, while the beaver became instantly oblivious of his building plans to show his white chisels with mouth a-gape. It was a day of surprises

for these dwellers amid the haunts of the Quinibequi, and a day of unmingled delight to Waymouth and his crew. Where they may have built their camp-fire that night, or upon what soft mosses they may have stretched their tired bodies, is not known, but strange sounds filled their drowsing ears, sounds strange to them and mayhap disquieting, but of that Rosier says nothing. One who has camped in the woods knows the myriad noises of the night. The owls held a conference, while the fox barked in concurrence; or far off, the howl of the wolf, the trumpet of the loon and the wierd cry of the catamount made the audible silences tremulous with ominous speech. The night winds sang or soughed through the woodland spires a soft diapason to the lapping waters of the tide where the rocks along shore held subdued speech of curious import as to the errand of this strange embassy.

It was a holiday excursion, a privately conducted tour, upon which, owing to the strangeness of his environment, he made no haste; and then there was the disposition of the natives; and he had a wholesome regard for their arrows. He found a large flow of water both fresh and salt, and a strong current, and on either side a fine country. One can hear him telling those who remained at the ship of what he saw, and one would have preferred his relation to that of Rosier. And then the ship's crew had to tell him of their visitors. It was the first instance as well of "swapping stories" so proverbial of the Yankee. I think I should have dropped Scherazade

for one evening at least to have mingled with this crew of the *Archangel* for that occasion.

His plans were to make a second exploration of the great river, but this was deferred for a few days while he made a better acquaintance with Pentecost Harbor. It was then that he determined to take a few of the savages over to England for a bit of schooling in English civilization. Since the day of their first appearance the savages had been constant visitors, and Indian fashion, discerning a good thing when they saw it, some of them not only brought their bows and arrows aboard but their canoes as well. The English attitude was kindly, when one of the chiefs proposed that the English should go ashore for a bit of trading. Waymouth consented but with the proviso that the chief should remain on ship as a hostage. This was declined peremptorily, but a young Indian was left in his stead, and Owen Griffin was allowed to go along with the savages as an exchange. Griffin used his English eyes to so good an advantage that in going a short distance into the woods he counted two hundred and eighty-four savages in war-paint and armed with bows and arrows besides numerous dogs and tamed wolves. On his return to the ship he confided his discovery to Waymouth who had before had his suspicions aroused. He determined to make prisoners of the three savages then in the ship and sending to the shore he induced two more of their tribe to come to him. These he at once secured in the hold of the vessel and taking care of their canoes he made

preparations to ascend the river up which he had sailed a few days before.

June 8th, he was still surveying the harbor where his ship was moored, and in the rim of one island shore he discovered a sandy cove where there was good anchorage for small craft. Here he landed and soon spied out a pond of clear, sweet water which had an outlet over a bank into the sea. Further away from the shore he discovered a stream

FIRST MEETING HOUSE, BATH

which at a small charge of labor might be made to turn a mill-wheel. To these colonists who were to come over with Gilbert and Popham, and doubtless Waymouth was in the secret of the enterprise, a mill would be almost a necessity, and the whir of a wheel would be a music to which their ears were accustomed, every opalescent drop from its buckets would own to the coloring of their own English skies.

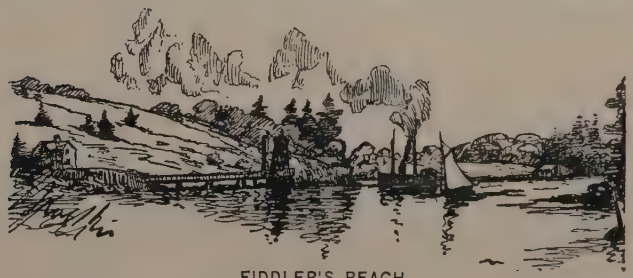
Before they had shipped anchor for the up-stream voyage they entertained an embassy from the Bashaba at Pentagoet. It was led by the chief,

who refused to become a hostage, and his errand was that Waymouth should go over to his country to trade. Waymouth, still suspicious of their designs, gave them so little encouragement that they soon paddled away in their canoes, and, as he believed, unaware of his forced detention of their five dusky brothers. Be that as it may, they followed the ship as she sailed westward.

Rosier says: "It was on Tuesday, 11th of June, we passed up into the river with the ship, about twenty-six miles." Here they dropped anchor, but the city of Bath was not there with its band of roofs and spires running along the river-bank. Fiddler's Reach had been left behind, and it was long years before it got its name; but the rectangular bend in the Kennebec was there just the same, just opposite the southerly end of the ship-building town where the river turns to merge its flood with the Sagadahoc and Winnegance Creek makes into its west shore. The tradition is that two hundred or more years ago a shallop sailed up this stream and when the sailors came out upon the beautiful expanse of river with its mile of verdurous shores where now resound the hammers of the Bath Iron Works, they were so elated that the fiddler of the crew, walking out upon the bowsprit, essayed a lively hornpipe while the crew contributed to the hilarity by scuffing about the deck. As the vessel swung into the main river a flaw in the wind brought the jib about with a slat, and the fiddler was knocked into the water and drowned. Fiddler's Reach it

is to-day, but the wild beauty of that day is no more. Its pristine glory is departed, and Rosier writes of the difficulty he has in painting the prospect. He compares it to the Seine and the Bordeaux. His description is a glowing one, and Rosier may well be given the place as the earliest of the out-door writers from the American standpoint.

The next day Waymouth went ashore to examine the soil, the woods and the character of its timber.



FIDDLER'S REACH

There were seventeen in this party. Six were left on ship. Waymouth plunged into the woods, westward, toward the lesser hills visible from the deck at his moorings under the lee of Monhegan, and he found them close by. The days were getting sultry, and the men, clad in the cumbersome armor of the times, which consisted of pauldrons for the shoulders, a corslet for the body and tassets for the thighs, and possibly a pot-shaped helmet, became weary with the carrying of so much metal, and it was decided to explore no further that day. They found excellent pasturage and good arable land thinly overgrown with dwarf birch and lesser brush, which

could be easily cleared away and made to support goodly herds and to supply an abundance of fodder for a long winter. The soil was of a rich dark color, well-grassed, and Rosier mentions that they found strawberries, which has a palatable and home-like sound, and brings to mind one's childhood sallies into the home pasture or meadow for that one of Nature's most deliciously flavored fruits. I look at my finger-tips as I write of those old days to see if the crimson stain of the wild strawberry is not on

A BATH WHARF

them yet. The notes of the bobolink sift down through the bars of June sunshine to mark the time of my erratic footsteps, and the wind lifts the flap of my old straw hat that has kept the mice company through the winter as it hung on its peg in the old farmhouse garret. How true it is that

"One touch of Nature makes the world akin!"

And yet, who would expect to find a strawberry patch along with Rosier among the out-cropping

ledges, long ago hidden by the huddled roofs of modern Bath! I wonder he does not make mention of the aromatic saps of the spruces that have clotted into teats of transparent amber which one finds in all the drug stores at ten cents the ounce, and which smacks of the wildness of the deep woods, to make one think of logging camps and wood-choppers, the fur-hunter with lightsome snowshoe scanning the ice-bound streams, or feeding his brush fire by the threshold of his lean-to, his swart figure hardly distinguishable from the like swart trees that make the background of the wilderness. He has stolen

> "the color of his vest
> From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast;
> For, as the wood-kinds lurk and hide,
> So walks the woodman, unespied."

Rosier was something of a Nature-lover, else he would not have spied out so many of her hidden things. He likens the slopes above the river to "a stately park with many old trees, some with withered tops, and some flourishing with their green boughs. Upon the hills were remarkably high timber trees, masts for ships of four hundred tons, and at the bottom of every hill a little run of fresh water, the furthest with a great stream able to drive a mill."

He does not mention going a-fishing for trout, and he found these runs of water just in time when the trout is looking for a nibble, but that was before good old Isaak Walton had essayed to teach the science of angling, yet he was even then at twelve years whipping

the streams of Stafford with his Kirby or Limerick, and noting the way of the wind and his luck with his rod, until he lays down the *dicta:* "You are to take notice, that of the winds, the south wind is said to be the best. One observes that

'When the wind is south,
It blows your bait into a fish's mouth.'

Next to that, the west wind is believed to be the best;

BLUFF HEAD, ARROWSIC

and having told you that the east wind is the worst, I need not tell you which wind is the best in the third degree; and yet (as Solomon observes) that 'he that considers the wind shall never sow,' so he that busies his head too much about them, if the weather be not made extreme cold by an east wind, shall be a little superstitious; for as is observed by some, that 'there

is no good horse of a bad color,' so I have observed, that if it be a cloudy day, and not extreme cold, let the wind set in what corner it will and do its worst, I heed it not."

Here the antiquarian has rambled off up-brook with that boon companion of anglers, just at the thought of a "red-spot," with Rosier all to be blamed for putting the thought into one's head. Lay the blame where you will, the thought of a pliant rod, an alder-shadowed stream and a soft south wind will push any man with a soul off the beaten track; for

"When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation:
Where in a brook,
With a hook,
Or a lake,
Fish we take;
There we sit
For a bit,
Till we fish entangle;"

and it is all fish that comes to basket, whether it be a wiggling trout, or a fossilized tradition dug from the shale of Sabino.

After Waymouth had waded these "runs of fresh water," on his return from this exploration by land, coming in sight of his ship, Rosier says: "We discovered a canoe, coming from the further part of the river, a cove or codde Eastward, which made great haste to reach the ship. In which canoe was he who refused to be pawned, with two others. They had

followed us from the eastward, toward the ship; they most earnestly entreated us to come on shore and spend the night with their Bashaba, who, they signified, would the next morning come to the ship and trade with them." Waymouth declined these overtures, apparently friendly, of the savages, and they

departed as at Pentecost Harbor. The following day, the 13th of June, at two of the morning, having laid in a sufficient supply of armor, ammunition and provision, he headed up-stream for further exploration. He carried with him a cross which he determined to set up on a point of land which made out into the river, and where he dropped it in the darkness of the early morning. As the tide served, he was anxious to take advantage of it, and so kept on into the "mayne," about twenty miles from the ship, up into

the Brunswick Narrows possibly. They went by meadow and marsh and numerous small confluents, finding the land to possess the characteristics of intervale, with excellent soil hooded with oak and the gray birch. There were patches of meadow-lands containing four to five acres ready for the scythe and the plow. Rosier says, — "I cannot by relation sufficiently demonstrate" the beauty and the goodness of the river. "That which I can say in general is this: what profit or pleasure soever is described and truly verified in the former part of the river, is wholly doubled in this."

As the tide turned they went down river with it to the place where they left the cross (Chop's Point), and which they set firmly in place. Rosier says, further, — "we diligently observed, that no place either about the islands, or up in the main, or along the river, we could discover any token or sign that ever any christian had been before, of which either by cutting wood, or digging for water, or setting up crosses, a thing never omitted by any christian traveller, we should have seen some mention of it." The cross in place, Waymouth returned to his ship, and the next morning, the 14th, the expedition went down the river with the tide and about eleven o'clock in the forenoon dropped anchor in the mouth of the Sagadahoc where the remainder of the day was spent in taking soundings, "and all that was necessary to make a perfect directory about the mouth and up the river." The next day Waymouth shifted his moorings to Pentacost Harbor. Here the water-casks were filled and

the preparations for home-going made, and the journal nears its end.

"Sunday, June 16. The wind being fair we set sail on our return home, and on the 18th of July arrived at Dartmouth, the harbor we had left." With this final quotation from Rosier, one can aver his journal to be worth the reading from its initial word to its final mark of punctuation. It is a romance, Turneresque in its color, quaint, yet delightful, in its flavor,

and simple to a degree in literary style. It is almost photographic in its detail, and yet these minor happenings are not the less charming. If it does not possess the invention and polish of Irving, it smacks of truth germinated in the everyday experiences of a faithful observer. It is the work of a cultured man, and was at once published as the narrative of the Waymouth Voyage.

It resulted in a notable activity on the part of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Chief-justice Popham who had taken over the interests of Arundel and South-

ampton, and who the following year (1606) despatched Challons, and who sailing too far to the south, fell a prey to the Spaniards, leaving his mission unaccomplished. Unaware of this loss, Thomas Hannam was sent out with Martin Pring as master of the vessel. They took along with them one of the savages abducted by Waymouth, Nahanada, as a pilot, and once on the Monhegan coast, the savage led them into the mouth of the Sagadahoc, where he left the ship to relight his camp-fire and rebuild his wigwam, where

OFF PENTECOST HARBOR

he must have held his tribe in awesome silence as he related his tale of the wonderful things he had seen in his journey abroad. Nahanada's trip across the water may be considered the first European tour from the American side. Pring failed to find Challons or any sign of the colony he was expected to found. He set about making explorations similar to those of Waymouth, by which he must have corroborated that navigator, and which so pleased Gorges that he admitted it the best that had yet come to his hand.

Nahanada chose to remain with his kindred, and Pring set sail for England where he arrived safely, with the approbation of his employer as above mentioned. Following this came the renewed activity of fitting out a colony, and the exploration of the waters of the Sagadahoc may be said to have been completed.

The writer has designated the Kennebec waters as the scene of the Waymouth exploration. Dr. DeCosta asks the pertinent question, — Did Waymouth "explore the St. George River or the Kennebec?" He says, answering the question for himself, after referring to Ballard and others: "The narrative of the expedition of Waymouth was written by James Rosier, and published in 1605. It was printed by Purchas, with a few changes, in 1625; and reprinted by the Massachusetts Historical Society (Grenville copy) in 1843. This narrative forms the source of almost everything that is known about the voyage. It contains some perplexing passages; but when properly interpreted, it is found that they are consistent with other statements, and prove that the river explored was the Kennebec."

Here are Dr. DeCosta's reasons, and they are conclusive to the unbiased mind. He says: "In opposition to the advocate of the Kennebec, it has been said that the high mountains seen by Waymouth were not the White Mountains, — for the reason that the White Mountains could not be seen, — but were the Camden Hills, towards which he went from Monhegan; and consequently that he reached the St.

George's River, which lies in that direction. It has been said also, that the White Mountains cannot be seen from that vicinity. This is merely an assumption. The White Mountains are distinctly visible in fair weather from the deck of a ship lying inside of Monhegan. Yet the mountains in question have less to do with the subject than generally supposed, since a careful examination of the obscure text shows that it is not necessary to understand Rosier as saying

MONHEGAN HARBOR

that in going to the river they sailed directly towards the mountains. His language shows that they 'came along to other islands more adjoining the main and in the road directly with the mountains.' Here it is not necessary to suppose that it was the course sailed that was direct, but rather that it was the *road* that was direct with the mountains, — the term *road* signifying a roadstead, or anchorage place at a distance from the shore, like that of Monhegan. Beyond question Waymouth saw both the White and the

Camden Mountains; but they do not form such an essential element in the discussion as both sides have fancied. Strachey really settles the question where he says that Waymouth discovered two rivers, — 'that little one of Pamaquid,' and 'the most excellent and beneficyall river of Sachadehoc." This river at once became famous, and thither the Popham colonists sailed in 1607. In fact, the St. George's River was never talked about at that period, being even at the present time hardly known in geography, while the importance of the Kennebec is very generally understood.

" The testimony of another early writer would alone prove sufficient to settle the question. In fact, no question would ever have been raised if New England writers had been acquainted with the works of Champlain at an earlier period. In July, 1605, Champlain visited the Kennebec, where the natives informed him that an English ship had been on the coast, and was then lying at Monhegan; and that the captain had killed five Indians belonging to the river. These were the five Indians taken by Waymouth at Pentecost Harbor — who were supposed to have been killed, though at that time sailing on a voyage to England unharmed."

One would not have been inclined to have given so much space to the matter, but for the arguments *pro et con*, which seem to have been pretty well distributed through the Collections of the Maine Historical Society's valuable compilations. The author has read them all carefully, along with Rosier and

Strachey, and yet fails to see where the original ground of contention had a spoonful of earth in which to germinate its first seed. DeCosta's summing up is logical and according to the fact. The author can account for the acrid discussion started by Belknap, in no other way, than that an element of local pride may have entered into its maintenance.

Here, with Waymouth, terminated the initiatory voyages extending from before 1492 by the navigators of Continental Europe, from that moment when Henry VII. expressed his wonderment that a vessel had been sailed so far toward the Occident,— a thing "more divine than human, to sail by the west to the lands in the east, where spices grow." Then came the adventures of the Cabots. Then Sir Humphrey Gilbert essayed the fatal task, with Gosnold and Pring to make up the tale.

The results of the English explorations were tragic in a way, plunging her into a war with Spain; for these exclusive possessions on the New World shores were "state prizes" when Elizabeth was on the throne and the English James I., her successor, and begat a protracted and bloody contest with Spain which Sir Francis Drake terminated with his destruction of the Spanish Armada; and a like conflict with France that was ended before Quebec when the heroic Wolf defeated Montcalm in September of 1759. Pemaquid's commercial treasures were contained in her fishery resources, which aroused the cupidity of France, Spain and Portugal. The two latter " had grasped and divided these regions between them-

selves." The Pope had been interested and was called in to make a division of the spoils, which he did by issuing a bull, a state paper from the Vatican. It was immediately after, that France and England disputed this partition. Francis I. averred "Spain and Portugal are quietly dividing the whole country of America between themselves, without allowing me a brother's share. I would be very glad to see the clause in Adam's will which makes that continent their exclusive inheritance."

England was not less indignant, and declared, "that discovery and prescription are of no avail unless followed by actual possession." She set Drake out to enforce this doctrine, which he did, successfully, in 1688. It was in the adherence to this principle that the ill-starred settlement at Sagadahoc was attempted, and up to which Waymouth had surveyed the road, and which Popham and Gilbert were to follow.

Except that the islands have been denuded in part of their woods, as well as the shores about Pentecost Bay and up and down the Sagadahoc, and that where was once a wilderness, one sees the red roofs of the summer cottagers, with there and there a low-eaved farmhouse, a frail wharf making out into the waters, the landscape is much the same as when Waymouth strode across its sands. The shores are the same; the same buttressing rocks face the sea, the tides flow and ebb with ceasless regularity. As one turns one's back to these insistent evidences of a froward generation to watch the receding of the tide, one essays to spell out the message of the huge waters in their

lines of breaking surf whose flying spray scales the bastions of the shore, the liquid wools out of which the sun spins rainbows, and poets, prophecies. One loiters on the warm ledges that shelve gradually down to the sea, or burrows in the sun-baked sands, counting the white crests that narrow ever toward the horizon rim where the bronze of the offing is melted into the ruddy mists that pale and fade into the overhanging azure scarred with dark dissolving smokes, or along its middle marge be-patched with snowy sails, the mystery of the Sea, that comes and goes, to write upon the wrinkled shore, —

"I with my hammer pounding evermore
The rocky coast, smite Andes into dust,
Strewing my bed, and, in another age,
Rebuild a continent of better men.
Then I unbar the doors; my paths lead out
The exodus of nations: I disperse
Men to all shores that front the hoary main.

"I, too, have arts and sorceries;
Illusion dwells forever with the wave.
I know what spells are laid. Leave me to deal
With credulous and imaginative man;
For, though he scoop my water in his palm,
A few rods off he deems it gems and clouds,
Planting strange fruits and sunshine on the shore,
I make some coast alluring, some lone isle,
To distant men, who must go there, or die."

But one turns to the ragged pastures, the billowy fields of verdure and the mute woods for rest, and one's last thought of Waymouth is among the Dartmouth hills, or snugly ensconced under his hawthorn

hedge, dreaming of his voyages, recalling the fascinating savagery of the Sagadahoc shores; its mead-begirt waters; its wilder life; nor does he forget the stout cross that he planted in the King's name, — perhaps at Chop Point, — the wild gale off Monhegan;

SEGUIN FROM THE SEWALL COTTAGE

and one sees him at the village inn of a drowsy afternoon, his neighbors gathered about him, his jug of good brown ale at his elbow, with pipe in hand, while the tale grows. But I have pictured him as oft after his perilous voyagings, as under his own English roof when the night had softly fallen, soundly

oblivious to the far-off pounding of the restless waters against Monhegan's rocks, while

> "Over his head were the maple buds,
> And over the tree was the moon,
> And over the moon were the starry studs
> That drop from the angels' shoon."

This glimpse of Waymouth isolate upon the wide waters of the Atlantic, heading his vessel ever into the pregnant future, recalls the rhyme of the "Ancient Mariner"; and while Waymouth made his reckonings and watched his compass, sailing ever into the sunset, Rosier is silent. Under the rocks of Monhegan, like many another of later days, his tongue was loosed, and his hand began the tracing of the sunlit hours at olden Pemcuit, to make pictures for one to hang upon the walls of the Brain.

One follows the curving shores, the broken or serrated contour of the sleepy bays, inlets and river-mouths that in these later days own to the delightful thrall of Romance and Tradition, or rounds their windy capes that fly the shreds of so many legends, to make of a far-off scudding sail the curious prow of the Argus-eyed Waymouth and one turns one's ear to the winds, but they are silent. The "Land ho!" at the masthead is long since hushed. The rains of three long centuries have washed away the footprints on the shore. The olden cross has rotted and fallen prone like the hand that planted it, yet neither are dead. The binnacle-lamp of the Archangel is blown, but above the reefs of old Sut-quin and the stone-

yards of gray Monhegan flash the fires of a new prophecy.

For the hail of Waymouth's sailors one hears the clang of a fog-bell, the wail of the siren when the mists come down and the snow-laden tempests beat inland from the sea, and the brash warning of a passing steamer; or, when the wind is right, the rush and roar of trans-continental embassies whose fingers of steel stretch from Fiddler's Reach, north and west, to girdle the Terra Incognita of the Cabots, and over which Europe has at last found a road to far Cathay.

FORT ST. GEORGE

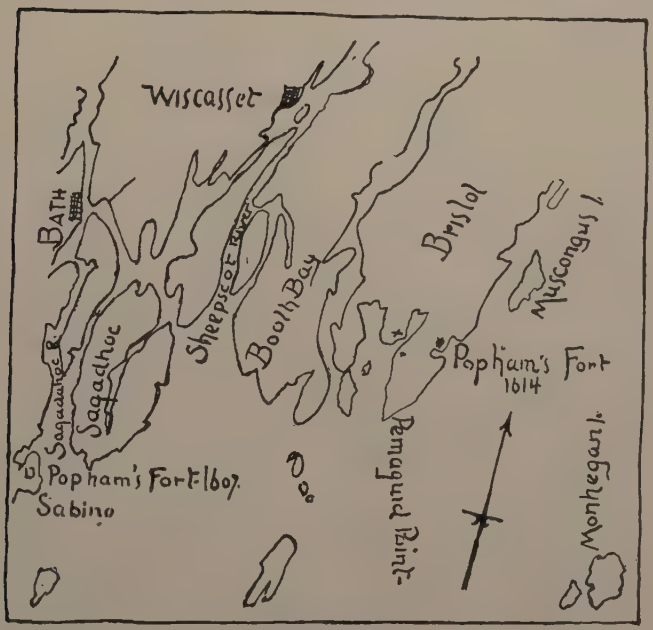
FORT ST. GEORGE

NOTHING much in the way of a certainty can be written of Popham's town of Fort St. George as to its exact location, although its site has been designated by enthusiastic delvers into its contemporary history, which fortunately has been preserved to posterity through Strachey; but much can be conjectured, which, as surmises or suppositions, are like the down of the thistle, lighter than the winds, and have just about as much virtue. Strachey is the only authority, but he stands for the coming of the Popham and Gilbert expedition, its building of shelters and a fort, and its untoward desertion of the enterprise, rather than the topography of the settlement proper. Much has been written of a misleading

character, which has smacked more of romance than of fact, and enough is left for the weaving of a few more dawn-colored romances. That an attempt at colonization was made is true, and sufficient reasons are apparent for its failure, the most potent of which, perhaps, was the susceptibility of its personnel to moral and social disintegration; for there was not a woman in the entire colony, nor anything out of which a home-tie could be forged, or the loose strands of its human interests could be twisted into the slenderest thread of loyalty to a communal purpose. The magnet of womanly sympathy, encouragement, solicitude and endurance, and as well gentle companionship, was absent. Unlike the Plymouth settlement, which was a colony of families, and which during its first winter on Cape Cod endured a most serious decimation of numbers through death, exposure and threatened starvation, landing as it did upon a shelterless shore in the bleak days of December, the Popham colony landed at the mouth of the Sagadahoc in mid-August, and before the snow came were snugly ensconced in comfortable quarters, and unacclimated as they were, found but one name on their mortuary list as the trees threw out their leaves the following spring, that of Popham, which was, perhaps, as great a misfortune as could have happened to this embryo city.

Strachey notes that Popham and Gilbert had along with them one hundred and twenty planters, but after all, the enterprise was a mining scheme. The land was fair enough, but "noe mines discovered no

hope thereof, being the mayne intended benefit expected to uphold the charge of this plantacion, and the feare that all other wynters would prove like the first, the company by no means would stay any longer in the country," affords a key to so early a



EARLY CHART

relinquishment, which under other auspices should have proven a brilliant success. The anticipations of these first adventurers at Sagadahoc were tinged with a rosy halo, and one can in a way understand the measure of the disappointment which impelled the

abandonment of so feasible a project, and as well the character of the colonists in their lack of a requisite stability or persistence.

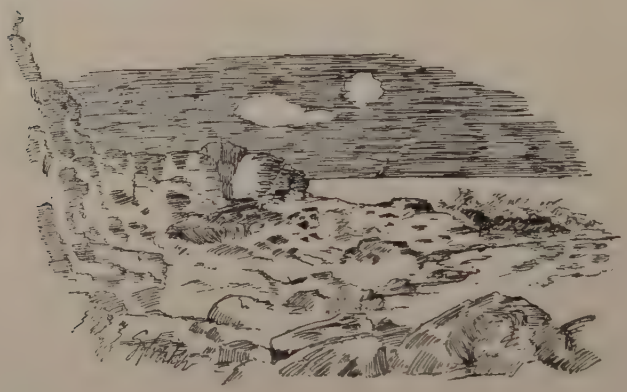
Strachey says, — "one hundred and twenty planters," but one is not to understand that he referred to this Gilbert and Popham contingent in an agricultural sense; for the word, as Strachey used it, was synonymous with colonist. One comes across the term first in Hakluyt, and he alludes to the colonization of the Americas as "Westerne Planting." For that reason one may the more readily accept the exodus of 1608 from old Sabino as a natural outcome of an ignorance of the pent-up resources of this Quinibequi country, and a lack of interest the settlement might otherwise have taken in the soil; for here were the most fertile spots of New England stretched up and down the banks of the Kennebec, a virgin soil that after a century of continuous cultivation affords a rich return to the husbandman and the sower of seed.

It was a well-sheltered country, a snugly ensconced valley that to-day charms as well as fascinates with its sylvan beauties, and, perhaps, had St. George been planted in a less exposed situation, or more sheltered from the bleak winds and their relentless smitings, and the audible terrors of the gale, it might have been different in the end. Had they raised the walls of their town within the shadows of the towering evergreens that at that time covered the west shore of the Sagadahoc instead of upon the huge shoulder of Sabino Hill, the tumult of the winter tempests would

have been softened into the low breathings of the woods; for, in the deeps of the forest one is oblivious to the wildness of the storm or of the tempestuous days, and one hardly hears more than the frou-frou of the fleet-footed, on-rushing winds as they swoop over the pliant thatching of its roofs. The dense woods would have afforded companionship and comfort, as well as a suggestion of snug privacy; nor would these colonists have been more isolate amid the trees or under the beneficent hover of their wide-reaching arms.

One who has crossed the uplands of the open country of a blustery winter's day to pass into the seclusion of a densely wooded highway where Nature seems to have gone to sleep while the world outside is in a whirl and tumult of blinding drift, will understand what is meant by the shelter of the woods. I have crossed the field of a certain upland farm with which I have had some close and loving intimacy, when Eurus was speeding the pick of his windy stables, when one's footprints across the waste of pallid winter were obliterated, once they were left behind, when one could hardly more than see the sun's glimmer through the flying drift swept along with an impetuosity to make one turn one's back to its ceaseless battery to get a long breath, as if one were crossing the medial moraine of a disintegrate glacier of resistless flow, and then I have passed within the fringe of low-brooding pines, the broidery of the woodland's edge, and once within the mystery of the winter woods, the silence is almost audible. The

sun is out of its mist and throws slant shadows across the white floor; the tit-mice and companionable grosbeaks immediately open a conference as to the reason of this intrusion, while a stray rabbit throws his long ears back as if he did not intend to lose a word of this woodland colloquy which does not last for long, for no sooner does a chickaree begin his



SABINO SHORE

shrill upbraidings than the fearless black-caps are pecking at the twigs of the underbrush and tops of the woodland weeds, while the scarlet head-dress and the flaming wing of the grosbeak shot like a shuttle of fire in and out the dusky warp of the pines and hemlocks. Anon a decayed limb crashed down from the heights of the wooden wall above, torn from its lodgment by the shock of the gale; or perhaps one caught the monody when the wind essayed

to fiddle a bar of Nature's music with one limb for a bow and another for a string, that mayhap, may have suggested to the musical Moor, the rebec — of the eighth century, — or some huge tree nudged its neighbor with its gnarly elbow, a weird note of complaining; a nomad fox breaks cover, disturbed at its burrowing for the mole's nest he has ferreted out with his sharp nose; or from out a shower of snow at one's feet a grouse booms to haste with hurtling wings down the vistas of the purple tree-trunks.

Other than these incidents of wood-life, the semi-audible respirations of the vibrant foliage, silence reigns while the gale irons the wide fields and pastures flat, or planes the woodland tops into a floor of interlacing twigs, and these lower rooms of this domicile of Nature are delightful lounging-places for their wild tenants. Popham did not know the woods as did those who came after him, otherwise he would have walled in his settlement among the Druids of the primeval Sagadahoc. And, had he done so, he would have heard the notes I have heard, and would have got acquainted with its dwellers. Instead, he sought the outlook of the surging sea and its bleak shelterless approaches where his house-roofs trembled at every buffeting of the snow-laden tempest to choke their thresholds with

> "the whirl-dance of the blinding storm,"

or,

> "All day the gusty north-wind bore
> The loosening drift its breath before;"

to make more emphatic and more lonesome

> "A solitude made more intense
> By dreary-voicéd elements,
> The shrieking of the mindless wind,"

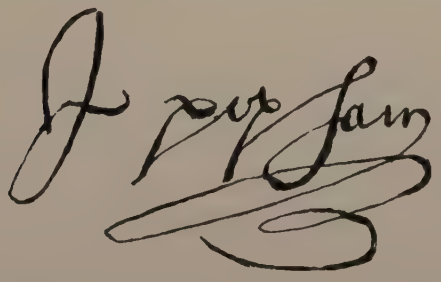
and no wonder his men shrank from the white terror of winter in a pathless wilderness.

This town of Fort St. George was based upon the patent issued as of April 10th, 1605, to "sondry knights, gentlemen, and others of the citty of Bristoll, Exeter, and the towne of Plymouth, and other places" and which, in contra-distinction to the London Company which was operating on the James River, was known as the Plymouth Company, for which Sir Ferdinando Gorges, and Popham, Lord Chief Justice of England, stood active sponsors.

Upon Waymouth's return from Sagadahoc the story of his voyage and his discoveries was published, which attracted much attention from the curious. The Indians, however, were the star performers, and altogether, Sir Ferdinando Gorges took great courage from the adventure. The Plymouth Patent had been secured from James I., the express purpose of which was declared to be the "Making of habitations, by leading out and planting colonies, subjects of Great Britain." The patentees were declared "adventurers" and were restricted to the voluntary assent of the colonist in their recruiting their emigration plant. Their grant covered the mythic Norombegua from 38° north to 45° north, by which the claims of the French were utterly ignored. Its powers of govern-

ment were extended over a period of twenty-one years, with right to impose taxes, collect the same, coin money, and to regulate and conduct all matters in accordance with the needs of the anticipated colony.

In 1606, Gorges sent out a ship in connection with Sir John Popham under Challons; but this venture was an ill-starred one. Challons, sailing his course too far to the south, fell in with some Spaniards who speedily made termination of this voyage by capturing



vessel, master and crew. Unaware of their loss, Gorges and Popham despatched another vessel under Thomas Hannam, of which Martin Pring was master. They failed to find Challons, but made some exploration and sailed back to England. Meantime, the savages had been placed in training. Gorges calls them the means "under God, of putting on foot and giving life to all our plantations," so the project for a permanent colony had grown to the perfect plan, and while the ranks of the planters were being re-enforced, the fitting out of two ships was begun. Strachey differs somewhat in his account of Pring's voyage.

It was in May of 1606 that Sir John Popham "prepared a tall ship, well-furnished, belonging to Bristoll and the river of Severne with many planters," of which one Haines was "maister." All went well until the ship came to Graciosa, one of the Azore group, which is strung on the line of thirty-nine degrees, west longitude, where the Spaniards, homeward bound from Mexico, swooped down on the English "fly", and shifting her helm, bore away for Spain. One of the Spanish fleet, by a connivance of the English who were captive on her, was carried out of her reckoning so that "the Spanish pilott not knowing where he was, unlooked for fell upon the coast of Fraunce, within the river of Burdeux, where they would have concealed the English, and stowed them therefore under the hatches, had they not happely bene perceaved by some of the French, which came abourd and obteyned them of the Spainiard, and carried them ashore." The other of the English crew were not so fortunate, as they were taken to Spain where they were "dispersed and made slaves in their gallions." Martyn Pryn (Pring) was the captain of the English vessel. With this first disaster to the colonization schemes of the Plymouth Company, no other effort was made until the following year, when George Popham, in the *Gift of God*, of London, and Raleigh Gilbert in the *Mary and John* from the same port "brake ground from Plymouth in June, 1607. These were the vessels which had the one hundred and twenty planters, and on the twenty-fifth of the same month they were at Graciosa, the

scene of Captain Pring's mishap of the previous year. They took in wood and water on the twenty-eighth at Flores and Cornez, whence they headed westward, keeping the same course until the twenty-seventh of July, where they took soundings in twenty fathoms of water. They were on the Banks where they "fisht some three howers, and took neere two hundred of cod, very great fish, and where they might have laden their ship in a lyttle time."

For some reason of necessity, the *Mary and John* had been left at the Azores to follow Popham later. She got away, barely avoiding the Dutch who were prowling about those waters. Gilbert laid his course west to make his landfall off the hills of La Have, Nova Scotia. After a call at La Have, the *Mary and John* was headed for Cape Sable. Rounding this headland, they entered the Bay of Fundy, the earlier stamping-ground of DuMonts and Champlain, and from whence these two latter projected their explorations of 1604–5. Skirting the shores of Fundy, Gilbert found himself again headed south, and trimming his ship for the Penobscot waters, the lookout began his westward searching for the three double-peaks of the Camden Hills. It was not long before those eagerly watched-for landmarks so accurately described by Waymouth and Pring, loomed against the sky above the fringe of wooded shore that hedged Penobscot Bay. Then Matinicus and her scattered flock of reefs and islets were passed, to ultimately drop anchor under the lee of Monhegan, to which two years before Waymouth had given the

name, St. George. Gilbert landed at once upon the island, and there he found a cross, but whether it was placed there by Weymouth, or some other navigator, is uncertain. The following morning, as Gilbert was shaking out his sheets intending to shift his berth to the mouth of the Kennebec, a sail broke, ghost-like, through the rim of the horizon, sheer white against the purple mists. As it came nearer, Gilbert identified the craft as Popham's. They held anchorage together at Monhegan until the next morning. The log of Popham's ship does not seem to have been preserved, in fact, only the story of Gilbert remains to us, which seems to have been considered as the only one of any importance. The Popham interest seems to have been in the minority, as was evident when the desertion of Fort St. Georges was decided upon.

Winding their lines, they then stood in toward the mainland dropping the lead as they went, to sight land on the thirtieth. It lay off to the north-west, but night came before they had reached the shore; "for which they were constrayned to beare of a little from the land, and lye a hull all that night, where they found aboundance of fish very large and great, and the water deepe hard abourd the shoare, eighteen or twenty fathome." Strachey says they stood in for the shore in the afternoon of the thirty-first, and "came to an anchor under an island, for all this coast is full of islands, but very sound and good for shipping to passe by them, and the water deepe hard abourd them; they had not bene at anchor two howers, when there came a Spanishe shallop to them from the

shoare, in her eight salvadg men and a little salvadg boy, whoe at first rowed about them and would not come abourd, notwithstanding they proffered them bread, knives, beades, and other small trifles; but having gazed awhile upon the ship they made a shewe to departe; howbeyt when they were a little from them, they returned againe and boldly came up to the shipp, and three of them stayed all night abourd, the rest departed and went to the shoare, shewing by signes that they would returne the next daye." This was the last day of July.

To continue Strachey's account, which is infinitely more interesting and vividly descriptive than the

re-vamping of another, and as well exceeding picturesque though quaintly simple in style, on the next day, which was the first of August, "the same salvadges returned with three women with them in another biskey shallop, bringing with them many beaver skyns to exchaunge for knyves and beades; the saganio of that place they told them was Messamot, seated upon a river not farr off, which they called Emanuell. The salvadges departing, they hoisted out theire bote; and the pilot, Captain R. Davies, with twelve others, rowed into the bay wherein their ship rode, and landed on a galland island, where they found gooseberries, strawberries, raspices, hurts (whortleberries), and all the island full of high trees

of divers sorts: after they had delighted themselves there awhile, they returned abourd againe and observed the place to stand in 44 degrees one-third."

About midnight, under a bright moon, the wind being fair from the northeast, they slipped anchor and sailed up the trend of the coast, to discover themselves, as the dawn broke, close by the shore, or as Strachey says, "a league from yt, and saw many islands of great bignes and many great sownds going betwixt them, but made proofe of none of them, but found great stoare of fish all along the coast," which brings them to the mouth of the Sagadahoc.

The island left behind in "44 degrees one-third" was probably Mount Desert, although some writers locate their first landfall at Monhegan island. If they sailed from midnight until dawn before they found themselves "thwart of the cape or headland, which stands in 43 degrees," Mount Desert would be the reasonable deduction, as Monhegan is just opposite the outflow of the Sagadahoc and barely a dozen miles away, while from Mount Desert a ten-knot breeze would take them to Small Point, or its vicinity, in eight to nine hours, and Strachey draws a picture of the landscape.

"This cape is a lowland, shewing white like sand, but it is white rocks, and a strong tide goeth there." After this allusion to the physical characteristics of the shore, Strachey is somewhat obscure. He lays the course of the adventurers and makes the leagues over which they sailed up and down the coast to cover

a somewhat erratic voyage which covered a space of two days during which the anchor kept to its chock. It was about ten o'clock at night on the sixth of August they dropped anchor under the lee of Monhegan. Strachey says: "In the morning they were envyroned every way with islands they told upward of thirty island from abourd shipp, very good sayling

THE CLIFFS OF MONHEGAN

out between them." Strachey says: "They weyed anchor, thereby to ride in more saffety howsoever the wind should happen to blow; how be yt before they put from the island they found a crosse set up, one of the same which Captain George Weyman, in his discovery, for all after occasions, left upon this island." The finding of the cross identifies the island as Monhegan.

In reading Strachey, one notes the absence of all allusion to George Popham, until, moored safely under the lee of Monhegan, he mans his shallop on the tenth of August for an exploration of the "little Pemaquid" river, taking along Skidwarroes as a guide, but Gilbert had anticipated him by three days; for about midnight of the seventh of August the latter set off in his boat with fourteen men and the Indian Skidwarroes, "and rowed to the westward from their shipp, to the river of Pemaquid, which they found to be four leagues distant from their shipp, where she rode. The Indian brought them to the salvadges' houses, where they found a hundred men, women and childrene; and theire commander, or sagamo, amongst them, named Nahanada," the same that had sailed over with Captain Hannam the year before, and this may be considered the first visit of state on these shores. As Gilbert and his men approached the Indian settlement the savages seized their weapons of war and prepared themselves to resist an attack from these strangers, but through the assurance of Skidwarroes, who held a brief talk with Nahanada, they threw down their bows and arrows and Nahanada set the example of comity, "and embraced them, and made them much welcome, and entertayned them with much chierfulness, and did they likewise him; and after two howers thus interchangeably spent, they returned abourd againe." The next day was held the first church service on the shores of New England. One would like to have attended upon

its ordinances. Here is what the ancient Strachey says:

"Sonday, the chief of both shipps, with the greatest part of all the company, landed on the island where the crosse stood, the which they called the St. George's Island, and heard a sermon delivered unto them by Mr. Seymour, his preacher, and soe returned abourd againe." The relation is meagre and one has to make up the setting of the scene. One would like to know the location of the "crosse", for it was no doubt in its neighborhood where these simple acts of worship took place. It must have been in a sheltered spot where the arching limbs of the trees brooded quiet. The blue of the sky showed in broken patches through the interlacing of twigs, leaf-laden and cooling in their flecks of shadow that made mosaics of color on the sward whereon the people sat while the preacher read the Living Word, and descanted upon its truth, its promise, and its prophecy, to recall to one's mind the picture of another Preacher who taught the multitude on the sands of Galilee, another sermon by the sea, which may well have given the Reverend Seymour his text.

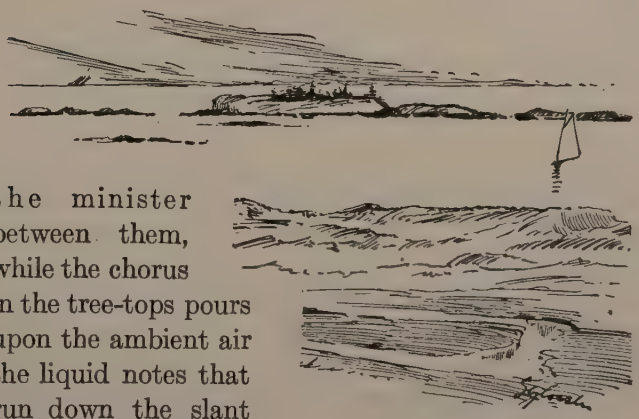
The birds must have had some inkling of the event, for they had summoned all their singers. From early dawn the feathered tribes had voiced the great anthem which was to precede the morning prayer, and one can hear these choristers as the keel of the first boat grates on the sands of old Monhegan.

From their leaf-latticed swinging cotes
The orioles dropped their liquid notes;
The jay, who knew a note or two,
Voiced his rough jargon as he flew;
The peevish wren forgot to scold;
The mottled partridge anon rolled
His drum-sticks on his cushioned log;
And, like an ill-bred, barking dog,
The crow his croaking prophecy
From steepled hemlock, clamorously
Proclaimed, incorrigible, rude
Alone, of all the tuneful brood.
The robin, in his vest of red,
His dulcet tenor piped o'erhead;
The surpliced sparrow in the brush
Vied with the Quaker-mantled thrush;
And cat-birds, haunting every tree,
Mimicked in turn each melody,
Or pitched for all the common key
Of this sweet tide of minstrelsy;
While linnet, lark, and all the throng
Of feathered folk filled out the song;
And through the leafy wood, vibrant
With rhythmic touch, accompaniment
The harpist Wind strummed, indolent,
On stately shaft and limb up-bent;
The while, the swash of waves below
Beat the time with their restless flow.

Whatever may have been the opinion of the Reverend Seymour and his congregation, I think I should have preferred this medley of the birds to St. Giles, Cripplegate, and its time-stained naves and its stately dignities, its processional of choir-boys, their treble voices and the resounding organ notes. The things that men make are good to look upon, but the things God makes are better. Tastes differ, but it is only when one desires to discover the

depth of his affection for his friend that he quarrels with him. Here is no quarrel, however, with your formal churchman, — only a gentle difference. This time the preacher stood on the Rock, and it should have suffused his soul with a divine unction.

One sees the slender string of the ship-folk ascending the shore with Popham and Gilbert in the lead,



THE HERONS

the minister between them, while the chorus in the tree-tops pours upon the ambient air the liquid notes that run down the slant bars of sunlight to stir the woodland shadows with vibrant melody. The people disposed upon the soft needles of the pines, the Word is spoken, — "The Lord is in his Holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him!"

The bird-throats are silent. At that strange utterance Nature is hushed. From the bent worshippers rises the Confession. There is an especial meaning and fitness in these words, — "That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To

the glory of thy holy name. Amen." There is need that these forget not these words that the lips have spoken, for a mighty task is before them. Then the birds join in the *Gloria Patri;* and what a burst of melodic harmony when the *Venite* is reached! They have opened wide their feathered pipes, and the throbbing sea makes a resonant sound-board, adding its hoarse bass when the *Te Deum* breaks upon the air. Never before was creed repeated, or Litany read in so magnificent a cathedral, whose foundations were the sea itself, and whose domain was the uncontaminate wilderness. Here was one of

" God's first temples,"

whose ceiling was the dome of the sky, and whose frescoes were the inimitable traceries of limb and twig; whose naves were the wide-limbed canopies of the woodland tops; whose pillars were the living witnesses of its builder; whose floors were the mosaics of the centuries strewn with the living green of the grasses, and figured with the wild flowers that found within their verdancy an abundant riancy of form and color, unmatchable and fresh from the looms of Nature, and whose luminants are the great orbs of the sky and the lamps of the stars; whose organist is the mighty wind, and whose anthems are the music of the spheres.

How weak and puny the voice of this preacher with the roar of many waters pent up in this solitude, and yet the day was still and all these great tones from Nature's harp likewise hushed! One feels that these

men must have been impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, and of which their isolation from their kind must have been a potent reminder of their utter dependence upon the Divine Providence for the future shaping of their destinies. They had come hither to found a new state. They were the workmen who were to hew out and pin together the framework of a new civilization, and Time was to prove their labors. Theirs was the privilege of making their handiwork famous for all time, and whatever their ambitions, their hopes for personal aggrandizement, their opportunities were unlimited in their scope, for Nature had shaken her apron loose and at their feet lay all her treasures. They were environed by the riches of the sea, and the illimitable resources of the fields and forests upon the edge of which they were about to seek out their building spot for the roofs and towers which were to grow from the first up-thrown shovelful of Sagadahoc's brown earth.

Were I a painter possessing great idealistic powers, and whose every brush-mark on the canvas was a counterfeit of Nature's inmost truth, and owned to the warmth of the human touch, a Zeuxis who painted flowers to beguile the bees, I should essay to fasten upon the speaking canvas this most memorable and historic scene, to build those leafy naves anew with my brush, the living lights and shadows upon those bowed heads, and the preacher's face upturned to the beneficent beams of the morning sun, the blades of grass wrinkling in the summer breeze, the vibrant atmosphere that mellowed that summer day, and even

the lichen-stained boles of the pillars that stretched their stately lengths to towering heights, and the nodding flowers that painted the cathedral floors. A great subject, greater and more noble than the footprint of Columbus on the shore of the Greater Antilles shadowed by the darkling folds of the banner of Spain within whose sinuous lines lurked the tragedy of the Incas, or the Lorraine Joan of Arc of Bastien LePage among the apple-trees of her Domremy garden. But the painter of this first service on the wild shores of old Monhegan is as yet unborn; for he would need to be a Mendelssohn of the brush and palette who could leave his heart moist and pulsating with every touch. The same key-note was sounded at Plymouth thirteen years later but with the simplicity of the Puritan without the stole or surplice of Seymour, but which was more pregnant for the future, far, as it proved. It was a rugged faith, that of the Puritan, planted in a rugged soil, a winter faith planted amid the snows of barren Cape Cod, and that bloomed with the arbutus as the spring days blew up from the south gorged with perennial sweetness, and with which one associates the wholesome beauty and femininity of John Alden's sweetheart. It was such as she who made the civilization and the future of Plymouth possible.

But leave visions to the old and dreams to the young, and the argument as well, whether this Protestant service actually occurred on Monhegan to the captious critic, some modern seer whose Mormon Goggles reveal to him more than fell to the

share of good old Strachey, and in whom one finds the veracious recorder, the lone fountain of living water on an otherwise barren hillside. "Accurate history!" Well, who has discovered it? Nor does one desire deductions upon something that lies back of the memory of man, but the rather the best knowledge, before the exposition of Don Quixote and the Windmill, — the opinion of one who argues from the

BALD HEAD, CAPE SMALL POINT

opinion of another, and from which one presages windy weather. It is human nature; but men may talk, and the argument, like Tennyson's "Brook" goes on forever, and one opinion is good. The eminent DeCosta, whose summing up of the wordy situation is unbiased and uncolored by locality, leaves little to be said. It is a harmless plaything for the dilettante in antiquarian matters.

On the Monday following the Christian observances of the Sabbath at Monhegan, Popham and

Gilbert manned their boats with fifty men and set out on a second expedition to the mainland. They had the Indian Skidwarroes along, and as they reached the mouth of the river, they were met by Nahanada and a force of savages well-armed with the primitive bow and arrow, who were inclined to oppose the landing of the adventurers, and, "nevertheless, after one hower, they all suddenly withdrew themselves into the woodes, nor was Skidwares desirous to returne with them any more abourd." Deserted by their Indian guide, they rowed to "the further side of the river and there remained on the shoare for that night." Their ships still being under the lee of Monhegan, they returned to them as the afternoon wore, with the intention of the next day pulling up their anchors and setting "saile to goe for the river of Sachadehoc," and which they did, keeping a west course which carried them past Seguin, where they found themselves becalmed. At midnight there "arose a mightye storme upon them, which put them in great danger, by reason they were soe neere the shoare and could not gett off." But they rode out the gale safely, which lasted until noon of Friday, the fourteenth, making the shelter of "two little islands" (The Cuckolds), where they found anchorage until Saturday, when they set their course to the eastward to drop anchor under "the island of Sut-quin." It is evident that the next day, Sunday, was a busy one; for the record is, that, "In the morning, Captain Popham sent his shallop to helpe in the Mary and John,

which weyed anchors, and being calme, was soone towed in and anchored by the Gift's side."

The following Monday was to usher in the activities of the locality. It was on that day that the exploration of the river was undertaken, and Strachey says, "They sailed up into the river forty leagues, and found it to be a very gallant river, very deepe, and seldome lesse water than three fathomes, when they found sest (rest); whereupon they proceeded no farther, but in their returne homewards they observed many goodly islands therein, and many braunches of other small rivers falling into yt."

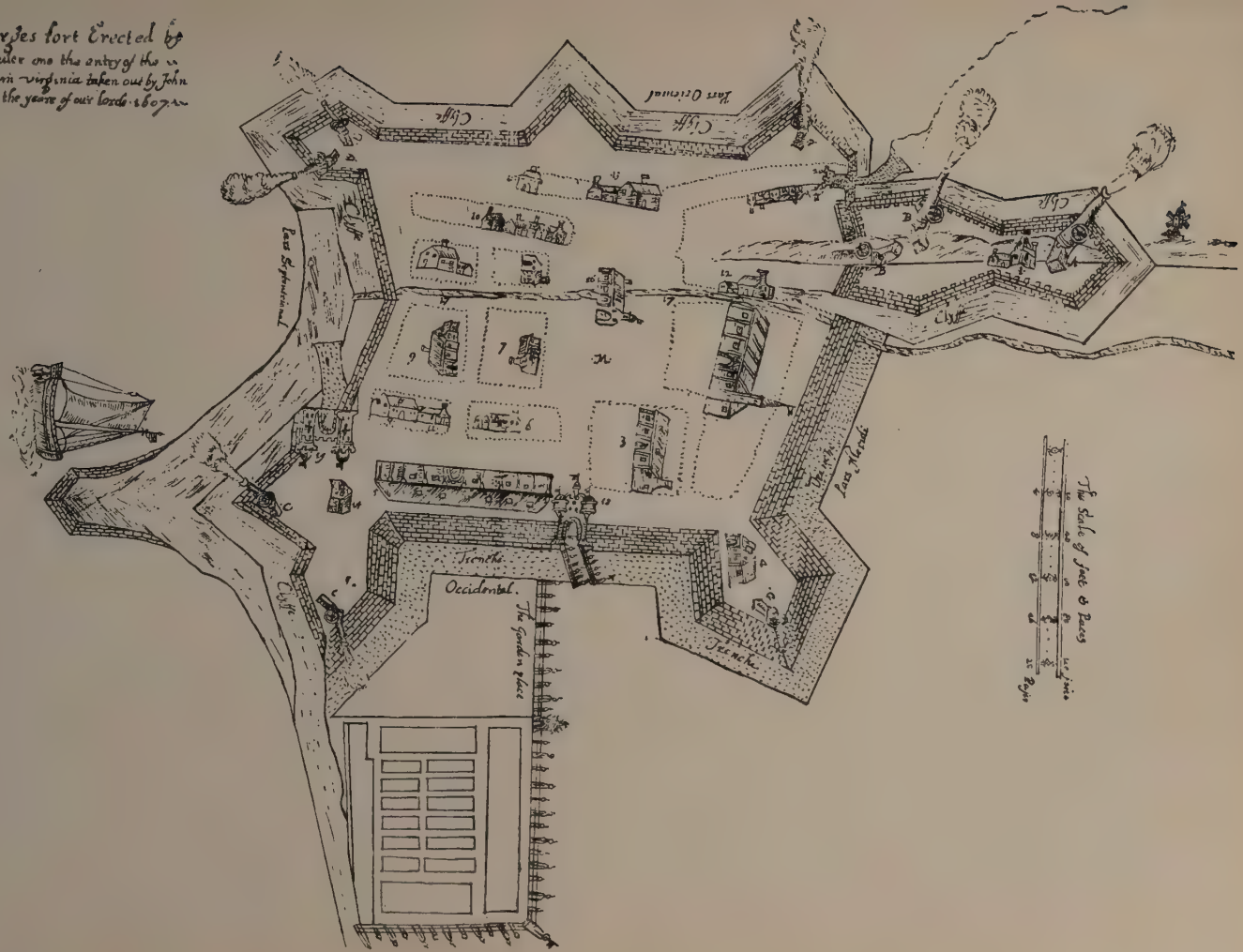
The 18th, which was the day following their cruise up the picturesque stream at the mouth of which they were to lay the sills of their abodes, "they all went ashore, and there made choise of a place for their plantacion." Some discussion has arisen as to where they landed. Belknap asserts "that they landed on a peninsula," and according to the Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society it was upon what became known as Parker's Island, which by an old map lay between the Kennebec on the west, the Jeremysquam Bay on the east, and the sea on the south, and which was divided from Arrowswick by a small strait. This island was obtained of the savages by John Parker in 1650, who is declared to have been its first occupant after the breaking up of the colony of 1607. It was thus broached by Governor Sullivan, who wrote the argument above referred to, in which he is opposed by

Purchas, Ogilby and other eminent writers. It is further noted that in 1807 some Bath antiquarians went down to the mouth of the Sagadahoc and made some scrutiny of the alleged place where the Popham roofs went up. They found some evidence that led them to locate the spot to which they gave the name of Point Popham, and Point Popham it still remains. It is said that evidences have been found of an old-time settlement on the south end of Parker's Island, also at Stage Island, but whatever they may have been, or whoever it was that first broke ground upon those islands, is a matter wholly of conjecture, as they must have been vacated before 1680, when the savages began an organized warfare on the English who inhabited the lands east of the Piscataqua. That was fully a century and a quarter before the exploring party from Bath went colony hunting, and whatever might have been their opinion as to the virtue of their findings, they found no date on the coin by which the time of its minting could be established.

Strachey settles the locality when he refers to it as "being almost an island, of a good bigness, being in a province called by the Indians Sabino, so-called of a sagamo or chief commander under the grand bassaba." Sabino was the name of a locality, rather than a province. The name of the neighboring country was Pemaquid which was broken up into dependencies, comprised by Muscongus and Sagadahoc. The peninsula of Sabino was a place of wide outlooks, and at flood tide almost surrounded

The draught of St Georges fort Erected by Captayne George Popham Esquier one the entry of the famous River of Sagadahock in virginia taken out by John Hunt the viij^th day of October in the yeare of our lorde 1607.

A. a demy Culuerin.
B. Fakers
C. Minyons
D. Sawsons
1. the Presidents howse
2. the Chapell
3. the Admirals howse
4. the Munition howse
5. the Store howse
6. the Marriners howse
7. the Vice Admirals howse
8. the Buttery generall.
9. the Prouosts howse
10. the Sargent Maiors howse
11. the Corporalls howse
12. the Kitchin generall
13. the Smiths howse
14. the Coopers howse
15. the Bake howse
16. the Court of Gourde
17. the Lake
18. the land gate
19. the water gate
20. the yeastwine gate
M. the Market place
the rest are priuate lodgins


Cliffe
Fort Ortiual
Cliffe
Cliffe
Cliffe

by the sea. To the eastward are the currents of the Sagadahoc, and the Sasanoa, locally known as Hockamock, or Hellgate. This latter goes out through Sheepscot Bay, and between these two effluents is the wide reach of bleached sands and shells, Sagadahoc beach. The tides and storm-driven waters that make up the Sagadahoc have pared the Sabino shore into a peninsula. Here are a hundred acres or more of sand-drift, which in the aboriginal days may have been covered with the dense woods common to the section, and of which hardly any suggestion remains. It is a bleak, windy jutting of land hemmed in almost entirely by the restless sea. Here are rugged stone headlands above these sands from which one may follow the coast shores up and down with a devouring vision; for on either hand is spread out a fascinating picture. It is an unpaintable picture, there is so much of it. And here, too, is a little pond, tree-shadowed and secluded, its waters fresh and palatable, as it seeps through the sands that hold it apart from the salt of the bay. This pond has neither inlet or outlet, but abounds in pickerel. Seaward, are the ragged and heaped-up rocks of mountainous Seguin. Nearer land are the Herons, and to the eastward the huge pile of Monhegan looms against the middle distance like the hull of a leviathan craft, the *le Nef* of the observant Champlain. When the shadows fall athwart the ruddy waters as the sun goes down, the flames flash almost simultaneously from Seguin and Monhegan to burn until the dawn smites them with faint pallor and

they are relieved from their night-watch at the Sagadahoc's harbor-mouth.

Charming to-day as is this medley of sea and shore, broken, sand-girdled, or jagged with jutting reefs and needles, in its aboriginal days, in its native wildness it must have been more so.

Could one exercise the art of Agrippa to convert this modern landscape by the sea into its original and primitive self, a picture of unshorn grandeur would

HUNNEWELL BEACH

be unfolded to the vision never to be forgotten, and to be approximated only within the heart of the untouched back-woods of Maine, if such may be said to exist. Here was a mighty forest crowding down to the yellow sands that were ever being ground between the land and the sea, huge, towering shafts of golden-hearted pine, stately spars of spruce, dense copses of fir, all interspersed with the deciduous growths, the gnarled beech, the oaks and the maples, and the big-bodied white birch from which the

savage stripped the bark for his canoe, and the sheathing of his wigwam. The tiny rootlets of the spruce gave him his thread, as well the wiccopy his twine. There were open places in the woodlands where the Indians grew their maize, and there were open place on the shore where they feasted upon the shell-fish once so abundant here. Sabino was a favorite summer resort of the savage, as it is to-day of the summer lounger. Even to this day among the huge shell heaps that witness to their voracious appetites extending over no one knows how many centuries, are found the vestiges of a considerable occupation; for here at Sabino seems to have been the depot of a savage war supply, and possibly the factory where were turned out the rude weapons by which they protected themselves against their enemies and as well by which they replenished their larders and their treasures of furs, alike. Here are fragments of stone in all stages of manufacture from the broken or blocked-out stone to the finished product of arrow-head, spear-head, tomahawk, which indicate the savage arsenal. Stone-wrought tools have been found here, and human remains, as well. No one knows what could have been the state of the arts among the aborigines of an earlier period but enough is here indicated to arouse lively conjecture as to the aboriginal industries carried on at this place, and as to the character of the implements used as tools in the shaping of these finished stone products. But one may conjecture, and weave puerile thoughts with all the looms of the imagination running on full time,

and the mystery remains, as it ever will, with only these mute mementoes of a dead race lying across the palm of one's hand, the cuneiforms, the keys to which were lost when the hand that used them was stilled.

Old settlers here will tell you that even within the space of a half-century the north shore has undergone some change. Those who can remember the scene before the Government Works were established

CAPE SMALL POINT

at Small Point, can recall the huge dunes of shifting sands that were scooped, ironed, heaped up, and gorged by the unfettered winds as they blew in, across or over its shelving shore. One can hardly imagine the gathered lodges of these workers in stone, a labor that must have been carried on during the milder portions of the season, and the family contingents that came along with them, and who, from the abundant insignia of shells, must have enjoyed at least three clam-bakes a day. What troops of squaws

must have invaded the adjoining flats for the succulent oyster, the clam and the lobster! What feasts prevailed with oysters, as Jocelyn describes them, nine inches in length, that had to be cut into three pieces before they could be eaten, and what gormandizers those Sagadahoc savages must have been to have piled up such immense heaps of shells over so extensive an area! But the shelter afforded by the pines that once hooded this north shore has been obliterated. The land has been denuded, and in their place are the cots of the fishers and the solid walls of the government constructions. And here was a different race from the tribes to the eastward, for the pottery, implements of copper, and ornaments of copper, "and the remains of Menikuk, the darts, bone stillettos found among the oyster deposits of Damariscotta, the shell-heaps of Ped-coke-gowak," and the offal accretions of thickly-settled "Arambec" are absent from the deposits at Sagadahoc. These stone remains suggest a people skilled in the rude arts of a far-off period.

It was here among these evidences of a once industrial people that the "planters" from the *Gift of God* and the *Mary and John* landed on that 19th of August of 1607, where they had a sermon delivered to them by their preacher, after which the King's Commission was read, and the laws of the colony expounded. It recalls the way in which the old-time district school was opened on the first day of the term, when each listened with a mental reservation to obey in so far as it was consistent with his personal

ideas of the matter in hand. It was a motley community, no doubt, that made up this little band, and there were many morally unkempt and unruly-disposed among these first adventurers recruited from the ale-house, the parish poor-house and the Newgate gaol, as well. Then was held the first town-meeting, and the officers were chosen. George Popham was President; Rawleigh Gilbert, Admiral; Edward Harlow, Master of Ordance; Robert Davis, Sergeant-major; James Davis, Captain of the Fort; Richard Seymour, Chaplain; Elias Best, Marshal; and George Carew, Searcher. This comprised the official force of the colony, and upon this inaugural occasion the one hundred and twenty "planters" participated and although nothing is said by Strachey whether the ballots were collected in a hat or otherwise, it to be assumed that an election followed the nomination, so it may be assumed as well, that here was exercised the inestimable franchise of the ballot-box. It was a folk-mote, and the first of its kind hereabout, and the pre-monitor of the present town-meeting. Strachey does not name the moderator, but it was probably Popham who made up the slate and saw that it was filled to his satisfaction. This erection of the little statehood was enacted on shore, upon the consummation of which Popham and his constituency returned to their individual vessels.

On the twentieth, all sought the shore, "and there began to entrench and make a fort, and to buyld a storehouse." This work was continued in for the seven days following. Strachey records on the

twenty-eighth, — "Whilst most of the hands labored hard about the fort, and the carpenters about the buylding of a small pinnace, the president overseeing and applying every one to his worke, Captain Gilbert departed in his shallop upon a discovery to the westward, and sayled all day by many gallant islands." He anchored at night under the headlands of Semiamis (Cape Elizabeth). The next day they went as far as the Isle of Bacchus. He gives the first description

POPHAM POINT

of Casco Bay which was overlooked by Champlain in his voyage of 1605 to Malabarre. He says, "betwixt the said headland and Semiamis, and the river of Sagodahoc, is a very great bay; in the which there lyeth soe many islands and soe thicke and soe neere togither, that can hardly be discerned the nomber, yet may a shipp passe betwixt, the greatest parte of them having seldome lesse water than eight or ten

fathome about them. These islands are all overgrowne with woods, as oak, walnutt, pine, spruse trees, hasell nutts, sarsaparilla, and hurts in abundaunce, only they found no saxafras at all in the country." Sassafras bark and root were staple in the English market, and eagerly sought out, and this was the object of Gilbert's excursion.

One notes the laying out of the ship-yard and the laying of the keel of a thirty-ton vessel as the beginning of an industry for which the country hereabout has since been famous. It was the earliest attempt at ship-building on these American shores, and as such is notable. Popham must have come prepared with saws and an abundant outfit of carpentering tools to have undertaken the building of a ship, for the plankings must have been sawed although the frame may have been hewn. Digby, of London was the chief ship-wright, and what a busy sound of putting things together there must have been! for by the middle of December the fort was built and properly entrenched, and around its walls were mounted twelve cannon, armament enough if rightly served to have demolished a small squadron. Its lines must have been extensive, for within was a church, fifty houses and a storehouse ample to hold all their stores present and to come. Of wood, there must have been a sufficiency with the leavings of the carpenters and the tree-tops from which they culled their dressed lumber. They named the pinnace the *Virginia*, and she was to take the place of the *Mary and John* which had been despatched home with the news of the

successful termination of the voyage. The *Mary and John* also carried letters "to the Lord Chief Justice, ymportuinge a supply for the most necessary wants to the subsisting of a colony, to be sent unto them betymes the next yeare." It would seem that there was some apprehension of a possible shortage in the larder. It may have been that these men were gourmands and of a distant kin to the adventurers of old Ulysses.

The date of George Popham's letter to King James fixes very nearly the date of the departure of the *Mary and John* on the homeward voyage. It was about the time of the completion of the *Virginia*, and possibly the ship had been detained until the fort and the dwellings which were to afford a winter shelter were up and ready for occupancy. It may be said to be the first letter written from these shores. The original is in the Latin Vulgate, and is more interesting in the translation than otherwise. It is especially significant in its betrayal of the ignorance and credulity of the times in regard to common things, and which found a fertile soil in the mind of the cultured Popham, and more particularly as regarded the physical and geographical disposition of the country to the southward of the Sagadahoc. Outside of the *MSS.* of Rosier, and of Strachey, it is the only contemporary record of its kind extant. Its extravagance of style, its high color, impressionism, its exaggerations, along with its torrid adulations, give to it a unique character, and as well, a delicious flavor of semi-antiquity.

"To the most heigh and mightie my gratious Soveraigne Lord James of Great Brittain, France and Ireland Virginia and Moasson, Kinge." (Indorsed.)

"13 December, 1607.

"At the feet of his Most Serene King humbly prostrates himself George Popham, President of the Second Colony of Virginia. If it may please the patience of your divine Majesty — to receive a few things from your most observant and devoted, though unworthy, servant I trust it will derogate nothing from the lustre of your Highness, since they seem to redound to the glory of God, the greatness of your Majesty, and the utility of Great Brittain, I have thought it therefore very just that it should be made known to your Majesty, that among the Virginians and Moassons there is none in the world more admired than King James, Sovereign Lord of Great Brittain, on account of his admirable justice and incredible constancy, which gives no small pleasure to the natives of these regions, who say moreover that there is no God to be truly worshipped but the God of King James, under whose rule and reign they would gladly fight. Tahanida, one of the natives who was in Great Brittain has here proclaimed to them your praises and virtues. What and how much I may avail in transacting these affairs and in confirming their minds, let those judge who are well versed in these matters at home, while I, wittingly avow, that all my endeavors are as nothing when considered in comparison with my duty toward my Prince. My well

considered opinion is, that in these regions the glory of God may be easily evidenced, the empire of your Majesty enlarged, and the welfare of Great Brittain speedily augmented. So far as relates to Commerce there are in these parts, shagbarks, nutmegs and cinnamon, besides pine wood, and Brazilian cochineal and ambergris, with many other products of great value, and these in the greatest abundance.

"Besides, they positively assure me, that there is a sea in the opposite or Western part of this Province, distant not more than seven days journey from our fort of St. George in Sagadahoc, — a sea large, wide and deep, the boundaries of which they are wholly ignorant of. This cannot be any other than the Southern ocean, reaching to the regions of China, which, unquestionably, cannot be far from these regions. If, therefore, it may please you to keep open your divine eyes on this matter of my report, I doubt not but your Majesty will perform a work most pleasing to God, most honorable to your greatness, and most conducive to the weal of your kingdom, which with ardent prayers I most vehemently desire. And may God Almighty grant that the majesty of my Sovereign Lord King James may remain glorious for ages to come.

"At the Fort of St. George, in Sagadahoc of Virginia, 13 December, 1607.

"In all things your Majesty's Devoted Servant,

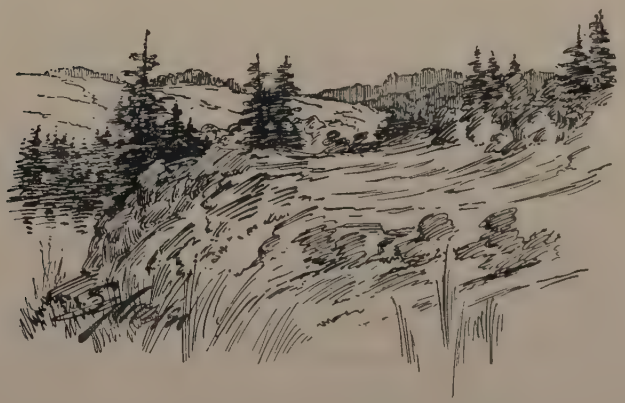
"George Popham."

Thus reads this fulsome epistle to the pedantic James I., and what roseate anticipations filled the minds of these adventurers, from Popham down to the lowest in the rank of the one hundred and twenty planters! But all were nipped in the bud by the "frozen winter", and although the spring came in, bearing abundant and beautiful promise, the courage and the aspirations of Gilbert, upon whom had fallen the sad mantle of Popham, were winter-killed. The high purposes of the preceding year were fallen flat. There is one thing, however, to be gleaned from this letter which is of an affirmative character. It is evident that here on the Kennebec was the habitat of the Nahanada, the savage who was kidnapped by Waymouth in 1605. It is proof positive that Waymouth was on the Kennebec, notwithstanding Captain Williams' astute conclusions to the contrary.

It is not singular, with all these erratic notions, this unacquaintance with climatic conditions, and the productions, likewise, of this particular parallel of the temperate zone, that the realism should be so emphatically, so abruptly brought home to their senses; nor is it at all strange that such rank disappointment should follow the felicitous fables of Hakluyt with which they were doubtless well acquainted. But we will not anticipate their story.

How the fort-enclosed village was arranged or what were the habitations as to style, size and accomodation whether they were substantially built, or were mere log shelters, we have no means of knowing. There

were one hundred and twenty laborers of whom some were at work under Digby, on the pinnace. Others were at work on the fort, and the remainder put up the houses. Fifty houses, a church, a storehouse, and a fort built in four months with the tools of the times, could not call for a very elaborate domicile. Each must have had its huge fireplace up whose



SITE OF OLD FORT AT ANCIENT AUGUSTA

chimneys roared the great fires that kept them warm through that "frozen" winter. I imagine the winter might not have been so much different from any ordinary New England winter, except that these people were not accustomed to so lengthy a period of extremely cold weather. They were unable to get about outside the fort by reason of the deep snows, and probably there was not a pair of snow-shoes in

the whole company; and had there been it is doubtful if a man of them could have navigated a pair twice his length without a headlong tumble into the snow. It may have been that the cold crept in through the chinks in their cabin walls faster than they could soften its asperities by their heaped-up fireplaces. It may have been that they had made no provision for the extra foot and coat wear required in such arctic experiences. No doubt their inexperience exposed them to the hardships common to the endurance of things not to be thwarted or overcome, and the wild winter storms that swooped down upon them from the north, or across the Penobscot Bay had their terrors, with the folds of their flying clouds shaken loose to pile the deeps of snow higher and higher with every gray day. They had the *Mary and John* in mind; not one I trow, but wished he had gone to bonnie England with Captain Davis. It was a long winter and a hard one, but the days went as winter days go, with a short lapse from dawn to sunset, and a long sleep after an evening of blinking by the open fire, a story, a simmering mug, a pipe out of whose curling smokes were shaped the swift dissolving views of places and people they had known best, and associations they had cherished as most necessary to their happiness, dream pictures, — and who has not conjured them out of the past to rim the future with their silver halo!

The strangeness of their surroundings and their isolation from their own kind added to the sense of loneliness which must have been ever present. It

was a time of enforced idleness, and by reason of which "noe boat could stir upon any busines." The trade with the savages had been carried on to some extent, but the aborigine was suspicious, and looked upon these men who carried weapons that flashed and thundered, who possessed metal axes and who built houses of framed timbers, and who sailed in ships that had deep holes in their bodies, and tall sticks in their middles, and that had wings like a huge bird. The Indian was not inclined to be friendly, or to be much influenced by Nahanada and Skidwarroes. It is not to be supposed that any considerable trade in furs was engaged in after the snows had set in to make travel difficult, as the aborigine kept to his village through the winter as a bear would keep to his hibernacle. Strachey is silent as to the amusements indulged in by these men, who must, from time to time, wearied each of the other as the longing came for a glimpse of a rosy-cheeked English lass, or a wife, and the noisy romp of the children, the feel of the old chair in the familiar tavern, and the old smells of the home kitchen. The cards are shuffled and dealt, but it is hardly the old game they knew at the Red Lion. With the environment went a good half of the zest, and so something was ever lacking.

As one saunters over the breezy undulations of Popham Point in these days, one steps lightly as if under one's feet were the resting-places of a long-buried dead, and whose olden graves bear no insignia where the committing of this sacred charge to earth

was had. There are graves somewhere here, but where? Never were better ground

> "Where in long summer afternoons
> The sunshine, softened by the haze,
> Comes streaming down as through a screen,
> Where, over fields and pastures green,"

the white clouds drop purple shadows, that, as they fly, drift out to sea, or

> "sink and soar
> Like wings of sea-gulls on the shore."

But no trace of George Popham's grave has ever been distinguished, for it was here, at Fort St. George, on the granite dome of Sabino, that he died on the fifth day of February, 1608, and it was somewhere among these shifting sands he found the portal to a fairer country.

One thinks of the autumn days of 1607 through which were woven the medley of busy sounds, when all the face of Nature was aflame, when, as these workmen lifted their shoulders for a moment's rest to look across the Sagadahoc, Pemaquid way, they caught the vision of an autumn landscape, painted

> "With varied tints, all fused in one
> Great mass of color, like a maze
> Of flowers, illumined by the sun."

How those days must have sped, and how welcome was the night with its interval of sopition, the deep forgetful slumbers of a weary body, fraught with

dreams and old memories of realities, but now intangible, that come

> "As leaves that in the autumn fall,
> Spotted and veined with various hues,
> Are swept along the avenues,
> And lie in heaps by hedge and wall,"

each one the phantom of a living thought; and over

POPHAM BEACH

all the luminous harvest moon, but which had small meaning to these Argonauts; the while,

> "Each saffron dawn and sunset red,"

brought them nearer to the country of the noiseless-falling snow.

There are hollows in the sands where the winds have shifted the dunes, and here and there a green spot where a tuft of wiry sand-grass throws its spires to the wind to mark a hillock; but none of these speak of the mystery of death other than the glamour of the white patches of desolateness that one finds always among the sand-heaps by the sea-shore, and that bespeak only too emphatically of Nature's impoverishment among this shifting detritus of rock. The sea pounds on the sands a little way off, and the off-shore wind softens the clamor of many waters. Ships ride in the offing, and the shallops of the fishers scud up and down the bay. There is no suggestion here of an olden day when these empty places were choked with dense woods; but one knows here was once a shipyard where the stout ribs of the *Virginia* were trunnelled together, and where was once the laying away of dust to dust, where wan disappointment supplanted the fond ambition of Gorges. The shuttles begin to fly, and the looms in the brain take up the weaving of strange webs not the less wonderful than those tapestries of the faithful Penelope.

> "As one who walking in the twilight gloom,
> Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
> And seeing not the forms from which they come,
> Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;
> So walking here, —"

I queried who it might have been that whispered in my ear, light as the breath of air, but

> "There was no footprint in the grass,
> And none had seen the stranger pass."

There were only

> "The sob and ripple of the seas,
> The flapping of an idle sail; '

the faint halloo of two sailors leaning over the rail of a taut-rigged schooner that had just shifted her tack and was showing her stern just above a wake of white foam. I mind me of One who, stooping, wrote with his finger in the sand, and when He looked He was alone, but for a solitary figure. I have not even that, and like a child I stretch myself upon the white waste, and, with the aimlessness of a child, I begin to draw rude figures with a twig, and as I trace here and there a line,

> "around me all the sunny capes
> Seemed peopled with the shapes,"

of those whose garb was unfamiliar, and as I looked with keener scrutiny I knew them for the Argonauts of 1607. And then I drew the lines of the old fort with my little twig and as I wrought the tiny trenches filled and widened out, and they grew like the Dragon teeth of Cadmus, as I watched. In a moment they were up so I could see the square ports and staring black mouths of the cannon, and I counted the toy houses that grew into the habitations of men; and there were fifty of them. There was a church and a storehouse, and sounds of hammers and axes and the strident shouts of the carpenters filled the air. Men were moving here and there, mouthing rude jokes, for the last strokes were being given to the pinnace,

and she had been duly christened with a copious libation. I remember it well. It was an Indian summer day,

> "On the broad and drowsy land below,
> On shadowy forests filled with game,
> And the blue river winding slow,"

the mystery of the fleeting season was being interpreted. At once these soft airs are blown; the sounds about the old fort are hushed. The silent flakes begin to sift downward, and the world is white. The winds blow bleak, and instead of the yellow sands and the living green of Sabino's verdurous woods, is the pallor of winter, stark, white winter. The blue of the sky is more intense, but the waters of the encircling sea, from emerald are dyed black beyond this marge of trackless, hooded white.

But, no! There are prints of snow-shoes over toward the fort-gate, and I follow their trend over the intervening drifts. It is no dream after all, for here are the substantial walls of a wooden fort. I can see it is of a triangular shape, and it is the same built by George Popham and of which Strachey wrote. I sound an alarm on the stout gates. They part cumberously, and I go in. I count the chimneys,

> "With smoke uprising, gyre on gyre,"

and how noiselessly they climb the frozen steeps of the winter air! And so it is, all the annihilate vestiges of this ancient settlement are rehabilitated. For all that, one touches these wooden walls as one would a

film of ash, fearful that they may crumble at a breath; but no, I hear the creak of the clumsy hinge as the gate is closed to, and the inner fort is vibrant with the speech of the Anglo-Saxon, and men go hither and yon, from door to door, as they may, cowering and shrinking from the wind that bites and stings and fills their coats with subtle shafts of frost. I like these ruddy English faces, were they not so sober with the recent burial of Popham, and the fits of homesickness that come with the waking hours and

SABINO HILL, FORT POPHAM

last until the back-log is left to smoulder into the next dawn. One is made doubly welcome, but I am scanning these low roofs and the huge stubs of chimneys that top the north gable of their sturdy piles of logs. They were rude structures, but were made to stand, and they were made to live in, comfortably. If their interiors showed the rough-hewn walls, they kept out the snow and the wind, and the huge fireplaces sent out great waves of living heat that not only illumined the dark of the night, but made the waking and the sleeping hours alike comfortable. I

noted that the church was a barn-like affair, and that the house where Popham had lived was of a somewhat more pretentious character, and that it was comprised of two low stories piled one above the other. Popham and Gilbert had used it in common with the Chaplain. It was a gentlemanly trio, and their company was needful to the passing of the slow-footed hours of waiting until spring, and then there was beyond the bonds of companionship, the guarantee of safety. I was not curious to enter this house, but I passed it and kept on to where Digby lived: but I noted in passing that there was a low, wide-jambed fireplace in which was a roaring fire from the ruddy light it threw upon the diminutive glazing of the two somewhat fairly sized windows that let into what seemed to be the living room. Over the mantel I saw a pair of swords crossed and an old-fashioned musketoon which had been the property of Popham. I noted some shelves beside the mantel, and on them were carelessly piled some books, but whether they belonged to the minister, or whether they were some of the big, black-lettered books affected by the writers of those days I did not ascertain, nor do I know to this day. I saw the shadows, *en silhouette*, of Gilbert and Seymour on the wall, as I supposed, but of that I am not certain. But as I went on, a gruff voice exclaimed, — "That's Digby's,— that house, there!" I looked about, but I could see no one, nor was I aware that anyone had kept me company. I thought to myself it was a singular country where one saw and heard so much for which they could not

account; but I know now that I was in the Land of Romance, where the things I saw were really truths once on a time, but that time had been so far left behind that whatever any one said about the matter beyond the ancient annals of Strachey was as unreal as anything could be that had never taken place. This story of the Popham settlement has been written more than once, but throw Strachey ashore, and you have thrown over your compass, jack-staff and binnacle-lamp, and as well unshipped your rudder, when like the craft of the Three Wise Men of Gotham, your vessel has become a veritable tub.

But I notice that Digby's bobbin hangs loose on the outside of the door to dangle in the wind which seems to have gained some impetus with the going down of the sun, and as I stumble against the stout and somewhat high-silled threshold, I hear some one saying "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will come up!"

I pulled the bobbin, and

> "The door swung wide,
> With creak and din;
> A blast of cold night air
> Came in"

after me, but the sturdy door, double-planked, and studded with nails, closed as if pushed to by unseen hands, and the thick wedge-like latch of wood dropped into a like wooden slot. I expected to find a roaring crackling fire piled high with the limbs of the oaks from which the rugged ribs of the *Virginia* had been hewn. I supposed Digby to be something of a man of sentiment, and I had an idea that he

dreamed somewhat as he smoked, for these English folk had been favored by the Indians who had brought them tobacco from time to time as the fall days went, and I got the flavor of the burning weed which seemed to be somewhat milder than that to which I was accustomed; but this fire was a revelation. As it burned I heard all the canticles of the wildwood singers, and I saw all strange things these trees had looked down upon since they burst their

FORT POPHAM AND COX'S HEAD

follicles, of woodland life and tragedy, of savage, beast, and bird; of snows, and rains, and swirling tempests; the magic of the Dryads was revealed.

> The loose sash rattled window-ward;
> The gable creaked; the chimney blew
> Its noisy syrinx; the rough seas lashed
> The shore below; and hissing, flew
> The salt spray o'er the low fort wall
> To smite with frozen hail the thatch,
> While gusty fingers fumbled at
> The bobbin-string to lift the latch.

It seemed a night when uncanny things were abroad, or when a look to seaward might compass

the vision of the Chimneys Three, the Spectre Ship of the Carmilhan, and clinging to its phantom shrouds, the dread

> "Klabotorman
> The Kobold of the sea; a sprite
> Invisible to mortal sight,"

but for the rollicking blaze of the huge fire whose loud music filled the rude interior of the ship-wright's winter hibernacle, for hibernacle it was, to be deserted with the first reddening of the maples.

I noticed a cumbersome settle built into the rough masonry of the jamb, and the firelight fell cheerfully over it. It was just where I could look at the ship-wright for a little, and upon whose tawny English face with its bush of tawny beard, the firelight shone full. Fitted comfortably into my niche in the rude surroundings, I made a survey after a not over-curious fashion from the rough-hewn slabs of the cabin-floor to the virgin roof-tree, as yet unstained by vagrant smokes, and undraped by the tapestries of the guild of the Tegenaria.

It was not so much different from what I had pictured it as I sojourned for a little with Strachey and the Popham adventurers, reading between the lines of that quaint story; but as I read him it was always with a sense of loss, that he had so much to say of those up-river and along-the-coast junketings, and the grapes, the hurts and the chiballs, as if one cared at all about them, except that the wild musk of those grapes lingers in the memory to whet a boy's palate. It seemed to me he should have

written something of the indoor living of these first English comers, and given one a glimpse of the interior of one of those early cabins, "which would have been more interesting than all the pow-wows enumerated by him in his relations of Sebanoa and the Bassaba of the Penobscot. Lo is with us even to this day, and he is not a far remove from his stalwart ancestor embalmed by Pope,

> "Whose untutored mind sees God in the clouds
> And hears him in the wind; whose soul
> Proud Science never taught to stray

into the fields of astronomy, but who, at a pinch, could raise scalps or maize, as war, or peace dictated.

It was a ruddy flame that lighted those rude walls, and one could discover its veriest corners; and as I remember it it spanned perhaps fifteen feet in width and was twice that long. The low wide throat of the chimney stretched the gable across, almost, and the chimney itself was built of the wreckage of the Sabino headlands, set in yellow clay from an adjacent meadow. It was huge, and built like the deacon's one-horse chaise, and extended into the room somewhat, throwing out at its foot a wide hearth of cobblestone worn round by the sea, a mosaic of divers color, set in white sand, as if this builder of ships found some mute solace in the companionship of these relics of the resonant shore.

I knew that he had a love for old things, and had brought some of them along with him; for, here stood a pair of solid andirons in honest black metal

that smacked of Holland as assuredly as the mug of schnapps at mine host's elbow. They were a yard high, and were topped with dragon's-heads whose yawning mouths seemed ever on the verge of crying out with Sleepy-head,

"Let's go to bed!"

These huge fire-logs have a strange fascination, as if they were the magicians of the spell under which I lay. They make a singular ado as they spend themselves in devouring flame; for, at times they bark like a fox to spin a jet of bluish fire a half-yard into the expanse of hearth as the imprisoned gases find sudden vent through the hot rind of the fore-stick. They hiss and sputter like an angry lynx at their steaming ends; and roar, like the surfs of Seguin, when the chimney was wrought into a Pandaean pipe

"on which all the winds that blew,
Made mournful music the whole winter through."

And yet, for all this clamor, the dragons stood with mouth agape transfixed with spodomantic spell.

Not far from this seething whirlpool of riotous flame, and perhaps near the center of the cabin, stood a table of rough deal. I noticed it was square and of ample dimensions, and about it were some three-legged stools as if to offer some hint of pregnant hospitality. On its bare top was a stone jug the odor of which filled the interior, to suggest the musk of those wild grapes Gilbert found up-river when the leaves had begun to take on the same purpling mask

of color. Beside this was a diminutive Delft jar that from the litter about it I conjectured might contain some of Sebanoa's tobacco. There was an amber-colored fine splinter of pitch-pine beside it which was used as a match at need, when the pipe was to be lighted; and drawn to the table, was the only chair the room boasted, and which was occupied by Digby, himself. It had a newish look, as if recently constructed, and it much resembled some of the Mayflower chairs that are exhibited as once having up-

FOX ISLAND

held the dignity of the Plymouth Colony in its earlier deliberations when Bradford was Governor, and Myles Standish Master at Arms.

Behind Digby was a bunk built solidly into the wooden wall, and which was piled with divers bedding, such as one might find in any hermitage where the hand of woman never came. Against one jamb was a pile of wood which seemed to be somewhat coarsely fitted, as it suggested the wood-chopper rather than the handiwork of the one-legged man, who, with his wood-saw and axe, made the rounds of the neighborhood in days which already seem far away to me, —

let alone this ship-builder's fire-logs of three centuries ago. At the farther end of the cabin was a tier of fuel that was piled high up into the gable, and I saw a cumbersome carpenter's chest and the glittering blade of an adz stretched its length upon the shut cover.

Over the fire was a long low mantel, a wide slab of pine, and at one corner hung a clumsy bellows with a black nose that had blown many a heap of ruddy coals into a lively blaze; and above, was a musketoon suspended upon its wooden pegs, and a white horn that would hold a quart of powder, a leathern bag for bullets. On the mantel was the tinder-box. A few plates of Delft, a pewter trencher, and a skillet kept it suggestive company, while, on the soot-embossed crane that spanned the chimney-back hung a swivelled tea-kettle from whose dusky nozzle a ribbon of steam spun away like a thread of mist rising from some black bog when the shower had gone by. I noted, as well, in the shadow of the bellows a long-handled, flat-bladed shovel like what, in olden times, was used to pull the coals from the old-fashioned brick ovens, and beside it were the stout iron tongs that over-topped the dragon's heads by a hand's span.

It was a swift survey, a survey of a single glance, and it is as fresh in my mind, now that I am writing of it, as is the recollection of that day, when from a sand-heap I had built a fort, fifty dwelling-houses, a storehouse and a church, a whole town, in fact, and had perched it upon the crest of Sabino Hill with a certain admixture of an imagination let out for a

pasture run, a few grains of enchanted sand, a heap of wooded rock and a smattering of Strachey in mind, stirred together with a slender pine twig, on the breezy dunes of Popham Point.

"A wizard is he,
And Lord of the wind and the sea;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales,
By his craft in sorcery."

It was not I, but the wizard, who wrought the subtle spell, the Spirit of the Sea.

What struck me as singular, I had had no greeting from the figure whose elbow was in such close companionship with the stone jug I have mentioned. Silent as he was, I could but note the garb, now obsolete, of the ship-wright of the *Virginia*. His stout calves were encased in shapely, thonged buskins,

"The hunted red-deer's undressed hide,"

his breeches were of pliant leather, soiled to seal color by use; his jerkin was of good English buff, as Shakespeare says,

"a most sweet robe of durance,"

bound to his hips by a stout juchten belt with a broad silver buckle. Over the wide neck-band of his jerkin flowed a patriarchal beard that half covered his ruddy face with its yellow bush and above which, deep-set in his Viking-head, glowed a pair of mellow orbs that brightened as one looked, or paled with the embers on the hearth at his feet. I was minded of

the "Skeleton in Armor" by this untoward silence, and I began to feel something of misgiving, as if my evening call might be construed as an intrusion, but bethought myself of the insular characteristics of the English people, and Yankee-like, with the boisterousness of an April day and its balmy southern winds, I remarked, blandly, —

"A fine evening, sir, — a fine old winter we are having, Mr. Digby!"

A ragged gust of wind clambered up the side of Sabino Hill, leapt the fort-wall and smote against the gable that moment. The wind shrieked down the chimney, as if to belie my remark; but I thought the weather as innocuous a subject as could be chosen,

and it being a matter of common parlance between people who happen to be thrown together inadvertently, to talk of impersonal things, I again essayed to break the silence which was becoming slightly embarrassing.

"Our friend Strachey says, It was a 'pretty Pynnace' you built for Popham, Mr. Digby, —"

And yet the ship-wright was silent.

> "A quiet smile played round his lips,
> As the eddies and dimples of the tide
> Play round the bows of ships,
> That steadily at anchor ride,"

but with the same inscrutable vacuity of speech, yet I was emboldened by that smile to add quickly, and with something of abnegation in my air, — "I hope I am not intruding, sir!"

> "Then from those cavernous eyes
> Pale flashes seemed to rise,
> As when the northern skies
> Gleam in December,"

and instantly it was as if the fire on the hearth had never been. I felt the cool winds blowing on my face, and as I looked over toward Pemaquid, I saw the schooner had made another tack. Then I knew I had been drowsing in the sun. I looked about for the fort with its upright palisades and the black-mouthed guns that I had seen; but all had faded away into the mists in the offing. Only the sheer walls of the granite hill were in sight. It was a spatter of wet from a passing cloud that had broken my dream, and

it was with unfeigned regret at the interruption that I watched its bellying folds settling over the hull-like stone-heap of old Monhegan.

With the coming of the spring days, Captain Davis sailed into the mouth of the Sagadahoc, his "shipp laden full of vitualls, armes, instruments and tooles" for the further propagation of the Popham Colony. He found "Mr. George Popham, the president, and some other dead, yet he found all things in good forwardness, and many kinds of furs obteyned from the Indians by way of trade, a good store of sarsaparilla gathered, and the new pynnace all finished." With all the good things brought, was the blighting news that Admiral Gilbert's brother "was newly dead, and a faire portion of land fallen to his share, which required his repaiar home."

Gilbert decided to return home at once. It was an unfortunate condition of affairs, as with the departure of Gilbert the colony would be without a leader, and after some discussion "they all ymbarqued in this new arrived shipp, and in the pynnace, the *Virginia*, and sett saile for England." Strachey closes his account, — "And this was the end of that northerne colony uppon the river Sachedahoc."

One of the singular things about this relation is the absence of any allusion to the *Gift of God*, Popham's ship, after the arrival in the fall of 1607 at the mouth of the Sagadahoc. It has been contended by some writers that forty-five of the Popham adherents remained at Fort St. George, and that the *Gift of God* was kept at her winter moorings.

Out of this, one has the tradition that between such as remained and the neighboring Indians a quarrel ensued; and that the settlers were driven from the fort; and that others were killed. It is a sailor's yarn, and of rather loose twist, as it could not have taken place before the leaving of the colonists.

But here is something alleged to have been taken from the archives of the French Government. In February of 1612 the Jesuit Biard was at Sagadahoc. He made some observations of the place, and among other things gleaned a tradition from the savages of the Armouchiquois tribe that "the English had at first a good man and his people treated the natives well;" but the Indians were jealous of the English occupancy, and alleged that by magic arts the English had caused the death of Popham, and that the settlers rewarded the kindness of the savages illy. One day when the English had gone into the bay to fish, the savages made an assault upon those left at the fort, and succeeded in killing eleven of the English. The survivors, intimidated by these savage reprisals, began anew a colony at Pemaquid. All this is of a piece with the hazy fabric that has been woven, from time to time, by the romancer about these parts.

It is a safe conclusion that with the sailing of Captain Davis and the pinnace, that, as Strachey says, "this was the end," and by reason of which, Fort St. George was, in the spring of 1608, left to silence and decay; and after which, stripped of its human associations, only

"The sunsets flushed its western windows red;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain;
Its woodlands were in leaf, and bare again;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilac bloomed and died;
In the broad river, ebbed and flowed the tide;
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be,"

and Fort St. George as well; for, where was once the handiwork of busy, hopeful men, are now but a huge verdurous rib of rock and dunes of shifting sand, over which, as the day goes, run the purpling shadows of Sabino's brooding headland,

"brown
with the rust of centuries."

One even now finds, here or there, among these closely scrutinized, long-culled sands a relic of the olden days when Sabino was the scene of savage activity, the Woolwich of long gone centuries, the fragment of a stone axe, a broken arrow-head, may-hap a perfect specimen of a savage handiwork, and as one fingers it, one plays conjuror with one's self, to slip the elusive spell, only to conclude with M. Gautier, that

"All passes. Art alone
Remaining, stays to us.
The bust outlives the throne;
The coin, Tiberius."

PEMAQUID

PEMAQUID

THE English colonist was ever a lover of the sea, perhaps not so much because it was a highway whose only toll-keeper was the errant wind, or that it was exempt from manor rights and ever breathed that sweet spirit of untramelled liberty in Nature, so much coveted by humanity, as that it owned to a subtle yet sustaining power in its suggestions of life and companionship. Whether he planted his roof-tree beside the tide-waters of the James, upon the bold headland of Sabino, along the sandy barrens of Cape Cod, or within the seductive landscapes of the Piscataqua, it was ever where the winds owned to the savor of salt.

One delights in the swing of the tides where the ships rock, as in cradles, nor are its wide outlooks less alluring; and one never tires of the mighty force that makes no moan of weariness. From the roar of the surging breakers on the outer rocks and reefs,

or the battering of old ocean, ever pounding the bastions of granite that frown with deeply wrinkled visage along the Maine Coast from Neddock to Devil's Head, to the monody of the surf that caressingly laps the sands of Sagadahoc Beach, it is all a song, the song of the centuries. When the tempests swoop down upon it, awaking the diapason of the storm, it is the inspiration of the Mighty Composer whose music of the spheres has ever been the uninterpretable mystery of the ages. One is fascinated by the deep, sustaining color of the sea, the reflex of the great dome of the sky that paints its horizons with the golden halo of the dawn, or the Tyrian purple of twilight.

The salty flavor of its breath is exhilarating, and one's lungs titillate with the inbreathing of its ozone. Its ships with their bellying sails, not whiter than the snowy foam that leaps with the freshening wind from off the crested waters, make pictures that linger long in the heart, and solace many a weary hour; and one recalls with Tennyson the charm of

"A painted ship upon a painted ocean,"

when the long rolling swell, a limitless plane of undulating olive-stained glass, the aftermath of the storm, sweeps shoreward, to break in soft cadence along the sloping beach, while gulls on tireless wing, dip and swing, and like silver shuttles cleaving the invisible air, weave the loose fabrics of which summer dreams are made. The sea is a sorcerer, and as a tippler loves his dram, so one enjoys the sting of its

brine. Its odors are like the bouquet of the ruddy Johannisberger, the date of whose vintage is attested by a cellarer whose occupation betimes is the weaving cobwebs. It was in the midst of the sea that Islands of the Bimini were planted, where flowed the Fountain of Eternal Youth, and beyond which were the fabled treasures of Cathay. Though the Bimini have never been seen by mortal eye, yet in these tireless tides that ebb and flow with the pulsations of the moon is the hidden mystery, the necromancy of Nature.

> As one, who journeys to some distant shrine,
> Forsakes the beaten road by pilgrims thronged,
> Makes the odorous fields his romancer,
> As if to him their spangled meads belonged,
> Their riant blossoming for him, alone;
> So I, the highway's foot-worn grits, upblown,
> Leave to the plodding, soulless hind, and make
> Earth's verdure and the sea's salt breath my own.

After a similar fashion of intent, as I begin my pilgrimage to olden Pemaquid, I am inclined to take to the open, and thereby leave the dust-powdered hedgerows of doubtful annals to the enthusiastic and clamorous Teufelsdröckh whose lucubrations impair one's confidence in his kind, to say nothing of the strain upon what Carlyle calls "that tough faculty of reading," which, like the delicate scales of the goldsmith, tips at the Troy pound, as at the infinitesimal blank, so rich, or so coarsely alloyed, are the mintings of men's brains.

It is with such distaste of ruts and wheel-tracks that the story of olden Pemaquid is essayed, and upon

which and about which, so much has been written by one annalist and another. But for its aboriginal wildness, the picturesqueness of its virgin landscape, it would seem to be prolific of meagre results until the closing years of the second decade of the seventeenth century, when there seems to be a firmer and a more tensile quality to the yarn that has gone into the knitting of its pioneer history. The forty-five men of the original settlement at Fort St. George who are alleged to have declined to join in the exodus of 1608, and who, some annalists declare, began immediately thereafter a settlement at Pemaquid, from a numerical point of view, suggest "The Forty-five" of Dumas, and it is not impossible that this fragment of Pemaquid's early history may have found some lodgement in the French romancer's brain. The title of the French novel is suggestive of the romance that still lingers about the forty-five who are said to have located at Pemaquid, notwithstanding the definite statement of Strachey as to the utter abandonment of the Popham location in 1608.

I apprehend that in the writing of history, the recording of a bare fact is not sufficient. As I have before somewhere remarked, Emerson says, — "History is biography." If this be true, and it seems definitively correct, then the times, the dress, and manners of a people are important, as are the stage settings of a play. One realizes the need of grace-lines in history, as in the pen drawings of the artist who localizes his incidents with, here and there in the text, an old house, or other detail of the picturesque.

Straight lines are encyclopædic, or otherwise meaningless. One sees, as one passes along a strange highway the dwellings of men. Here is one. It sets on the verge of the road. Its clapboards are glistening white, and the house painter has not long since

FROM AN EARLY CHART

left it. Its windows are blindless, — they never had any. Not a flicker of shade falls upon its sloping roofs. Not a shrub blooms beside its trig doorstep. One looks at the door with a curious sympathy, to discover there is not even the old-fashioned door-knocker, and one feels of one's knuckles before

essaying to alarm the house. There is a poignant sense of lack without, which one feels has even crossed over the inner threshold; and one paints the impoverishment of Nature in the soul that cherishes its hearthstone. But one does not stop to confirm these impressions, but drives on to what seems to be a neighboring home whose red roofs and ruddy chimneys are hardly to be discerned amid the foliage that for a moment holds its slow-rising smokes within a verdurous thrall. No rude barriers of wall or fence hold the genial fields apart from the highway unless the row of stalwart maples marks the invisible line of privacy one knows is here. Stop the horse for a glance up its drive that betrays the tooth of the garden-rake, and even yet moist with the morning dews. Invitingly cool it is, and spattered with the dancing shadows of the embowering trees. Climbing roses hug the pillars of its ample portico. The wide veranda is draped with pendant wisteria bloom where the polished escutcheon of antique door-knocker glows warmly in the reflected sunlight. The air is vibrant with bird-songs, and there is somewhere, the ring of childish laughter. The horse goes on, and one hums a measure of that immortal melody of John Howard Payne's.

History glows and pulsates under the painter's brush, as do the habitations of men where history is made, and about which Nature has wrought her spell of trees, blossoms and birds. History is the foundation of literature; and Nature was its foster-mother.

Like the housewife of days not long gone, and who

had a calendar of signs for all the happenings of life, who, when she dropped her dish-cloth to the floor, declared that strangers were coming, I have an inward sensing that strangers are on the road, but I have the house set to rights; the birds are in tune, and there is the laugh of hoyden childhood on the air. There is a hammock on the cool side of the house-veranda that swings like a hang-bird's nest in the wind, and if it is in the season of snows, the settle is in its old place by the ruddy chimney-jamb. So, if you happen in, we will take a jaunt down Sagadahoc-way, and as we together go over the old tale that has so many times been reknitted out of the old ravellings, a tuft of grass among the Pemaquid rocks may not be the least of our treasure-trove, along with its buried pavements and its tumbled walls of old forts, the illegible hand-writings of a people who left no record other than these silent memorials.

Savage Pemacuit was a kingdom. Its dependancies were Muscongus and Sagadahoc, and first known as Pemcuit, anglicized into Pemaquid, the locality has ever been known by its earliest cognomen. One finds it in Hakluyt, and Pemaquid it has ever been, ancient and suggestive. Here, at some time in the early annals of the aborigines, was the seat of a savage power, the place of the great aboriginal gatherings and feastings. Its physical characteristics were salient and attractive. It was the domain of the later Samoset, the famous sagamore who surprised the Plymouth settlers with his friendly salutation, couched in the mother-tongue of their own

country; and the query is colored with pleasing conjecture as to where, and how, he accomplished even that brief expression. Were Nahanada and Skidwarroes his rude school-masters, or is to be accepted as evidence that the waters of the Sagadahoc were more frequented, and better and more familiarly known to the English, than is generally credited by the exact historian. I apprehend there is many a grain of truth in the numerous assertions that Pemaquid was the scene of much English activity in the decade following the evacuation of Fort St. George. Whether it was, as has been so strenuously maintained, so frequented as to suggest the permanency of the English domicile, will ever be an open question. It was certainly a well-known fishing station.

When John Davis returned from his several expeditions, (1585–6–7) to the American continent in search of a Northwest Passage, he brought with him some "great cods" caught in those waters, some of which he gave to Cecil, Lord Chancellor, and he writes, — "when his Lordship saw them, and heard the relation of my second voyage (1586) I received favorable countenance from his honor, advising me to prosecute the action of which his Lordship conceived a very good opinion."

It was these few great fish that secured the good countenance of the English government, increased the English disposition to navigate to these shores in search of a like commodity; and yet the government went no further. Unlike the French, who made the settlement of their colonies an affair of State, and

whose early beginnings were paid for out of the public exchequer, and whose armed contingents were officered and complemented by drafts on the royal army, the English Crown left the matter of developing the colonial occupation of America to private corporations, or land companies, like that of which Warwick, Gorges and Popham were the moving spirits, and whether they flourished or decayed, was a matter of private concern.

So far as the English were concerned, it had the effect to strengthen the English marine by the demand for larger and more sea-worthy vessels, and made of England, ultimately, a nation of sailors. Her fleets grew in size and number, and the fishing industry as early as 1615 had assumed considerable proportions. The opportunities for barter in furs were not lost, out of which grew a contention that resulted in the beheading of Charles I. and changed the trend of religious worship, which was not lost upon the New England colonies, especially that of Plymouth. It was one of the causes that lost to Gorges his Palatinate of Maine, not counting his adhesion to the royal cause in the days when such loyalty was fraught with obloquy, sequestration and confiscation of fortune. Having this in consideration, it is safe to assert that no more favorable spot on the Maine coast could have been selected for the propagation of industries incident to the fisheries than Cape Small Point, or Pemaquid. The latter was, evidently, after the untoward termination of the Popham Colony, a favorite stamping-ground.

Pemaquid lies between Johns Bay on the west, and Muscongus Bay on the east. Up, on its northwest corner, Pemaquid Bay makes in, to terminate in the river of Little Pemaquid, that rises among the vales of Waldoboro, and it was here that Waymouth anchored in 1605. Striking across country to the

ENTRANCE TO NEW HARBOR

eastward, from this sheltered basin a good mile, is New Harbor which is marked on some maps as the site of the Popham occupation of 1614. From this to the extreme end of Pemaquid Point the distance is about five miles, and going up on the west side it is somewhat farther to the Waymouth anchorage at Pemaquid Falls. The entrance to this snug harbor is perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in width, and

once within its land-environed waters one finds it sufficiently "capacious to contain ten ships of the line." Here is only the disturbance of the tides to distinguish it from an inland pond, which is rarely ever ice-bound. It is an ideal haven now, as it was in the days when Rosier described its quiet seclusion from the tumultuous and storm-driven sea that broke with unrestrained fury upon the point lower down. Its shore is rimmed with fish-houses and quaint old wharves — and as well huge boulders of shouldering edges.

From its outer edge the sea-way is broad in its outlook, with Matinicus on the horizon's verge, with the out-lying islands and reefs of St. George, of which Allen's Island is the extreme out-post to mark the western entrance of Penobscot Bay, and which fill in the middle distance, with a new picture for every angle of the vision. Not far off, perhaps eight miles to the southeast, is famous Monhegan where the Rev. Thomas Seymour officiated at that like famous first church service under the auspices of the Popham-Gilbert expedition. At New Harbor inlet is a wharf built by the Hand that shaped these shores at which ships of large tonnage may berth whether the tide be at ebb or flood, a natural quay or landing place constructed of solid adamant, a wharf cast in rock.

Crossing Pemaquid overland and westward to Little Pemaquid River, from Fort Point to Graveyard Point, northerly, it is perhaps a half-mile. Here are the remains of an ancient settlement where

the pavings of old streets have been found, streets constructed with some conformity to a plan with crossings at right angles. Who laid these stones or who walked upon them is yet to be revealed. Here was a rudimentary civilization, and as well all the insignia of commerce. To quote Sewall, here were "canals, mill-races, lead-works, tanneries, masonwork, monumental stones of the dead, — bearing dates from 1606 to 1610, — pipes and spoons of the Elizabethan age and manufacture." Smith asserts that in 1603 the Bristol merchants sent out two vessels, one of fifty tons and another of twenty-six tons with forty-three men and boys. Robert Saltern was pilot, the same that made the voyage of the previous year with Gosnold. Where these went is not stated, but the French, who were the indefatigable recorders of events hereabout after 1604, assert that Pemaquid was the first point of land to be occupied by the English. One French writer describes the bay as "very wide, and fine, good anchorage of five fathom; and opposite the fort, within musket-shot, close to the rocks," but Cadillac's account is of a later date; but it may be taken to have reference to the immediate vicinity of New Harbor where the Popham fort of 1614 was supposed to have been located. Smith, who was here in 1614, says, — New England was brought out of obscurity, and afforded freight for near two hundred sail of ships, where is now erected a brave plantation." He undoubtedly refers to the locality of Pemaquid and Monhegan. Swedish annalists assert

that after 1612 "a number of people went thither," (to the Popham settlement). The Jesuit Relations

PLAN OF OLDEN PEMAQUID

report a resident English at Pemaquid in 1608–9, and the French records have it that those interested

in the colony "brought little profit to it until the voyage of Captain John Smith." Hubbard, in his "Indian Wars" (1677), says, — "the first place ever possessed by the English in hopes of making a plantation, was a place on the west side of the Kennebec, called Sagadahoc; and that other places adjoining were soon after seized and occupied, — and improved in trading and fishing." Sullivan avers it to have been a tradition of his lifetime, "that there were people at Pemaquid from the time of Gilbert's possession. They were strangers, and did not venture south till the stetlement of Plymouth."

According to the Plymouth Company Relation, Sir Francis Popham, the heir to the estate and interests of Sir John Popham, did not relinquish the enterprise begun by the latter, "but taking the remaining ships and provisions of the company, continued voyages to the coast for trade and fishing." The Popham vessels were here in 1614 when Smith made his trading and exploring adventure of that year. This account of the Plymouth Company is authentic and conclusive. Though it does not settle the question of whether or not there was a permanent colony of English here before the occupancy of Monhegan, it is a peg on which to hang a good-sized hat. It is these pegs that the enthusiastic annalist of this locality has stuck here and there to his own satisfaction, if not to the convincing of the more critical and less easily persuaded historical student.

Dr. DeCosta was an eminent authority and a laborious student of the earlier period of the English occupation. He quotes Smith, — who describes his visit to Monhegan, — and goes on to say, "opposite 'in the Maine,' called Pemaquid, was a ship of Sir Francis Popham whose people *had used the port for 'many yeares'* and had succeeded in monopolizing the fur trade." It is unfortunate that a more explicit record is not to be had of the ancient doings about this famous peninsula of olden Pemaquid. It was about this time that Argall came to the eastward, as DeCosta says, "for supplies," but it is a query as to where he expected to obtain them, unless from the settlement at Pemaquid. It is a logical deduction, if here was a place well-known as a fur-depot and fishing-ground, and visited with great frequency, and the ancient authorities agree on that, and over which was maintained a jealous surveillance as is evidenced from the capture of Plastrier here, in 1611, that there must have been on the adjacent mainland a settlement which was to be protected, a portion of the year, at least, as well as to to be used as a place for the drying of fish. It is reasonable as the years went on to suppose that the climate had been stripped of its terrors by intimacy and acclimation, and that so profitable a place for trade would be secured by a permanent occupation.

Smith's statement that there "was not one Christian in all the land," is not conclusive. "He could not know," says DeCosta, and this eminent writer is justified in his assertion. "It is also opposed to

recognized fact, and to the declaration of Biard that the English in Maine 'desired to be masters.'" This same writer is disposed to believe that Captain Williams (1612) had his resident agents on Monhegan who collected furs throughout the year. In 1613 the Jesuits had got as far south as Mont Desert. Biard and Masse were at Somes Sound; almost immediately, while they were building, Argall swooped down upon them and carried his prey along with the French ship to Virginia.

After the release of Plastrier, Bienville made sail for Fort St. George, but only to find a deserted palisade, but had he followed the trend of the shore of eastern Pemaquid to New Harbor, he might have found evidences of a more recent occupation. It is likely he sailed direct to Matinicus from Sabino, at which former place he found the shallops of Hobson and Harlow drawn up on the shore, and who, according to Smith, had set out from Southampton for the isle of Cape Cod. Bienville left them undisturbed, with the assurance that he was not making war on private individuals.

Argal was in the ship *Treasurer* when he made his raid on the Mission of St. Sauveur, and Champlain says this ship mounted fourteen guns, and that in the immediate vicinity were ten other English vessels. As before noted, this was in 1613, and might be reckoned a goodly fleet, betokening a scene of stirring activity and a degree of familiarity with the *locus in quo* which is certainly suggestive of other than the isolation attributed to Pemaquid during those lean

years of record. These waters have been alluded to by some writers as the "neutral ground" but they were indisputably under English supremacy, and, certainly,

ON JOHN'S ISLAND

during the milder portion of the year, a generous harvest-field for the English fisherman and fur-trader.

Force's Tracts, a quaint repository of annals contemporary with the time, has this suggestive

paragraph, — "Two goodly Rivers are discovered winding farre into the Maine, the one on the North part of the land by our Westerne Colonie, Knights and Gentlemen of Excester, Plymouth, and others. The other in the South part thereof by our Colonie of London." A letter written to Coke by Mason (1632), who began the colonization of the Piscataqua, "teaches that the work of colonization was considered as having been continued from 1607."

These random allusions to the early occupation of Pemaquid are suggestions of fact, which, until something of a continuous narrative comes to hand, some other Strachey, are involved in the mesh of uncertainty. Here is, however, more than a "visionary theory;" here is circumstantial evidence commorant of the time and place. While the proof conclusive is absent, a conservative point of view would declare the burden of proof on the negative.

The matter is not a theory, but a condition; and the controversy reminds me of an old-time teacher who essayed to conduct the winter school in the White Rock district of a not far off town. He was not over popular though exceptionably well-fitted for the task. A few days sufficed to throw down all the fences of decorum on the part of the scholars, and finally, as one forenoon session neared its close, the pedagogue, who boarded with an old farmer whose domicile was opposite the school-house, edged toward the door and when safely between its lintels, shouted, — "School 's out!" and made a run for the farmhouse. Out flew the rabble of the huddled desks, and the

air was thick with snow-balls, each one hurtling toward the farmhouse door, while the winds echoed with, —

> "Good-bye, teacher! Good-bye, school!
> Good-bye, Major, you ——— old old fool!"

I apprehend the historical student is not yet ready for the previous question on this matter as to permanency of the Pemaquid settlement, in whole, or in part, as including the fifteen years following 1608; otherwise the lot, which fell to some when the Strachey *MS.* was given to the public, might be his. Some old English seaport may yet have stored in its musty records, the tale of the cobble pavements of old Pemaquid. It is not impossible, and something yet may come out of Nazareth. Not even the Gorges papers are intact, and the Rigby transactions are almost wholly lacking. In all matters of ancient history, if this can be so denominated, the unknown quantity x is ever to be found on one side or the other of the equation.

Be the foregoing of value or not, olden Pemaquid was a locality of great natural beauty, and its east-side inlet a haven of inviting security. In its physical disposition it makes a headland between the Damariscotta and Medomack rivers, with a southern trend, from almost any part of which may be seen the island of Monhegan, the landmark of the neighboring sea, that looms huge and stately against the seaward horizon. Westward, twenty miles from Monhegan, is Seguin, these islands making, with Pemaquid Point,

an acute-angled triangle, with Pemaquid at the northern apex, a most prominent sea-boundary on the coast. It juts into the sea like an index-finger and could not but be observed by the first navigators to these shores. The indentation of New Harbor is a diminutive cove, walled with basalt. Pemaquid Harbor across-country on the westward side is a veritable Sailor's Snug Harbor, where is an ideal summering place, and where one may moon about the ruins of an old fort, and prod among the cobbles of old streets, and lay out for one's self an olden town without a history, and practise all the arts of magic at hand, to, Endor-like, raise the dead of an adventurous race to throng these long-forsaken thoroughfares with its ancient life; or, gazing out to sea, paint Waymouth's high-pooped ship in the offing of Monhegan; or, coming back to land again, survey the savage glutton beside his shell-heap. When the night falls, and the lights of Franklin Island, Monhegan, Seguin, and the nearer Pharos of Pemaquid Point flash each to the other luminous greeting, one can drowse and dream, in the hammock on the cottage veranda, of the wild life here of three centuries ago, and follow down the sinuous, and as well, dubious path of the English civilization that has made this restful quiet possible; for, here is historic ground, every inch of which, saturated with the mystery of its earliest occupation, holds a dormant germ of romance more fascinating than has been written. When the wind is right, and the waters on the shore are softly attuned, one hears the song of the old mill-

wheel that turned at the foot of the ancient canal that one can trace to the falls a little to the northward of the old fort ruins, and the whir of the rumbling stones that ground the yellow corn, or the growl of the up-and-down saw as it ate out the hearts of the knotless pines; or if one is good at making things out of nothing one may out of dishevelled Nature rebuild the mill and catch the miller fumbling his meal at

PEMAQUID LIGHT

his meal-box. One is like to do all these, for it is in the atmosphere. All have caught the distemper, from Hubbard, Sullivan, and Williamson, down; and it is a most delightful sort of mental invalidism, for one never needs to call in the family physician, — it is generally the alienist's services which are needed.

In the early days the fur-trade was jealously sought, and all the influences which might compass it, were brought to bear upon the native trapper. Smith says of his first voyage in 1614, "we got for trifles

near eleven thousand Bever skines, one hundred Martins, as many Otters, and most of them within a distance of twenty leagues: we ranged the coast both east and west much farther, but eastward our commodities were not esteemed, they were so neere the French who afforded them better, with whom the Salvages had such commerce, that only by trade, they made exceeding great voyages, though they were without the limits of our precincts."

Both the French and English made pretense to exclusive territorial jurisdiction, and the monopoly of the trade was the source of the contention, in which was held the germ of the Indian troubles that, from 1675, for almost three-quarters of a century, made the Province of Maine east of York and Wells, a debateable ground, and as well a blood-stained one. The French, fully as mercenary as the English, were more politic, and far deeper in their craft. It was not the errand of civilization which the Jesuit was upon when he penetrated the fastnesses of the savages, else he would not have adopted the aboriginal habit. He substituted for the superstitions of the pow-wow the mysterious forms of the Church, and as one writer puts it, — "the new superstitions were scarcely better than the old diabolisms." The Jesuit was fitted, by his schooling, to become the leader of this savage cult, who accorded to him the powers of a wizard. He was their medicine-man, and it was to the concoctions of the French, distributed through the offices of the Church, that the savage enmity to the English was kept at a white heat.

In Cotton Mather's "Magnalia" one finds this, — Bommaseen, a principal Sagamore of the tribes about the Penobscot, and other Indians, as well (1696), said "the French taught 'em, that the Lord Jesus Christ was of the French nation; that his mother, the Virgin Mary, was a French lady; that they were the English who had murdered him, and that whereas he rose and went up to the Heavens, all that would recommend themselves unto his favor, must revenge his quarrel upon the English as far as they can." Dr. Jackson, in his Geology of Maine, records an Indian asking him "if Bethlehem where Christ was born was not a town in France?" It was these singular teachings which may have been magnified by the credulous Mather, that "waked the deadly war-whoop, incited the stealthy Indian to fire the planter's solitary cabin with the midnight torch, and scatter the brains of the helpless inmates with the tomahawk," and it was at the feet of the Jesuit that these hideous trophies of rapine were laid. Of course these things were all the fruits of years, but the French had begun before Popham and Gilbert sailed into Sagadahoc River, to sow the seed and to occupy the planting-lands of the savage superstition which was to widen out into the wilderness of Norridgewack a half-century later. Pemaquid was for years the pivotal point on which turned the fortunes of the French extension. Sewall's account of the French occupation of an island adjacent to Pemaquid as early as 1604 is probably an error, as it was at St. Croix that Du Monts and Champlain wintered 1604–5

and it was from that first vantage-ground that the French influence was extended to the westward which was to invite the attention of Argall at Mont Desert. It was this onslaught at the Mission of St. Sauveur where was lighted the match which was not blown for a century and a half.

As for the territory of Pemaquid, its boundaries were of an indefinite character, nor was it necessary that they should be defined, but the name may be considered to be local in its appellation, as it has been suggested by one writer, and aptly, that the word translated into English would be descriptive of Pemaquid Point, — land jutting into the sea. However this may be, one finds its out reaching rocks, glistening wet with the salt spray, or drifted over with the snow of the breakers, sufficiently picturesque to warrant its acceptance.

The settlement, from the present point of view, may be considered to be contemporary with that of Plymouth. The grant to John Pierce (June 1, 1621) is alleged to have been the first title of Pemaquid lands by the Plymouth Company, and the tradition was extant in 1750 that Pierce settled on the east shore of Pemaquid. He received this grant as the advance agent for the Plymouth Puritans, according to Bradford and Dean. If one goes by Hubbard, this Pemaquid country, without defining the exact locality, had no permanent colony until about 1620, but other writers give Monhegan the precedence by two years. But this settlement of Pierce is doubted, and Bradford says that while he set out on

his voyage, he was beaten and baffled by the sea and the winds; his property was swept away; his integrity soiled; and himself and the adventurers whom he represented involved in a long-drawn litigation, to finally pass out of the world wearing the mantle of utter poverty. It was in early 1623 that he sailed for Plymouth in his own vessel, the *Parragon*, laden with freight and passengers for the colony. Bradford says Pierce set out "at his own charge, upon hope of great maters, and that he meant to keep the patent to himselfe, and allow the Plymouth planters what territory he pleased, they to hold of him as tenants, and sue to his courts as chief Lord." This voyage he did not complete, being compelled by his ship's condition to put back to the home port, where his crippled finances prevented his further ventures toward New England. It has been alleged that he established a plantation at Broad Bay (Pemaquid), and the declaration of Samuel Welles of Boston, 11th September, 1750, is referred to as supporting the claim. It is sufficiently interesting so that it will bear quotation in part. He testifies to having in his hands the original patent, bearing six seals, among which are those of Warwick, Lenox, and Hamilton, and which is dated June 1st, 1621. He says, " The sum and substance of this patent of June 1st, 1621, is a grant to one John Pierce, a citizen of London, of liberty to come and settle in New England, with divers priviliges in such place as he or his associates should choose under certain limitations of not interfering with other grants, or settling within ten

miles of any other settlement, unless on the opposite side of some great and navigable river, and on return made, to have further grants or privileges. Now, as I am informed, and hear, it is agreed on all hands, Mr. Pierce came over here and settled; that is, at a place called Broad Bay, and there his posterity continued above one hundred years; some time after the settlement was begun, one Mr. Brown made a purchase of a large tract of land of the natives; and as Mr. Pierce's was the most ancient grant thereabouts, they united the grant from home with the purchase of the natives, and it is said, that the Indians have ever acknowledged the justice of our claims, and never would burn Pierce's house, even though he left it."

Willis says, in a foot-note, "It does not appear to me that the patent or charter referred to in Weston's letter of July 6, 1621, contained in Bradford's history, is at all identified with that of Pierce, but a fair construction of the language is against it. Weston says, page 107, 'We have procured you a charter, the best we could, which is better than your former, and with less limitation.' Now the famed charter to Pierce of June 1, 1621, does not at all answer that description and I must still consider that the lost document has not yet come to light." The whole matter seems swathed in current tradition. The sworn statement of Welles can be taken for nothing more, so far as Pierce's actual settlement goes. It is here given because it is so closely interwoven with the story of the first days of this settlement,

as an admitted permanent settlement, and for nothing more.

With John Brown comes something more tangible. He was, perhaps, inclined to come hither through the influence of Pierce, or perhaps Jennens, who had the first grant of Monhegan. He settled at New Harbor, made friends with the Indians, and so got into the good graces of the Sagamore Samoset as to obtain from him the following comprehensive title, which may be considered the earliest of its kind.

"To ALL PEOPLE whom it may concern. Know ye, that I, Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, they being the proper heirs to all lands on both sides of the Muscongus River, have bargained and sould to John Brown of New Harbour, this certain tract or parcell of land, as followeth, that is to say, beginning at Pemaquid Falls and so running a direct course to the head of New Harbour, from thence to the South End of Muscongus Island, taking in the island, and so running five and twenty miles into the Country north and by east, and thence eight miles northwest and by west, and then turning and running south and by west, to Pemaquid, where first begun. To all which lands above bounded, the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, Indian Sagamores, have granted and made over to the above said John Brown, of New Harbour, in and for consideration of fifty skins, to us in hand paid, to our full satisfaction, for the above mentioned lands and we the above said Indian Sagamores, do bind ourselves and our heirs forever, to defend the above said John

Brown, and his heirs in the quiet and peaceable possession of the above said lands. In witness whereunto, I the said Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, have set our hands and seals this fifteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord God, one thousand six hundred and twenty-five.

Captain John Somerset. his × mark.

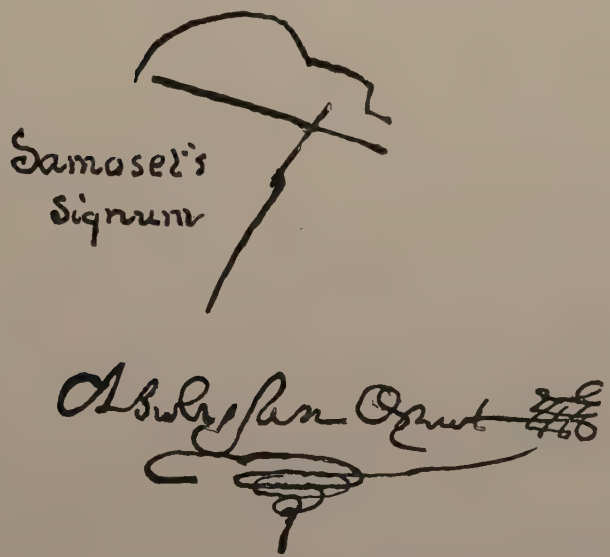
Unongoit. his × mark. (L. S.)

Signed and sealed in presence of
Matthew Newman,
William Cox."

Samoset was the William Penn of savages, and the solicitous friend of the English settler. No adverse circumstance or influence could sway his loyalty. He was always steadfast as the headland of old Pemaquid that marked his ancient domain before he parted with it to Brown. His influence and that of Squanto induced Massasoit to enter into a friendly treaty with the colony at Plymouth. He met Christopher Levett in 1623, and he struck up a friendship for him so that he was wont to call him "cousin Levett", and he proposed that their sons should be brothers; and, as between themselves, a *mouchicke legamatch*, a compact of friendship, which should last until the Sagamore of the Happy Hunting-grounds, the great Tanto, should send his messenger with the over-

shadowing wings for him. Samoset was as kindly disposed to John Brown as to Levett. He loved the Englishman. He liked the taste of his salt, and his hand was open. He had land enough and to spare, and one can hear him saying,

> "He shall have the land, and water, and wood;
> And he who harms the Sagamore John,"



shall see the frown of Samoset and shrink before his displeasure. One would like to know just where was the seat of Samoset's government in those days, just where his clustered wigwams lent the incense of their fires to the winds. As one writer says, he was the first to welcome the English settler in his mother

tongue, and the first to part with his hunting-lands, voluntarily. It was a significant act, and pregnant with ominous prophecy to the aborigine. Among his people he stands alone, and among the traditions of the red man, he seems more a mythical personage than a real. The times of his appearing are three. First, he is the friend of the isolated Pilgrims; next, the boon companion of Levett; and last, the generously-disposed benefactor of the apparently real pioneer of Pemaquid, John Brown; and outside of Levett, his confidence was not misplaced, nor did his judgment of men go astray. As to Levett's sincerity, his story of his purpose with these "sons of Noah" to "carry things very fairly without compulsion (if it be possible) for avoiding of treachery," stamps the hall-mark of his character plainly enough. His civilization stands impeached beside that of the great-hearted Samoset.

Bradford has this account of Samoset's appearance at Plymouth: "The wind beginning to rise a little, we cast a horseman's coat about him; for he was stark naked, only a leather about his waist with a fringe about a span long, or a little more. He had a bow and two arrows, the one headed and the other unheaded. He was a tall straight man; the hair on his head black, long behind, only short before; none on his face at all. He asked for some beer, but we gave him some strong water, and biscuit, and butter and cheese and pudding, and a piece of mallard; all of which he liked well, and had been acquainted with such among the English."

Bradford makes note that the afternoon was spent in conversation. One would have enjoyed being of that famous company, and, woman-like, would have kept silence, having in mind Paul's apostolic suggestion to the feminine portion of the church. Whether poet or painter essayed the scene, it was the subject for an idyllic treatment. It was an episode of the highest historic quality; and here was no setting of palatial seat of government, but the crudities of a rude shelter whose interior was as barren and homely as the environment was primitive along the shifting sands of Cape Cod. Note the simple fare, and yet, I doubt not but the entertainment was ample, and that here was a feast of reason, and a flow of soul, and a congenial mingling of sincerity to crystalize Samoset's friendship into a brilliant of the first water. This seems to be the only instance recorded of Samoset's being entertained at the English table. Levett's account is barren. Brown is utterly silent, though Samoset was doubtless a frequent guest after Shurt's advent into Pemaquid affairs. Shurt was evidently a cold-eyed man of business, and Samoset finds no place in his daily round.

It is supposed that Tappan's Island, not far from Damariscotta, was the great burial place of the Monhegan Indians. Numerous skeletons have been found of the aborigine on that island. They were about two feet below the surface of the ground, and from the disposition of the remains, they were buried in a sitting posture with their knees drawn upward, and facing the sunrise. In some instances sheets of

copper were found over the skulls. In one grave a knife with a copper blade and a bone handle was discovered, probably of French manufacture. It was the custom to leave with the deceased warrior a bit of food and his weapons of the chase, so that he might be prepared for his entrance into the Happy Hunting-grounds.

Samoset was great; great above his environment; greater than many a pale-face whose name is linked to the fortunes of those early days, because his greatness was *au naturel*. With the civilization of Winthrop, he would have been a greater Winthrop, with Winthrop's tact, John Eliot's deeps of humanity, and Experience Mayhew's passionate ardor. He flashed across the low horizon of his time like a star spanning the night sky to leave a luminous trail above the sands of Cape Cod. He recalls the romance of the woods, and in the realm of Nature where he ruled his tribe, he was her apostle; and marvel though it be, his memory is as perennial as the may-flower that blooms among the rugged places once familiar to his tread. It is the breath of the wildling blossom itself.

He reminds one of John, crying in the wilderness, —"Make way!" a prophet announcing the doom unwittingly of his race. One would like to rend the pall of those last days of Samoset. As one goes through the woodland, the sound of its giant tree crashing its way through the lesser saplings that have climbed up in its genial shade, like children clustering about the tale-making old man, startles the som-

nolent silences into sharp vibrance as the resounding shock leaves its huge bulk prone upon the forest floor. One follows the way the warning came to look upon the fallen obelisk of pine that had withstood the tempestuous buffetings of a century, a mute relic of a former grandeur; for, here lies the stateliest shaft of the woods, whose head was soonest to catch the golden breaking of the dawn, and last to receive the ruddy benediction of the setting sun; the landmark of the wilderness, from whose dusky spire the vagrant crow turned like a weather-cock, his head to the wind, or shouted his raucous challenge to the Sower as he scattered his seed on some adjacent hillside. Here were the poetry and pathos of Nature to mark the rounding out of a woodland cycle.

So fell Samoset among his tribe, like the forest giant in the domains of his ancestors. Mayhap it was not long after his dividing his coat with Brown, that this fine aboriginal spirit faded away as the song of the thrush into the silence of the night. Nothing more is heard of him. His voice is drowned in the clamor of the jealous activities of trade at Pemaquid, and singular it is that this silence should have been so abrupt. Like the smokes of his fires caught up by the winds to disappear within the mystery of the deeper wilderness, went the spirit of Samoset, while that husk, familiar to his people, lay within his

> "Roof of bark and walls of pine,
> Through whose chinks the sunbeams shine,
> Tracing many a golden line
> On the ample floor within;

Where upon the earth-floor stark,
Lay the gaudy mats of bark,
With the bear's hide, rough and dark,
And the red deer's skin.

"Window-tracery, small and slight,
Woven of the willow white,
Lent a dimly checkered light,
And the night-stars glimmered down,
Where the lodge-fire's heavy smoke,
Slowly through an opening broke,
In the low roof, ribbed with oak,
Sheathed with hemlock brown,"

awaiting the rites proffered by the Indian to his dead.

One can feel the drowsy spell that lay over the woods and the waters of the bay as his sun sank slowly through a cloudless west, and conjure up

"The soot-black brows of men, — the yell
Of women thronging round the bed, —
The tinkling charm of ring and shell, —
The Powah whispering o'er the dead;"

but one likes rather to think his ears attuned to the songs of the birds and the sighing requiem of the purring winds to paint along the walls of his lodge the shadow-dance of the leaves.

But the pathos of that Indian burial, how simple, yet how gently solicitous, and how abounding in faith, were these rude children of the forest in these last rites! Those Happy Hunting-grounds were far away. The Great Spirit was everywhere, — in the broad pennons of the spindling maize; in the purl-

ing streams; the glowing heats of the summer sun; the fulness of the harvest moon; the mist-wrought clouds, and in all things that were sweet, beneficent and beautiful as the seasons came and went with their infinite variety; but those great preserves of fish and game, the wide Hunting-lands of the Hereafter, were far beyond the Waumbek Methna where the sun wrought the fabric of the night. It was a journey of how many sleeps, or even moons, they knew not.

When the Sachem had been arrayed in his hunting-suit of deer-skin, tanned to the softness of chamois, and his feathered head-dress was as he liked best to wear it, his people hollowed out a shallow seat in Mother Earth's lap, and there they gently sat him down, with his knees drawn up to his chin, his inert arms folded over them, his head bent like that of a statuesque seer, for his face was turned to the Spirit of Life when it should next herald the dawn above the far eastern rim of the sea. His bow, arrow and axe were placed by his side, and a pouch of parched corn, that which he was so fond of when the winter snows lay deep and he had hung his snowshoes in the smoke to dry the wet out of their thongs, that he might have that with which to refresh himself as he travelled his lonely way.

There were no swathings of fine linen; no redolent spices; no magic rites, or Egyptian juggleries; no sarcophagi inlaid with gold, or crusted with jewels; no Phidias-wrought marbles; stately shaft whereon one read the story of his gentle deeds, no fulsome

flatteries, or protecting exhalations of dead flowers, but the committing of dust to dust. The moist earth caressed his face. He was in his mother's arms, and she held him as closely to her bosom as a nursing babe. It was the hospitality that speeds the parting guest who has gone out into the swift-falling shadows of the night, whose obscurity is veiled by the mists of sorrow.

How simple this savage giving to earth her own! and with the

> "mound of burial made,
> There trailed the vine in summer hours,
> The tree-perched squirrel dropped his shell
> On velvet moss and pale-hued flowers,
> Woven with leaf and spray, the softened
> sunshine fell;"

and Samoset had joined

> "the mystic vanishers!
>
> "And the fisher in his skiff,
> And the hunter on the moss,
> Hear their call from cape and cliff,
> See their hands the birch-leaves toss.
>
> "Wistful, longing, through the green
> Twilight of the clustered pines,
> In their faces rarely seen
> Beauty more than mortal shines.
>
> "Fringed with gold their mantles flow
> On the slopes of westering knolls;
> In the wind they whispered low
> Of the sunset Land of Souls."

Cardinal Newman had yet to voice that great and sudden heart-cry as the cold breath of the mist swept up from the Dark Valley, to snuff out the wavering flame of Life's guttering candle; but the kindly light of Tanto flooded his way with a gentle effulgence, and the bow and arrow, and the corn, were left behind.

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest; and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank,
Stooped to the waters o'er the grassy bank;"

so, Samoset had gone back to the spring of life, and those who came after him to upturn the sacred ground with vandal hands, found but a nameless hero in a nameless grave. The deep woods of Pemaquid faded as he went, as if in sympathy. His nature was the reflex of the scenes he loved best, quiet, generous, and unobtrusive. He is not remembered as a savage, the sachem of a barbarous horde, but as a child of Nature, whose copper-colored face was the sun shining upon many waters; whose voice was as musical as that of the white-throated sparrow; and whose heart was as wide as the universe.

And now as then,

"The verdant hillside slopes adown
To where the sparkling waters play
Upon the yellow sands below;
And shooting round the winding shores
Of narrow capes, and isles which lie
Slumbering to ocean's lullaby,—
With birchen boat and glancing oars,"

the invisible spirits of

> "The red men to their fishing go;
> While from their planting ground is borne
> The treasure of the golden corn,
> By laughing girls, whose dark eyes glow
> Wild through the locks which o'er them flow.
> The wrinkled squaw whose work is done,
> Sits on her bear-skin in the sun,
> Watching the huskers, with a smile
> For each full ear which swells the pile;
> And the old chief, who nevermore
> May bend the bow or pull the oar,
> Smokes gravely in his wigwam door,"

while the cottagers swing in their hammocks lazily, gazing dreamily at the sea unmindful of the ghostly pictures that throng the scene.

Somerset's sign-manual was a bow and arrow; and according to Jocelyn, 1673, "Summersant was formerly a famous Sachem," among the Eastern tribes. His island was at the mouth of Broad Bay. Perhaps it was there his burial took place.

According to Governor Pownall, "the European land-workers, when they came to settle in America, began trading with the Indians, and obtained leave of them to cultivate small tracts, as settlements or dwellings. The Indians having no other idea of property than was conformable to their transient, temporary dwelling-places, readily granted this. When they came to perceive the very different effect of settlements of land-workers creating a permanent property, always extending itself, they became very uneasy; but yet, in the true spirit of justice and

honour, abided by the effects of concessions which they had made, but which they would not have made, had they understood the force of them."

Samoset had no realization that he was selling his birthright for a mess of pottage, alienating the lands of his fore-fathers according to a legal formulary, establishing the *meum* and *tuum* between himself and a stranger, by metes and bounds, for all time; and

SURF AT PEMAQUID

it was a year and nine days after, that the final act of transfer was consummated, when Captain John Somerset and Unongoit, on the 24th day of July, 1626, personally appeared and acknowledged the conveyance to Brown to be "their free act and deed," before Abraham Shurt.

In these days Pemaquid was growing to be a busy locality, perhaps the scene of the greatest activity on the New England Coast. The Pilgrims were at

Plymouth having a not over easy lot in their struggle for a permanent foothold; Conant had begun to turn up the ground at Cape Ann; George Richmon was making his first voyages to Champlain's Isle of Bacchus where Bagnall and John Winter, in turn, were to play their little roles, and at Pemaquid were the ships of Weston, Gorges and Thomson; while farther to the eastward, the French were propagating with equal assiduity the tenets of the Jesuit and a profitable trade in furs.

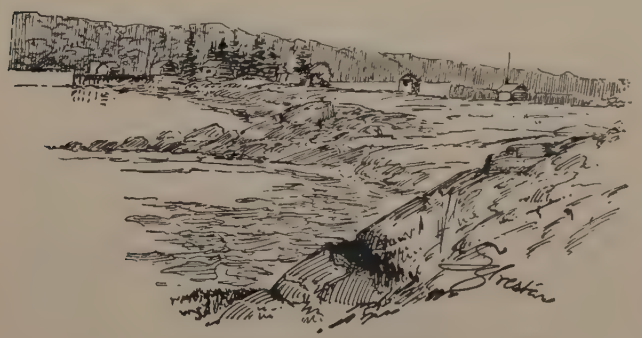
Pring was here in 1602. Many a voyage had been since projected to these shores and the rugged contour of its coast was not, at the end of twenty-four years, an unfamiliar country. It was during these activities that Abraham Shurt appears upon the stage of Pemaquid. This acknowledgment, drawn by this man, precise, concise, and compact in its wording, is, and has ever since been, the jurat incorporated into all deeds of realty transfers. That it was without precedent makes it more interesting; for, as a formula, it is perfection itself, and has obtained for Shurt the appellation of "The Father of American Conveyancing." Where Shurt obtained his qualification to adminster oaths and to exercise the powers of a magistrate, as it is evident he did, has been a matter of some query, but he may have assumed the power on the ground that such an acknowledgment before a private citizen would be evidence of intent and sufficiently binding as the admission of a contract, express in form. There is no question from what afterward occurred, that Brown and Shurt

had a very good understanding, and that there existed a definite interest after the purchase of the Jennens patent by Aldworth and Elbridge, under whose direction the affairs of Monhegan and Pemaquid took on a semblance of solidity, and as well the encouraging atmosphere of prosperity. Warburton says, that, at this time, Pemaquid was even larger than Quebec; and in 1630 the population was divided into eighty-four families whose aggregate was about six hundred English-speaking people.

Here was an ambitious settlement which would compare with some of our largest villages of today. It may be considered to have been a compact settlement, with compact and communal interests. It was not unlikely somewhat modelled upon the English village, but the speculation as to the period in which the old cobble pavements of Fort Point had their origin, is unsettled, though some have assigned them to the fort-building period. One would like the archæologist tell him something more definite as to the people, or their time, as he goes over these ancient remains of streets and suggestions of industrial operations at Little Pemaquid River. One only needs to go over the ground to realize that the story of Pemaquid after the coming of Shurt in 1625, has little to do with these old ruins, although by that time the building of houses, and mills upon permanent foundations had begun. It is assumed that Shurt located with Brown at New Harbor. There was no element of unstability in this enterprise of Shurt, but the rather the planning of a career for himself and his

people, founded upon the solidity of material things. Here was a new Carthage. The olden city of wood, built upon the sands of Cape Small Point, had fallen into decay, but the new, founded among the rocks, bordering upon a natural harbor running up into the land, and ending in a small pond which was admirably situated for a canal service, was evidently unutilized, although, as one of the natural and economic factors upon which the success of his enterprise depended, Shurt might have made it an adjunct of profit. It is admitted that here at Pemaquid was the most important and populous community, and port of entry of New England; and the brains, that as early as 1632 had made it such, were fertile enough to adapt to its needs every available aid to the continuance of its prosperity. But that these adjuncts of a canal, — mills, tannery vats, a blacksmith shop — were on the upper west shore of Pemaquid Point were not specifically alluded to in any relation of its local history, is not singular because very little of its history of that time, that is, of the doings appurtenant to its livelihoods, if any, have survived, and it is probable they were of prior origin. Only the few notable characters whose hands were on the helm of its adventures are mentioned, and the relations of their doings are only too meagre. Those were epoch-making days at Pemaquid, and only such doings as marked the turn of the epoch remain to the annalist. The first authentic epoch was marked by Weymouth's exploration of the Sagadahoc and the Kennebec. The second was when Popham and Gilbert faced the

snow-laden winter of 1607–8. In the *interregnum* between that date and Samoset's deed to John Brown, 1625, minor incidents happened like the visit of Captain John Smith, of Dermer, of Rocroft's half-famished sailors wintering on Monhegan, of Harlow and Hobson mending their shallops on an adjoining island; but Samoset's conveyance to Brown marked the third epoch. The coming of Abraham Shurt



SITE OF THE OLD FORGES

under the auspices of Aldworth and Elbridge in 1626 marked the fourth.

It was then that the building up of this famous old town began. No need to tell who was at that time laying the foundations of a new house. All the houses were comparatively new. There was an abundance of stone and timber, and these people, it might be assumed, had all the appliances by which they might after a fashion be constructed into habitable abodes. A community of eighty families would require as many houses, and the first thing,

with such an aggregation of humanity, would be the laying out of streets and the parcelling out of house-lots. It would be the natural result of their English training, and when the walls were up the vines began to clamber up to the eaves, and things grew to look homelike. It was natural there should be some pride in this orderly arrangement of affairs; for, wherever the housewife comes there is cleanliness and adornment.

A fort was erected very early in the history of the place, but there is no assurance that the site of the old Fort Frederick is the site of the earliest one built. It is simply stated that a fort was built, and it has been so accepted. That marked the epoch when the sense of insecurity had compelled some such provision for the safety of the community at large, but the same would not hold true of a black-smith-shop or a grist mill. This career which Shurt marked out for Pemaquid in its inception was a successful one. It brought to the place a large trade, with a continually increasing fleet of ships which brought supplies and went home to England laden with fish and furs, and upon which many an English fortune was founded. It was needful that there should be a mill for the grinding of the corn that was raised upon these rich lands, and a saw for the sawing of the great pines into lumber for the houses that were springing up like mushrooms in the night. One listens for the rumble of the stones and the gnawing of the saw, and one almost hears them. One watches the huge over-shot wheel with

its broad, flat paddles throwing the water-drops at the sun, or mingling its rhythmic plash with the tinkle of the hammer on the smithy's anvil; for, wherever the busy mill-wheel turns, there is the anvil song. Shoes were worn in those days, as they are now, and there was need of leather, and so there was need of the vats of the tanner, and the bark of the hemlock and the oak were in abundance, and pipe-staves were a profitable product, and oak was the proper timber from which to rive them. It was a busy place, and every one was busy. The intention was to make it a self-supporting community, and Shurt's energies were bent to that one purpose, and from what has come down to us of the man, he was minting the interests of his principals into current coin of the realm. The Elizabethan relics that have been found here are the legitimate finds of the time, and are another possible suggestion that these industrial remains were of the time of Shurt, but only on the assumption that Shurt located on the west side.

One writer has said that the English were not resourceful in extremity. That may be true, but they knew something of canals and water-wheels, and this canal was the result of association with similar appliances. Water-power and water-wheels, were no new invention. How one would have enjoyed standing by when the gate of the first dam at Pemaquid was raised, and, of course, with an old-fashioned lever, and watched the down-rush of the water through the trench that was deepened with

every on-flowing drop. One would not have been alone, for doubtless the whole village was on hand to see the water run and to hear its gurgling music; and then, when the great cumbersome mill-wheel started, what a mingled shout went up, — "It turns! It turns!" and the saw began to go up and down, and the rough burr-stones to whir, and one can see the miller smile; and then his face is lighted as with a vision; for, as he looks out his wide-open door where the checkered shade falls on its threshold, he sees a vision, and reads the prophecy of the future.

"Broad on either hand
The golden wheatfields glimmered in the sun,
And the tall maize its yellow tassels spun,
Smooth highways set with hedge-rows, living green,
With steepled towns through shaded vistas seen,
The school-house murmuring with its hive-like swarm
The brook-bank whitening in the grist-mill's storm,
The painted farm-house shining through the leaves
Of fruited orchards bending at it its eaves."

But this building of an old town is like the building of a house of cards, to be blown down with a breath, for it is a truth that there were no mills at Pemaquid in Shurt's first decade as the corn was taken from Pemaquid to the wind-mill at Boston to to be ground into meal, and the supplies for the Shurt Settlement were brought over the seas, and paid for with fish and furs. There is no question but there has been at some time an important settlement opposite the narrows that let one into the inner harbor of Little Pemaquid River. If one will look

at the map one will get some suggestion of the remains of the ancient burg, and they are rich in speculation; and that is all that has ever come of it. These curious relics are on the old Partridge Farm and were first discovered by the ploughman. As the plough came to where the old streets were covered by the debris of centuries, it was as if a ledge of rock

PEMAQUID RIVER, INNER HARBOR

lay unearthed, but it was of too regular and smooth construction to be the work of Nature, and this under layer of stone extended the width of the plowed lands and held all the way the same width. It was noticed in the growing of the grain and the grass above this deposit that it had the semblance of a drowth-stricken vegetation. Then an investigation by a regular excavation was made, and the regular pavings of a street were exposed some twelve

inches under the surface and they were found to be disposed as indicated upon the map-sketch. A cache was discovered upon the outer point north of what were apparently the remains of an old fort. The Graveyard of this colony was found to be a half-mile to the north. In a southerly direction, about the same distance remains of several old forges were discovered and an excavation there brought to light masses of slag, bits of iron, hand-wrought nails. Remains of a clay pipe industry were discovered. What was most singular about these street pavings, was the laying of them apparently in a cement and in defined sections. They were no higher in the middle than on their edges, and presented a work of rude art. Not far from the burying-ground were the remains of an old dam and the trench of a canal, and a little farther to the north on the east side of Little Pemaquid River was an old ship-yard. The remains of an old saw-pit have been unearthed. One can see to-day the old pavement where it has been skimmed of its soil and fenced in. Much of it has in other places been carried away by curiosity-seekers. Old Fort Point seems to have been the theatre of those ancient doings and will well repay a visit. It is a beautiful place in summer, and the whole atmosphere of the locality breathes of romance and tradition. Farther up the river, on the west side, are the remains of an old fort. Old residents here have become very jealous of these relics and a rude museum has been built in which they may be preserved. One Pema-

quid antiquarian says it was not many years ago that he was able to count a line of old cellars along one of these streets, and that he had counted seventy of them side by side. Another says there were three hundred of them. Many of them show depressions even in these days, though they have been obliterated by plowing and using them as convenient receptacles for the troublesome sods of the fields that were a hinderance to clean cultivation. Foundations of split stone have been found where they have been used as cellar-walls, and it is also noted that the size of these houses varied little on the ground, being by measurement somewhere about twenty-five by thirty feet, which one must admit was a generous dimension. There is no data by which the identity of the times or their builders can be established. It was certainly before the first Indian war; but how long before, is purely a matter of conjecture. One must place its origin before 1620, even.

Suppose one sets up his easel and essays to brush in the scene, a quaint bit of Old England, transplanted to these strange shores. The sunlight streams down the cobbled streets to fill them with a mellow drowsing, the glamour of a summer morning. Cool shadows lie across the moist stones where the sloping gables jut to the edge of the narrow foot-way. Masses of ivy climb to the down-bent eaves and hood the doorways with a cool caressing touch of living-green to lend a brush of color to the picture. The stubbed red chimneys, — at least one thinks

they may have been red, for these people were not unacquainted with the arts of pottery making, — hug each peakéd gable and are crowned with purling smokes that drop down in purpling threads to tickle one's nostrils with hints of the hospitable hearths within. There are gossips leaning over the lower halves of the Dutch-like doors that are open above to flood the house-interior with the white light of

AN OLD SPANISH FORT WAS ON THIS POINT

the sun; and how the limber tongues wag! Red-cheeked lasses go to and fro over the white stones of the street as they carry the day's wash to the stream, the bare and rounded ankles showing their dainty and suggestive fulness below their short petticoats of brightly-colored stuffs. Bursts of merry banter, of ebullient laughter break the soft winds, fresh with the salty flavors of the sea, into ripples of joyous sound. With the wind one gets the wholesome odors from the fish-stages that cover the gentle

incline to the sea where the men are busy with its harvest. The sailors from the ships are ashore to saunter up and down these byways to and from the tavern, and boldly ogle the young women, or beguile them with their tales of strange things they have seen as they have sailed.

So the days go. The gossips wag their heads and maunder of things past and things to come. Upon and through it all runs the murmuring song of the grinding-mill as the heavy burr-stones whir and the miller takes his toll, or fumbles at the warm meal with thumb and finger. Anon the mill-wheel goes to sleep in the shadow of the gray gable as the sun goes down the westering sky, and the miller, as dusty and gray as his sheltering gable, sits him down in his mill-door to drowse and dream when the grinding is done. Who knows but he had a lap-stone like that of Keezar's wrought at the same time by old Agrippa in the magic tower of Nettisheim, and was watching the husbandman plowing these Pemaquid fields to stop his team mid-furrow to dream, as the miller dreamed, not of things that were, but of things to come, and to see visions as did he as he held his lap-stone to the sun. Mayhap, somewhere, in Little Pemaquid River,

> "There in the deep dark water,
> The magic stone lies still,
> Under the leaning willows
> In the shadow of the hill,"

the miller's lap-stone waits the hand of some modern

wizard who shall fish it out, so one may have a look at the days when

> "the barley-winnower, holding with pain
> Aloft in waiting his chaff and his grain,
> Joyfully welcomes the far-off breeze."

Out in the harbor the ships, the quaint craft of an unknown century, loll and yaw on the lazy tide, and the gulls dip and wheel and whistle as they have ever done since the days of sea-gulls. The sails of the vessels make patches of strange color against the sky, or the low rim of verdure on the west shore of the bay, or hang dun-hued as the shadows gather to finally fade away altogether in the slow twilight. They come and go, like the migratory birds of far countries, and the harbor is thick-set with tapering spars and masts; or some other day, only the green waters look up to the sun.

And ever the smokes blow up, or blow down, whichever way the vagrant winds set, and the ivy-leaves tap like uneasy spirits at the latticed windows, or whisper a rune of Nature to the birds that seek their sheltering shadows for a stray drop of dew that the sun has forgotten. The orioles glow in the sun like living coals and whistle from the maples a peculiarly flute-like note, while the robins drop into the grass with a low call of delight, and a moment later scurry away to the home nests with their treasure. The girls laugh as only girls can laugh to rival the tree-dwellers about the village, and the gossips chatter like so many magpies, all the while the streets lie asleep in the sun,— a bit of the sweet old England

Birket Foster was wont to paint with a few bits of dry color, a bit of sable, and a cup of water, and more genius.

The huge overshot wheel that makes the burr-stones go round and round in their tireless grinding, turns slowly, or not at all, to join the drowsings of the miller while the water drips idly from the wide paddles into the alder shadows of the stream, that singing along its hoyden way, runs ever to the shore

NEW HARBOR

of the bay. The tanner mid his fragrant vats fleshes his hides, and the hammer of the smith plays a noisy tattoo on the ruddy brands, and the potter moulds his pipes of clay. So the days go, tremulous with the songs of birds and the laughter of the rippling stream, the lapping of the waters on the shore, the shouts of the children at play, and the hails of the sailors across the bay. And this was the Pemaquid of days the which no living voice or written word recalls, the dead story of an ancient

English village which Time has mantled with the verdures of earth. Goldsmith may have seen this old village as in a vision, to have painted as he did,

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain;"

but what a strange old place it would be in these modern days.

Shurt was an active man, and under his influence a coast trade was extended to Massachusetts Bay. About this time the considerable population, the value of the foreign trade, and the accumulation of property required a defense of something more formidable than a storehouse wall of wood, and a fort was built. We have no record of the character of its construction, but, doubtless, it was a heap of logs laid up with some similitude of solidity, and for the times might be considered a comparatively safe shelter from attack. Shurt's business record, unlike Weston's, was a clean one. The policy of the eastern settler was that of the Pilgrims, which was the observance of a perfect fidelity to all their promises to the Indian, but their chief source of alarm was to have its breeding-place among the glooms of the Penobscot, where the Tarratine, who was about to become the protègè of the French, held lordly sway. The Tarratines were a warlike race, and they were hostile to the tribes south of the Saco and to westward. At this time, however, and Pemaquid was a part of the domain of their Bashaba, the Tarratines were inclined to make friendly advances to the English. Their confidence

in Shurt was implicit, as is evidenced by an incident which took place in the summer of 1631.

It was a hostile raid made by a party of a hundred or more Tarratines upon the Ipswich Indians. A midnight assault was made on the wigwam of the Ipswich Sagamore, and in the melee the Sagamore's squaw was spirited away and brought captive to Pemaquid. It was shortly after, that Shurt had occasion to send his agent in to Massachusetts Bay, and to him was committed the captive wife, for whom a ransom was to be demanded. The mission was accomplished successfully, and Shurt's reputation among his Indian neighbors was established.

Here at Pemaquid was sprouted one of the germs that grew into a thriving plant of discord at home. From the first the Northern or Plymouth Company had coveted the monopoly of the New England fisheries within the bounds of their patent, and which extended originally from the Merrimac to the Kennebec. The result was a bitter faction in England which turned the people against the King and involved men who should have been co-adjutors and friends in enmities. These attempts at monopoly fomented many a petty quarrel on the fishing-grounds, as in England it involved others in political controversy. King James was especially irate and he even mutilated the records when Parliament had been especially determined in its opposition to the granting of an exclusive monopoly to Gorges.

But the Plymouth Council under the countenance of the Crown issued its patents, and the promoters

came over with their contingents of settlers. Vines had settled at the mouth of the Saco along with Bonython and Lewis; John Winter was building up a considerable trade at Richmond's Island, George Cleeve had moved to Casco Neck, and Purchas had built his cabin at New Meadows River. At the Isles of Shoals and Kittery, and at Cape Ann were considerable settlements. It was about this time, 1630, that Winthrop, Saltonstall, Bradstreet and Dudley came over in the *Arabella*. Winthrop left the ship at Cape Ann, and with much the same executive capabilities as Shurt, he took up Conant's burden, and Cape Ann fell under the magic spell that had given to Pemaquid its importance; and as one writer says, it "expanded into the most important colony on the whole coast."

The interests of Aldworth and Elbridge, first concentered upon Monhegan, were extended to Pemaquid, and, as their grant from the Northern Company carried with it the royal prestige, they were fairly authorized to protect their colonial settlement with such defense as occurred to them, and it was upon the point of land at the mouth of the Little Pemaquid River, the site of these remains of paved streets and forges and tannery vats and where the seventy house-cellars were counted arow, that they located their settlement. It was about the time of the treaty of St. Germain, when Charles gave up to France the discoveries of its English navigators, including the indefinite areas supposed to be located within the boundaries of Arcadia, and

which the French were inclined to stretch to the Kennebec, a most wanton lapse from his royal duty, and which was one of the many acts that made the Stuarts' tenure much shorter than it would have been had royalty not been so reckless of the honor of English achievement.

Aldworth and Elbridge built a fort on this southern point of the inner bay, and it may be the ruins of that fort that have been so many times the object

PEMAQUID REACH, FIELD OF THE THREE HUNDRED CELLARS

of antiquarian curiosity. It would seem, if these old mural relics had been there as the remnant of some prior civilization, mention would have been made of it; and it is not impossible that they may have been the industrial people of ancient Fort Point. After St. Germain, the French pushed their occupation rapidly in the direction of the Pemaquid out-post; for, out-post it soon became, and it was to stand the brunt of the wave of the French interests. It was necessary, considering the fact that Pemaquid was within the debatable area of Arcadia,

that this about to become the scene of the colonial jealousies growing out of the Treaty of St. Germain, should take on the importance of a military post. It soon took that rank, and was one of the history-makers of the period; and, what time it was not under the domination of the English, the French occupied it. It early became a bone of contention it was more than once amenable to the fortunes of war.

It was in the year 1632 that Shurt sailed west down the coast with a cargo of merchandise which has been estimated as of about one thousand dollars value. All went well until he reached the mouth of the Piscataqua. He left his vessel, whether to make a neighborly call on Wannerton at Strawberry Bank, or Neale at Little Harbor, it is not certain, but he was away from his vessel. In his absence one of the crew came too near the powder barrel, and immediately there was a mighty explosion, and the devastation was general and which included the the life of the careless smoker. Winthrop, with caustic pen, for he always kept a bottle of caustic on his writing table when the doings of the colonies east of the Piscataqua were to be written of, says, "some in the boat were so drunk and fast asleep as they did not awake with the noise!" Winthrop throws some light on the facilities of the Pemaquid people, or rather their lack of facilities. He mentions the arrival of Captain Cammock at Boston with a ship-load of sixteen hogsheads of corn for grinding there, at the Wind-mill. The Pemaquid

folk made their bread from meal from England, or grain, and which was taken to Boston to be ground, and which meant a round trip of two weeks.

About this time one Allerton, who had been pushed headlong without the pale of the Massachusetts colony, sailed down the coast of Maine with a duplicate of the crew of the scheming Weston, and from the Kennebec to Machias, established trading-houses wherever he thought there was opportunity

PEMAQUID POST OFFICE

for trade. Not long after his establishment of his trading-post at the Penobscot, the French swooped down upon him and from whom they carried away everything portable. It was probably on this raid that the French captured the ship of Dixey Bull, the famous Pirate of Pemaquid.

This Bull was a noted character. The history of Dixey Bull is associated with this country in 1631. He was in the employ of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Samuel Maverick and one Seth Bull who is described as "Citizen and Skinner of London." Associated with these, was one John Bull, the son of the former Seth,

and who may have been the original English John. There was a considerable company of associates and they were interested in a like considerable tract of land on the Agamenticus River. Dixey Bull did not adjust himself to the labors of a colonist, but being of a roving disposition, took to the sea and the coast trade. Unlike Captain Kidd, who was something of a protègè of the earl of Bellomont some thirty years later, he made the coasts and the waters most familiar to him, the active scenes of his buccaneering. After his mishap with the French off the Penobscot he hoisted the black flag, and plundered friend and foe alike. Prince mentions Bull in his piratical career; and tells it after Captain Clapp. He says, "There arose up against us one Bull, who went to the eastward trading, turned pirate, took a vessel or two, plundered some of the planters thereabouts, and intended to return into the bay and do mischief to our magistrates here in Dorchester and other places. But as they were weighing anchor (at Pemaquid) one Mr. Short (Shurt) his men shot from the shore and struck the principal actor dead, and the rest were filled with fear and horror. These men fled eastwards, and Bull got into England; but God destroyed this wretched man. Thus the Lord saved us from their wicked device against us." An old crest of the Bull family shows a black bull, bearing a scroll in its mouth. The inscription on the scroll is "God is Cortues."

Dixey Bull was apprehended at the suggestion of Bellomont and was hanged at Tyburn. Thus ended

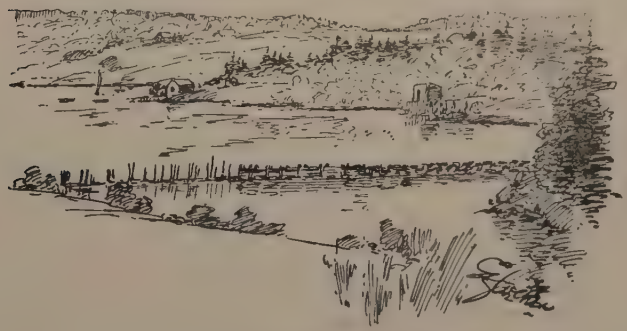
the first pirate of the colonies, nor was he much of a pirate, after all, as pirates go.

The Pirate of Pemaquid after a fashion, was something of a freebooter, however, notwithstanding his lack of tutelage and his small vessel, likewise the small domain in which he exercised his reprehensible craft. No description of his ship has come down, but one recalls the pirate tales with which, as a boy, he was wont to infuse some stirring of the pulse into the otherwise uneventful round of his boyish occupations, and has not to strain the imagination to see that rakish hull of Dixey Bull's, long, black, and laying low upon the water, like a sea-fowl, sailing like the wind to skim the foam from the crested waters, a ship with a phantom helm and a like phantom keel to leap the reefs with a derisive hail to the pursuer. But Bull was no be-whiskered, blood-thirsty bandit of the Carribeans, but a ruddy-faced Englishman whose career was not so brilliant or extensive as that of the later Kidd whose coveted treasures have been hunted for on Jewell's Island, as well as in other localities, among which may be mentioned the group of islands off the mouth of the Piscataqua which in the earlier days offered a safe retreat from observation, especially after Parson Tuck and the islanders had removed to the mainland. Low sailed these waters as did Argall, though the latter had a royal license to play highwayman of the ocean. After Kidd, came Hawkins and Pound who scoured these coasts in 1689, but the latter was vanquished off Wood's Hole by Captain Pease after a fierce combat, in which Pease lost his

life. At Appledore the ghost of one of Kidd's crew was wont to show itself when strangers came after the buried treasure, and around its bare neck could be distinguished the livid stain of the rope which held him in mid-air above the ledge of Nix's Mate, a small heap of rock in Boston Harbor, still distinguished by a monument; but this ghost of "Old Bab" is said to haunt Appledore even yet.

Phillips was a noted buccaneer along the coast, and was wont to recruit his crew from among the luckless fishermen who fell into his rough clutches, and whose adventures went to swell the annals of piracy. "Bill" Fly was a famous rover of the seas, but was finally overhauled and captured, and had his funeral sermon preached to him by Dr. Colman in Old Brattle Street Church, Boston. When he was about to be taken to the scene of his execution, he leaped into the cart with the agility of a boy, a bouquet of flowers in his hand, and there he rode as if he were on the deck of his ship, bowing and grimacing to the curious onlookers as if he had no concern over his fate. The chain of uninhabited islands, the many unknown inlets, secluded bays and forest-bound inlets with which the coast east of Casco abounded, afforded safe haunts for these corsairs, and it is upon the adjacent islands that they are supposed to have buried the ill-gotten riches of their indiscriminate depredations. The inner recesses of Casco Bay are supposed to have been their most frequent hiding-places, and the traditions of Jewell's Island are many, one of which is colored with a story of tragedy of a Canadian who

came there and began to dig about the roots of an old tree, and that was the last that was ever seen of him. The tradition is that he was discovered at his task by an occupant of the island and was murdered, his slayer taking the treasure. The old house is still shown where the murderer lived and died, a curious old affair with a subterranean passage that leads out into the shadows of the cove that indents the island shore. It may have been the scene of many a



OLD DAM, McCAFFREY'S CREEK

smuggling exploit, for smuggling was a trade carried on long after the pirates were driven from the seas, and many a Dirck Hatteraick has not unlikely passed within its dripping shadows.

There is a tradition of Blackbeard Teach who roamed these waters in the days of the early settlements, and who was supposed to have hidden immense treasure upon one island and another up and down the coast. One recalls the story of Haley's ingots which are reputed to have been dug up and shared

by the islanders of the shoals. He sailed over all the seas, and one time as his ship was moored against the coast of Scotland, like a predatory beast lying in wait for its prey, he was surprised to see making its way toward the ship, a boat containing a single individual. As the stranger mounted the monkey-rail he accosted the captain, and together, they went into the cabin. Later they came on deck where Teach introduced the stranger to his crew as a worthy comrade. Not long after the rich merchantman for which Teach was waiting hove in sight. The sails were immediately run up, and the merchantman gave battle. The stranger made himself especially useful, and the crew of the merchantman being overcome, he was given the captaincy of the captured vessel.

He soon attained such eminence in his piratical depredations that his robber crew gave him unreserved allegiance. He scoured the seas, far and wide, and amassed great riches, to finally return to that part of the Scotland coast where he first met Teach. Here he landed and not for long; for, he was soon discovered by his boat's crew hurrying down the sands with a woman thrown against his shoulder. Reaching the ship, sail was made for New England; and running into the shelter of the Isles of Shoals, he dropped anchor. It was here the buccaneers buried their wealth. The captain sought a secluded island for the hiding of his share, and his Scottish flower kept him company; but this idyllic pastime was to be interrupted. On the far horizon was the glint of a

white sail. It came nearer, always nearer, as if heading direct for the island. Then the pirate ship was cleared for action. The woman swore that she would keep the treasure safe from mortal hands until he had returned, if it were not until the last trump should sound. Putting to sea, he discerned the approaching ship to be a government vessel in quest of him and his crew. It was a great battle; and, with the silencing of the pirate's guns, the strange ship grappled to carry the pirate by boarding. At once there was a mighty upheaval of the pirate deck. The desperate buccaneer had thrown a match into the power magazine and the air was filled with the remnants of the pirate ship. Almost the same havoc was made on the foe, for both ships went at once to the bottom, and such as were unhurt got to shore, where half-starved and overcome with the inclemency of the season never one lived to tell the tale of their disaster. Over on White Island the stately apparition of a beautiful woman, her hair of the color of the breaking dawn, is seen sometimes when the mists wreath the ragged shores with a sunlit-glamour. She flits along the shore, or haunts some jutting rock, looking, always looking out to seaward for the return of her pirate lover. There are few islands that have not some legend of the old free-booting days hanging to their skirts, and which have whiled away many an evening fire upon the fisherman's hearth.

Had Bull sailed away to foreign seas his career might not have been so suddenly cut short. He

associated with him some choice spirits most of them well-known up and down the coast, and bore away to eastward to levy tribute upon whatever might lie across his prow, — English, or French, it mattered not, so long as they promised plunder. He harried the coast as if his ship were a hatchel. He almost combed it clean of its coasting craft, for what he did not capture, he drove to cover, and for a time he reigned king at sea. He captured several vessels and succeeded in making himself very much feared, so much so, that the active interference of the western colonies was asked to lend a hand in ridding these waters of the troublesome fellow.

The business at sea got rather slack, and Bull bethought himself of Pemaquid. He turned the prow of his pirate craft shoreward to run up into the harbor of Pemaquid where he dropped anchor, and in a short time had looted the fort, but not without some resistance. Not satisfied with despoiling Shurt of his goods, he likewise plundered the planters, and then made off in his shallop to his ship, where he up with his anchor and sailed away, as he came, with the wind. It was at this time that the incident narrated by Prince occurred when a lucky shot from the shore killed one of Bull's men. The fame of this exploit flew on the winds, and one writer says, "perils did abound as thick as thought could make them."

Over at Piscataqua Neale was bestirring himself, aided by Hilton and together, they "sent out all the forces they could make against the pirates, —

four pinnaces and shallops and about forty men, who arriving at Pemaquid, were there wind-bound for about three weeks." This was the first naval squadron to patrol the coast, but hunting for Bull on the wide seas was looking for a needle in a haystack. Bull kept clear of this formidable demonstration, and Pemaquid as well, but flew his black flag fearlessly

MEDOMAK RIVER

to the indifferent winds. Neale wrote to Winthrop for aid, but the latter did not bestir himself to much effect. He had a ready excuse of "the extremity of the snow and frost," that "hindered the making ready of the bark;" but he did send a messenger to Neale to obtain the particulars, one John Gallop, whose lack of celerity in performing his mission did much belie his name; for, the winds were propitious for his delay. It was over a month before he was able to return to Cape Ann. Neale's four vessels had

returned from Pemaquid to Strawberry Bank by the early days of January, and on account of the prevailing cold the chase was given over until the opening days of spring. It was in May when Lieutenant Mason began his search for Dixey Bull, but the latter was not to be found. It was afterward learned that he had sailed for England. It was this expedition that dropped anchor at John Winter's fish-houses on Richmond's Island, in a belated fashion to seek out the perpetrators of the Bagnall tragedy of the previous October. It will be remembered that it was by Mason, and at this time, that Black Will was apprehended and strung up, mid-air, for the murder of Walter Bagnall.

East of the Piscataqua the provinces were colored with Episcopalian tenets, and the austere Winthrop was not inclined to be over-zealous in lending neighborly assistance. Winthrop was no doubt even in those early days revolving in his mind the scheme of the unification of the English settlements as far east as the Penobscot, nor did the Puritans look upon the cession to France of the rich country about the Penobscot with much complacency, which was thoroughly English by occupancy, as by discovery. As a matter of fact, all the war ships of the time were licensed pirates, and it was but a question as to which was most likely to prevail. Winthrop was hardly prepared to undertake much of a sea-fight, and was evidently disposed to let these high-churchmen fight their own battles and work out the problem of their needs according to their own ingenious

devices. This dilatory response in the matter of summarily disposing of the Pirate of Pemaquid, was but a precursor of like slow-paced response in later times of need.

Bull had an easy time of it, doubtless, anchored in one of the many inlets or sounds of Casco Bay, which in those days of sparse settlements would afford absolute seclusion and innumerable hiding-places. Wherever he might have been, he never again appeared at Pemaquid Harbor, and the settlement lapsed into its old-time sense of security, to be rudely awakened three years later by the capture of the Plymouth Company's fort on the Penobscot by D'Aulnay. The French laid claim to all the territory as far east as Pemaquid, and these pretensions of the French were a lively menace to the Pemaquid settlement. Aid was asked of the Massachusetts colonists, as usual, but Bradford replied to them that they were wholly to blame for these troubles. He says in his letter the English at Pemaquid "fill ye Indeans with gunes and amunishtion," and he likewise prophesied a day of repayment. It came full soon.

It was in May of this year that the *Angel Gabriel* was wrecked here, opposite the old fort; and it has ever been noted in the annals of the settlement as an irreparable disaster. For almost a century and a half the seal of the Pemaquid Proprietors bore the device of this ship whose name has been associated with the sea since the first Frobisher voyages of 1576–77–88. As one paces the deck of the huge

ocean liners of these days, one wonders at the hardihood of the bold navigator of the days of the early discoveries sailing across the Atlantic in what would be now regarded as an under-sized schooner, and which were hardly more than cockle-shells, with two-story houses hanging over their broad sterns, cumbersome double-decked poops that ever seemed toppling into the water below.

Shurt was a tactful man, and occupying as it were the neutral ground of Pemaquid, he was open to many perplexing questions. He seemingly disposed of them all to his personal advantage; for, in the quarrel which consumed La Tour and D'Aulnay, it was here they met to enjoy alike the generous and kindly hearth and table of the Englishman. It was here Richard Vines and the "inebriate Wannerton" found themselves under arrest by D'Aulnay. At the request of Shurt they were at once released.

The years were slowly growing, but of all the incidents connected with the old settlement, is the coming hither in 1638 of a young gunsmith. His wife came along with him, and she in time became the mother of twenty-six children. This gunsmith came from English Bristol, and it was to fall to one of his sons to make his coming hither a memorable episode, for this artisan was the father of the boy who became Sir William Phipps. This boy became a ship-carpenter and went to Boston to ply his trade. It was there he learned the alphabet. A biographer of Phipps says the famous Sir William was born at "a despicable plantation on the river of

Kennebec, almost the furthest village of the Eastern settlement of New England."

Pemaquid had the reputation of being a somewhat lawless community. The proprietors, without authority to enforce order and law in the settlement, were compelled to get on the best they could. Society could be but, after a fashion, degenerate. It was an inevitable result. There was little com-

BELOW PEMAQUID FALLS

munity of interest between the planters and principals of Shurt, yet who, after a manner, managed to maintain some semblance of obedience to the unwritten code of necessity and upon which depended the existence of the colony. It was an unconscious preparation for the absorption of the Maine Provinces which was inevitable as well. Massachusetts had no stomach for an Episcopalian, and the sentiment at all their gatherings political was, "No Lords Spiritual, or Temporal in New England," and

their "masterly inactivity" in all matters where the Eastern settlements were in need of immediate aid was a visible expression of their indifference to their fate as a body politic. Winthrop, who succeeded Endicott, had little sympathy for Gorges or his interests. If ever there were Roundheads, such were the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. Her code of laws was peculiarly her own, and out of them grew the magnificent statehood which by the farthest stretch of prophetic vision they were unable to discern.

But Pemaquid was prosperous, after a way. She raised good cattle and sold them to the Puritans, and the Puritans had the wherewithal to pay for them. She would have done better to have kept her cattle for her own fields, and her people as well from emigrating to "the Bay." If she could have forgotten her instinct to be always at the making of a trade, and had opened up wider lands, and depended more upon the tillage of the soil, her fame as a metropolitan settlement would have been enhanced and perpetuated. But the Indian wars were to come with their train of devastation, and the possible annihilation of the best things that might have been accomplished.

In 1654 Arcadia again became English territory, and the birthright of the Cabots had been regained. This is one of the acts for which Cromwell should be remembered gratefully. From this began the decline of Pemaquid. Massachusetts became the central point of the New England trade, and as for Pema-

quid and the adjoining settlements, they suffered much of misrepresentation at the hands of the Royal Commissioners of a belittling sort, and they say in their report, "upon Shipscot river and upon Pemaquid, 8 or 10 miles asunder, are three small plantations belonging to his royal highnesse, the biggest of which hath not above thirty houses in it, and those very mean ones too, and spread over eight miles at least. These people for the most part are fishermen, and never had any government among them, most of them are such as have fled from other places to avoide justice."

Samuel Mavericke was on the Commission. He was a Boston man, whose reputation was somewhat in shreds if the Court records of Massachusetts and the story of Jocelyn are to be taken as having any weight. It was not giving to Abraham Shurt his deserts, to say that his settlement was comprised of "the worst of men." But the Commissioners so reported, as they did of the morals of the Isles of Shoals that "as many men may share in a woman as they do in a boat." This is not only improbable, but throws the light upon a scene of moral obliquity, that, making all allowances for the times and their lack of restraint, is incomprehensible, — on more grounds than one. It is to be admitted that there was foundation for criticism, — there always is where taverns sell rum indiscriminately, and morals are held to their moorings by self-interest. It would be the same to-day with a very small amount of license. The prostitute is still plying her nefarious

trade in the streets of modern cities, and only the penalty of the law prevents immoral men and women from plunging deeper into the filth of their own making. I apprehend that the Province of Maine was as cleanly without the constant frown of Puritanism scrutinizing its every individual act, as was the witchbedight court and populace that harried poor old Rebecca Nourse into the hang-man's noose, or that piled stones on honest Giles Corey because he would not confess himself a wizard.

The fifth epoch in the history of old Pemaquid was marked by the grant of March 12, 1664–5 by Charles II. to his brother James, the Duke of York, of all the territory between the St. Croix River and Pemaquid, and which took in the Pemaquid settlement. This was made a part of the New York Patent. For the ten years preceding this whimsical act of Charles, the history of this settlement had been of the most uneventful character, except that the trade had somewhat fallen off, being attracted to the westward. The people about Massachusetts Bay were developing rapidly and increasing their population. The Puritan was steadily gaining ground, and had at the time of this grant taken over the Gorges Province, and was exercising an energetic influence in the direction of its affairs. Pemaquid had neither oversight nor government, and it was about this time that the Royal Commissioners constituted Henry Jocelyn of Black Point, Rev. Robert Jordan of Cape Elizabeth, Thomas Gardner of Pemaquid, George Munjoy of Casco, Captain Nicholas Raynol and

William Dyer of Saco, the first Court which individually swore allegiance to the Duke of York in the house of John Mason that looked out upon the Sheepscot River. These were the first magistrates of this old settlement. The Commissioners set up an ecclesiastical Court according to Sullivan, who avers this to have been the only tribunal of its kind here. Henry Jocelyn was the representative of this singular branch of the local judiciary. Doubtless it was to be used as a fender against the heresy of the Puritan, who was not without some influence in these parts. This is shown by the insignificant four, including the sole representaive of the Aldworth and Elbridge Patent, the heir, Mr. Thomas Elbridge, who appeared to take upon themselves the allegiance to the Duke of York. These were from Pemaquid. There were none from Monhegan. This last grant of Charles ousted Elbridge from his manorial rights here, and, shorn of his influence as the sole proprietor of the Pemaquid lands, eight years later he is humbly begging the General Court to assume jurisdiction over the Pemaquid country. The petition was very generally signed by the settlers at Kennebeek, Shipscoate, Cape Bonawagon, Pemaquid, Damaris Cove and Monhegan. They were ninety-eight in number. The General Court decided to "Grant the Petition provided they pay all publick Charges especially with the rest of the inhabitants of this Colony." The Committee was composed of Edward Tyng, George Curwin and Humphrey Davie. This depended, however, upon the consent

of the "hon^{ble} majestrates Consenting," but the "majestrates" did not concur.

In the following years here was uncertainty and discontent. It was a struggle for jurisdictional supremacy between the patient, long-suffering Puritan, and the perversities of the dissolute Charles. The local sentiment inclined strongly to Massachusetts, and the territory had as many names as a vagrant dog, and as many masters, and whether one called himself of the Territory of the Duke of York, The Territory of Sagadahock, New Castle, County of Cornwall, or of Devonshire, it was all one and the same, the old settlement of Pemaquid and the lands adjacent.

But stirring times were brewing. Jocelyn, with some inkling of the dangers existent by reason of the savage acquaintance with the use of fire-arms, says, 1673, that an Indian was poor indeed, who did not own two guns and sufficient ammunition supplied him by the French. He notes as well that they were good shots. The Indian was to be feared. He knew the weak places as the strong ones; and he knew the ways of the English, their cabins and their planting-lands. He had made himself familiar with their characteristics, the immediate family, and he came and went, the nomad of the woods that he was, as his inclination moved him. He was storing up the woes of his race which had for forty years been accumulating, — the prophecy of Bradford was about to be fulfilled.

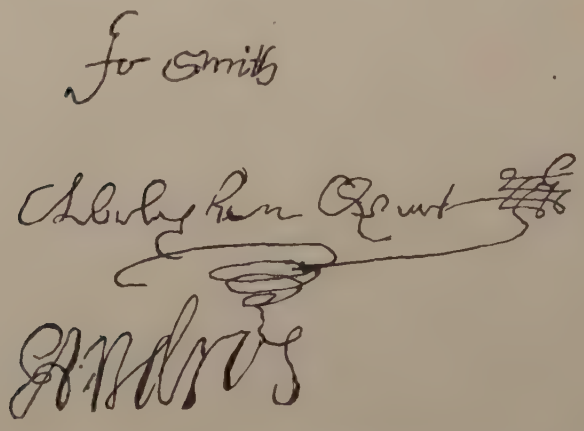
The Duke of York had been indifferent to his New

England possessions, so much so, that it was a matter, apparently, of total neglect. Almost a decade had passed, in which time Pemaquid had, like a ship moored mid-stream, swung with the tide. Massachusetts had not been idle, nor had this desirable country of the Kennebec been forgotten. It was in 1672 that a letter came from the Duke's agent in New York to the Pemaquid folk inquiring of them what kind of government would be most pleasing to them and as well consistent with their civil administration. It is doubtful from the records whether after the coming of Brown in 1623 a religious service of any sort was held at Pemaquid. From the absence of such, it was an anomalous community, if one compares it with its neighbors. But the royal agent in New York was not allowed to carry out his plan of christianizing Pemaquid, as soon after, New York fell under the domination of the Dutch, and the "pious Lovelace fled to England."

On July 22, 1674, Massachusetts got her first foothold on the soil of Pemaquid by holding a Court there. Pemaquid was at last within the Puritan fold, and the country eastward from Pemaquid was dubbed the County of Devon. Its first judges were Major Thomas Clark, Humphrey Davy, Richard Collecott and Thomas Gardiner. The latter was appointed Treasurer; Richard Oliver of Monhegan was Clerk of Courts, and constables were appointed as well. Thus was established the first orderly machinery of government at Pemaquid.

Following this, came the appointment of Major

Edmund Andros as Governor of the territory lying between the Kennebec and the St. Croix. This was the first day of July, 1674, but Massachusetts continued to exercise jurisdiction over the Pemaquid country, and in May of 1675 Captain Thomas Lake and some others were appointed to hold courts in this section, as heretofore, and in 1676 their commissions were renewed.



The jealousies of the aborigine were about to take on an eventful and tragic reality. A dozen years before, specks had appeared above the horizon of the size of a man's hand, but they had faded into the blue of the sky which kept to its accustomed serenity. There were subtle hints in the silent, furtive look of the savage as he found his way over the hospitable threshold of the settler, and louder whisperings of tragedy in his absence from his accustomed haunts,

but still the settler slept on under the slumberous monody of the overshadowing pines. His English stolidity waited for the blow that was to lay his cabin in ashes, disperse his herds among the wildernesses that hemmed in his domain, carry his wife and children over the trail to Canada, or leave them slain under the shadows of their own roofs, a prey for the wolves that followed after, the scavengers of the woods. This was to be fruit of the French dominancy to the eastward, and which might be well charged to the whiffling Charles, whose Treaty of Breda, 1667, was even more disastrous than that of St. Germain. The creed of the Jesuit was the extirpation of the English from New England. The ambition of the French was to possess the country as far south as New York, and all means, even to the setting on to the English the murderous dogs of savages which were kennelled at Castine's Parish of La Famille, and at Norridgewock under the tutelage of the Druillettes. Here were the nurseries of the Devil's broth from which in 1690 the English from Pemaquid to York were to sup their fill. In the Indian troubles of 1676 the inroads upon the English were mostly from the savage domiciled in the western part of the Province. Indian troubles were threatened about Plymouth and warnings conveyed to the settlements east of the Piscataqua and as far as the Kennebec; but it was not until the spring of the following year when one Laughton from Piscataqua lured some savages to his ship, captured them and sailed away to sell them into slavery. The savages laid this

outrage at the door of Pemaquid. It had happened that a Pemaquid settler had warned the Indians of Laughton's design against them, and, in that way, they had associated their quarrel on that score with the settlers of Pemaquid. The savage found the settler an easy prey. Hubbard says, "those who were so violent against the Indians in their discourse, would not be persuaded upon any terms, then, or afterwards, to go out and fight against the Indians in an orderly way; as appeared both by their security in not standing better upon their guard, and by their sudden flight afterward, running away like a flock of sheep at the barking of any little dog."

Since the war of King Philip the English were forbidden to furnish the Indian arms or ammunition, and it became a serious query with the Indian as to how he should provide for his hunger. The bow and arrow were obsolete, and their use forgotten. The Indians "asked what they should do for powder and shot, when they had eaten up their Indian corn; what they should do for the winter, for their hunting voyages; asking withall, whether the English would have them dy, or leave their country, and go all over to the French?"

Nor had the Indians forgotten the Hunt kidnapping. It had been handed down as a tradition, and as the council-fires were lighted it went from mouth to mouth. What fateful circles those were of the silent savages about those fires where were settled the fates of one settler and another who had been guilty of some overt act of injustice to the red

man, or some fancied slight! What a picture was amid the deeps of the wilderness when the glooms of night had settled upon the forest, with the leaping fire and its smokes swirling up into the dusk of the dense hemlock tops, and the tiny blades of lighted sparks mounting and soaring away into the opaque blackness that hovered, like the shadow of a huge wing, everywhere outside that mystic ring of savagery! One watches the pipe as it goes from mouth to mouth, a species of wireless telegraphy by which each mind is wrought in unison with the wild words of the Sachem; and then these painted children of the woods are on their feet and the war-dance begins and the wierd song of vengeance echoes through the woodland aisles. Then, as the fire goes down the savage mummery is over and silence comes again, unless the wind has risen to set the leaves a-tremble. The earless woods murmur their low speech as the pow-wow is dissolved to lose itself within the huddled lodges, and the forsaken fire betrays but a noiseless wavering thread of smoke, a pale strand of fibreless yarn which is being wound upon the bobbin of the winds that touch the tops of the trees but lightly and with wandering footstep. The embers burst apart and a baleful, blood-red gleam shows through the graying ashes. A nearby owl hoots ominously, and far off, the wolves startle the silences; a deer breaks the obscurity to leap like a shadow over the smoking brands, and with a single footfall is gone.

As the summer of 1676 ripened, the mutterings of the

coming storm became more ominous. It broke upon the unsuspecting settlers at Black Point to the southward, and then it swept eastward over Casco Neck. This was very shortly after the raid upon the lone cabin of Thomas Purchas at Pegypscot. This was in the early part of September. At that time the Neck settlement comprised about forty families whose homes were somewhat scattered, by which reason they became an easy prey to the predatory savage. Shortly after the pillaging of the Purchas cabin, some twenty-five planters of the Neck sailed down to the northern extremity of the Bay to gather corn. But that was not their entire errand, for rumors of the attack upon the Jocelyn settlement had reached them, and they had their guns along. While they were engaged about the harvesting of their yellow acres they espied a trio of savages near one of the cabins by the water-side whom they attempted to capture, but with the result that one of the Indians was shot, another wounded, while the third one got away.

Then it came their turn to run, for they were immediately attacked by the Indians in force and compelled to take to their vessel with the loss of several of their men and two boat-loads of corn. It was an untoward event, and may be considered the opening of the conflict which was to be waged for the next seventy-five years after a desultory fashion. It had the result to strip the last shred of restraint from the savage desire for vengeance; for, from that, on to the falling of the snows of winter, the Indian wreaked his atrocities with untempered cruelty

upon the isolate and defenseless settler from Pemaquid to Saco, the somewhat extensive and unprotected frontier of which was open to their continuous and savage forays.

It was about a week after that, that the savages came down upon Casco Neck. It was a quiet afternoon and the sun had just begun to paint the woods with the approaching brilliancy of the October days. The sun was getting down into the west, while the waters of the bay made numberless mirrors for the shore and its picturesque nooks and corners while the charm of a cloudless sky,

> "Glorious as if a glimpse were given
> Within the western gates of heaven,"

lent its drowsy influence to the scene. About the cabin doors were the soft-falling shadows, and beyond, was the glamour of the sea,

> Where the smokes of Abenake
> Through the gusty inlets blew;
> Up and down the hillocked waters
> Danced the fisher's bark canoe;
> While along the slopes and clearings
> Where Presumpscot's stream is born,
> Dusky squaw and laughing maiden
> Cut and shock the golden corn, —

the Happy Hunting-grounds where Indian hunters glean

> their winter's store of game,
> And the council-fires of Squano
> Gild the hemlocks with their flame.

Lightly-sped, o'er wind-swept ledges,
Flecked with lichen, soft and brown,
Drift the fire-weed's spikes of crimson, —
Through the birches sifting down, —
Sail in fleets the wanton thistles
Where the sunlight leaves its trail
And its silver shuttles idly
Weave, of summer mists, its veil.

Over miles of coves and beaches,
Where, to eastward, far away,
Lordly Castin's smoky wigwam
Guards Penobscot's widening bay,
And the fogs of Desert's waters
Hide the mountains, bald and gray,
That o'erlook Ste. Sauveur's Mission
And the grave of brave Du Thet.

It was on just such a picture as this that these settlers of Casco Neck looked when the smokes of Thomas Wakeley's cabin, with a burst of flame, swirled upward into the still air, a silent yet terribly ominous prophecy written across the sky, and which lent a ruddy glow to the waters of Presumpscot Falls. Here the savages wreaked their vengeance upon the four eldest of the family and three of the children, one only, the girl Elizabeth, being carried into captivity, whose good fortune it was a few months later, to be delivered to Major Waldron at Dover, to become the wife of Richard Scamman. What a tale was hers to tell by the cabin hearth, her children clustered about listening with bated breath after the night shadows had fallen! Mather mentions the elder Wakeley as one "who came into New England for the sake of the gospel." Here

was consummated the first tragedy upon Casco Bay. The following day Lieutenant George Ingersoll discovered the up-bent smokes of the smouldering ruins, and with a small file of soldiers made his way hither only to look upon the half-charred bodies of the victims of this savage attack. The savages had withdrawn to their haunts.

SHELL HEAPS, DAMARISCOTTA

The Indians next appeared at Saco where they burned the house of Captain Richard Bonython, to almost simultaneously attack the house of Lieutenant Ingersoll at the Neck which was burned, and at which time he was killed. It was this same day that the house of the Rev. Robert Jordan somewhat farther southward on Cape Elizabeth, was destroyed, but its inmates succeeded in getting away

safely. The incursions of this year were made upon the settlers who lived between the Presumpscot and the Saco. In early December the snows had choked the woodlands with impassable depths. The cold became intense, and these acts of savage violence ceased. The Indian Sachem, Squando, sued for peace and the captives were released.

This interregnum of doubtful peace was the aftermath of the fateful council-fire.

With the mid-summer of 1676 was ushered in another series of onslaughts upon the settler. As before, Casco Neck was the first place visited. This time it was the cabin of Anthony Brackett which stood on the edge of what is now the beautiful Park of Deering Woods. This was the 11th of August. Brackett and his wife were made captives and with their five children and their negro servant were carried away. It was here at this time, that Nathaniel Mitton, making resistance, was killed. Mitton was the only son of Michael who married Elizabeth Cleeve, and with him the name was extinct. From the Brackett Farm which comprised the lands about Back Cove, and which have become historic ground, the savages trailed across country to the northward to the Presumpscot, the scene of the Wakeley tragedy of the summer previous, where they killed Robert Corbin and his two hired men as they were making hay afield. Taking Corbin's wife captive along with three or four others, among whom was the town constable, James Ross, they began attacks upon the houses of other settlers, but taking alarm

at the reports of the guns, the settlers fled to the block-house. From here, the Indians made a descent upon the Neck killing John Munjoy and Isaac Wakeley, but the settlers, mostly, gained the shelter of Munjoy's garrison-house. It was from this place of refuge that the settlers went the next day down the harbor to James Andrews' Island, and it was from that place that George Burroughs, the Wizard of Casco, wrote to Henry Jocelyn at Black Point for assistance. In their haste a store of ammunition was forgotten, but after nightfall the venture was made to bring it off to the island. It had, fortunately, been overlooked by the savages, so the settlers managed to bring away a barrel of powder along with quite a quantity which had been stored in a chest at the house of one Wallis.

Finding their prey likely to escape, most of the Neck settlers having escaped to the island, the Indians divided their party, a portion of which went to the eastward, where, after two days, they had made a raid upon Arrowsic.

"Quiet and calm, without a fear
Of danger darkly lurking near,
The weary laborer left his plough, —
The milkmaid carolled by her cow, —
From cottage door and household hearth
Rose songs of praises, or tones of mirth.
At length the murmur died away,
And silence on that village lay, —
So slept Pompeii, —"

The little river of Pemaquid kept the even tenor of its song, the drowsy shadows lurked unawakened

along its marge, and the same summer silences that haunted these Pemaquid waters, kept the tale of the hours at the adjoining settlements of New Harbor, Corbin's Sound and Windgin's. So thorough were the savage plans for a simultaneous attack on these four settlements, that all were aflame at the same time, when

> "smote the Indian tomahawk
> On crashing door and shattering lock,—
> Then rang the rifle-shot, — and then
> The shrill death-scream of stricken men, —
> Sank the red axe in woman's brain,
> And childhood's cry arose in vain, —
> Bursting through roof and window came
> Red and fast, the kindled flame,"

and the labors of a half-century were swept away. The storm had come and gone. Only

> "the thick and sullen smoke
> From smouldering ruins slowly broke;
> And on the greensward many a stain,"

were left. Of all its stir and village life of two hours before not a vestige remained, and Pemaquid was desolate, its refugees finding their safety among the settlements to the south of the Piscataqua, in Massachusetts or New York. At this time Pemaquid was the metropolis of New England, a flourishing and prosperous settlement on the eastern frontier. It was at this time that the attention of the wily and scheming Andros was directed to the Pemaquid country in the alleged interest of the Duke of York. The Puritans were active in assembling a

force adequate to the task of reclaiming this eastern territory from the desolation which had settled over it and a fleet of vessels was fitted out, and manned largely by the settlers from those parts. The Puritan policy of the latter part of 1676 is well indicated by the reply to the Governor of New York, Andros, of October 12th, of that year:

"In answer to a motion made by the Governor of New York, who hath sent his sloope to transport sundry of the inhabitants that are fled from to these townes from the merciless cruelty of the enemy in the easterne parts, this Court doth declare, that as they may not justify the act of sundry of the abovesaid inhabitants, who have in a very dishonorable manner, forsaken those places that might with meet care been kept out of the enemies hands, so they cannot countenance or incourage the motion made by the Governor of Yorke, the tendency thereof being apparently for the damage of his Majestie's interest in those parts, and quitting the same to be a prey, not only to the Indians, but also to the French, who are said by themselves to be their abettors in the depopulation there made, but doe judge it farr more conducible to his majestie's interest that with one shoulder all his majestie's subjects in these plantations doe joyne in driving the enemy thence, and for that end that all meete endeavors be used to engage the Mohawks, or other Indians, friends to the English, for their help and assistance therein."

To secure the ends outlined in the above answer, the Massachusetts Bay colony "ordered away with

all speede one hundred and forty men, with provisions, amunition and clothes, to Captain Hathorne, for the security of what is remaining in Yorkshire, and, if possible, to annoy the enemy in their quarters," and Major General Dennison was given the command of the troops impressed to act "against the incursions of the common enemy in those eastern plantations." This prompt action on the part of the Massachusetts colony was imperative for the reason that little dependance was to be placed upon Andros whose mal-administrations, tergiversations and Munchausen inventions were in a line with the neglect practised by James Stuart toward the dukedom of this Pemaquid country, and his manifest sympathy with the French whose foothold in Canada had been obtained through the puerile policy of his family. It was Papist against Puritan, and it was directly charged to Andros that the hostile savages had been supplied with the munitions of war from Albany to be used in the destruction of the Massachusetts settler. Andros made vehement denial, but stands convicted upon his own story, and as well upon the relations of Indians to whom these supplies were given.

Andros in 1677 declared that these ducal domains were "wholly deserted," but it was this year he began the fortification of Pemaquid. Four vessels were timber-laden and despatched to this place under the direction of Andros, and the result of this activity is described by one annalist; "The fort was a redoubt with two guns aloft, and an outwork about nine feet

high, with two bastions in the opposite angles in each of which were two great guns, and another at the gateway. There were fifty soldiers with sufficient amunition, stores of war, and spare arms, and provisions for about eight months." A sloop with four guns was left here as a coast patrol. Lieutenant Anthony Brockholst was commanding officer, who had instructions to send one of the sloops with invitations to Henry Jocelyn, Robert Jordan, and Major Nicholas Shapleigh to take up their settlement at Pemaquid. A special designation of Jocelyn as magistrate was included, if Mr. Jocelyn could be induced to join in the upbuilding of frontier Pemaquid. Jocelyn accepted the commission and became one of the settlers of Pemaquid under the Andros administration. Soon afterward a peace was made with the savages. Pemaquid was made a port of entry; a monopoly of the fishing was attempted by Andros, and every discouragement was offered to the Massachusetts colony to prevent their trading with or coming into the domain of which Pemaquid was the constituted outlet. Traffic was confined to a single street upon which all the dwelling-houses opened, and which was protected by the fort. This traffic was to be consummated "between sun and sun, for which the drum to beate or bell to ring, every morning and evening, and neither Indyan nor Christian to drink any strong drink, or lye ashore, in the night, on the point where the fort stood." The regulations for the temperate habits of the settlers were stringent. Intruders were to be excluded from trading or fishing

and extra precautions were to be observed for the personal safety of the inhabitants. The place was practically under martial law, and only the forces of the garrison were to know of the interior appurtenances or disposition of the provisions, ordnance, or munitions of war, or any of the secret ways and means of defense. These edicts of Andros were to operate and be in force "as farr westward as Blackpoint," and Jocelyn was given full power of enforcement. The militia were to be properly disciplined and were to be the right arm of the law. Customs were to be exacted and promptly collected for the account of "Royall Highness in Pemaquid and its dependancies," and the proper officials were inducted into office, whose duty it was to see that the excise law was faithfully observed. The settlement of the territory about Pemaquid and that "Betweene the River Kenebeke and St. Croix," was to be encouraged, and fishing stations were planted wherever it was thought the industry might prosper. Every fishing station was to have its tavern, and every man, be he a planter or a fisherman, was to have a musket and sufficient ammunition. Trade with the Indians was limited to the two truck-houses of Pemaquid and Merrymeeting. "No stragling farms to be erected, and no houses built any where under the number of thirty," indicates the solidarity of the plan. The Bible was to be read by some suitable and piously inclined individual who had his authority from the powers that were; and to induce people to become amenable to the laws of the "Royall High-

ness", such were exempted from certain liability, notably from arrest for debt for the period of seven years. Non-residents were compelled to procure a license to trade, at the rate of "four kentalls merchantable fish for a decked vessell, and two kentalls for an open boate."

But little attention was given to this drastic code of Andros, and illicit trade became common, and smugglers waxed bold and fat; so that in 1683 the boldest of these men of Pemaquid remonstrated against the abuses that prevailed openly in the territory, and declined longer to submit to them, intimating their preference for the Massachusetts colony. The settlement was practically in a state of open revolt, and little could be done by the authorities but look on with a vacant stare of official imbecility.

It was in this year that Henry Jocelyn, the former notable magistrate of Black Point, died. It will be remembered that the Jocelyn garrison at Black Point was attacked by Mug in 1675, and that Henry Jocelyn and his family, abandoned by the settlers, were taken captive. It was after that Jocelyn went to Pemaquid, and probably along with Brockholst when the second fort was built, and the ducal power of James of York was instituted. These six years of his official tenure under Andros were employed as the trusted exponent of the Governor's intents and purposes, and he was perhaps the pivot about which turned the affairs of the renewed settlement. It was here that an eventful life was ended, for Jocelyn had been connected longer with

public affairs than any other name in the contemporary history of the time. His life was an active one and extended from his coming over as Mason's agent in 1634 for fifty years, his labors being divided between the Piscataqua, the Black Point country and Pemaquid. His high aims in life, his integrity, and his notable ability, and exemplary conduct among his fellowmen by which he secured and held the confidence of the governments he served, marks him along with Winthrop, as one of the great men of his day, as greatness went in that pioneer period. His actual public life began in 1635 when he was designated as one of the Commissioners of New Somersetshire by Sir Ferdinando Gorges under Governor William Gorges whose seat of Government was at Saco, or where the first Court was gathered on March 25th, 1636, and from that time to his death, it was a continous service in the public behalf; and it is to be noted that in all this long career, no stain has attached to a single one of his acts, and it is due to his memory and his potent influence upon the lean years of Maine's pioneer story that a fitting memorial should have been erected to commemorate so fine a specimen of English manhood, and that it has not been done cannot be considered as other than a reflection upon the loyalty of these strenuous days to the pioneer ideal. If George Cleeve's monument stands for anything, that to Richard Vines and Henry Jocelyn would mean far more.

The leaven of discontent and rebellion was at work in the Pemaquid settlement, and when the Duke of

York became James II. it was still worse, for Andros was made Governor of New England. On September 19 it was ordained that Pemaquid with all its appurtenances and defenses should be covered into the government of New England. Andros was at last Governor of Massachusetts, and his implacable animosities against the Puritans were to have their glut. He was to be the active exponent of the hatred and bigot bitterness against the Puritan which had ever stirred the heart of James of York. Pemaquid had reverted to the Crown, and it may be regarded as the beginning of the final epoch of its latterly somewhat uncertain career. It was represented by Dongan as of no particular profit to the Ducal interest, that it was a great distance away from New York, that the maintainance of its fort was an uncalled for expense, and Dongan suggested annexing it to Boston, to which its fisheries would be an enterprising and profitable adjunct. Boston at this time was not so important as Pemaquid, but the knell of Pemaquid had sounded.

It was here that Thomas Gyles whom the Indians had driven from Merrymeeting Bay, came about this time. He made some considerable purchases of land here. Governor Dongan had erected the country into the county of Cornwall, and Gyles was made its first Chief Justice. He found the people immoral, lawless, and suffering from the oppressions incident to the manipulations of West and Palmer of the titles to Pemaquid realty held by the planters. This state of affairs was made

more irksome by the decision of the Council over which Andros presided at Boston, that, while referring to the inhabitants of the Pemaquid country, they were to be heard by the local court in all matters pertaining to their personal rights of life and liberty, "noe title of land" could be decided by Gyles' Court, but all questions of land titles were to be tried and decided in the Boston Courts.

Perhaps from the course which public events took at a later date, it was fortunate that Pemaquid was a part of the body politic of Massachusetts. James was an adherent of the Pope, as was Louis XIV. Their desire was that the Catholic Propaganda should take firm root in New England, and it could be accomplished in but one way, — through the influence of the French in Canada. James II. was in full sympathy with the French Court and coincided with its designs upon the peace and prosperity of the Bay Colony. He kept the French King informed of his plans for the government of his New England province, and was determined to establish an absolute government. As for Pemaquid, it was a standing menace to the French. It covered the entrance to the Kennebec country. Its garrison was ever ready to intercept and cut off their Indian allies, and as well obstruct the passage of their warriors and men at arms as they essayed to reach the settlements of the Piscataqua and southward. It was an undesirable occupant of the Abenake lands, and to whom it was a source of constant irritation, and they were ever ready to

coöperate with the French in its utter rooting out and extirpation. By its very isolation, the pivotal out-post of the frontier, it was peculiarly open to invasion. Its remoteness from material assistance was fatal to its security; for, southward were only the sparse and scattered hamlets of Pejepscot, Casco, Scarborough and Saco, while from the Saco River to the Piscataqua were the isolate garrison-houses of Wells. These settlements were hardly able to maintain their own safety. On the contrary, at Castine's Parish of La Famille on the Penobscot, old Pentegoët, was a sturdy French settlement with a strong relay of Indians who were always at the bidding of the Baron St. Castine, and who were held in leash only by their French masters.

In 1688 the rogues fell out. Dongan and Andros parted cables, and Randolph says, the Pemaquid colonists would "have been squeezed dry by Colonel Dongan, and his agents West and Graham." He says in another place, "there is no good understanding betwixt Colonel Dongan and Sir Edmund, and it was not well done of Palmer and West to tear all in pieces that was settled and granted at Pemaquid by Sir Edmund; that was the scene where they placed and displaced, at pleasure, and were as arbitrary as the great Turke; some of the first settlers of that eastern country were denyed grants of their own lands, whilst these men have given the improved lands amongst themselves," immense tracts of land. It was this year that Andros and his co-adjutor Randolph came down to Pemaquid on what

would be called in these modern times a junketing excursion, and one of them notes that it was "by easy motions they got to Pemaquid where they stayed three or four days to refresh themselves with sheep and soules;" and they came to the conclusion as they went about its single street and looked over its farms and the country adjacent, that in the days to come "it would be a very good place, being the only good porte for all vessels eastward to ride well

and secure from danger, the fort should be well repaired."

Perhaps Andros went to Pemaquid to see how his "farmers of the revenue," were carrying things, for, to Andros, as to Fouquet, these men were necessary for the gratification of the rapacity of Andros and his hirelings. It is noted in Randolph's letter that Palmer and West were commissioned by Dongan "to dispose of all their (the planters') lands to whoever would take leases at 5s the hundred acres quitrent!" But this excursion of Governor Andros was fraught with more serious consequences than the ill effects

of a stomach over-loaded with the surfeitings of "sheep and soules", for it was at this time he determined to sail farther to the eastward for a look in upon the domestic arrangements of Baron St. Castine. He sailed down to Penobscot Bay and up the river to Pentagoët. Castine was away from home. Andros landed and proceeded with his accustomed audacity to loot the fort and Castine's store-houses, with the plunder from which he loaded his vessels and sailed away for Pemaquid. Prior to this time, Castine had been neutral. His inclinations had been of the most peaceful character, but on his return home to discover the havoc which had been wrought by the piratical Andros, he made no effort to restrain the vengeance of his Tarratines, and a year later they were unloosed to swoop down on Fort Charles of Pemaquid.

Andros made his way safely to Pemaquid where he entertained a sister of Madockawando and Moxies' squaw, indulging in a drunken debauch. When they departed, after two days of rioting and drunkenness, they were given a file of soldiers to see them safely on their way as far as New Harbor, and they went laden with baskets of ammunition. It is suggestive of the intrigue charged to Andros that he not only abetted the Indians but aided them in their acts of hostility.

In the following year of 1689 by mid-summer the French and Indians were on the war-path. Andros had anticipated this and had advised the Mohawks to make peace with the French and at the same time

ordered the settlers of the Maine Province neither to fortify or garrison their dwellings. He did, however, send a large body of troops to Pemaquid who were officered by men who were in his confidence and of the same religious faith as the French Louis. These men died, largely from exposure, and according to Hutchinson and the annals on file in the New York Historical Collections, the number of deaths from exposure and the hardships of the service was more than the entire fighting contingent among the savages at that time. There was no activity in the field, and with all this charge of life and provisioning, nothing was accomplished. In fact, Andros did not expect that anything would be accomplished, nor was it so intended.

The savages were ready for the bloody work cut out for them by their French masters. Thury's zeal was about to bring forth its harvest of slaughter and rapine. He had for years taught the savage that if he wished again to be sole master of the old hunting-grounds, he must exterminate the English. The hostilities opened in August of 1688. The cattle were killed or driven off, and the savages began to be insolent, and the make obscure threats of war and that they were encouraged to do so by the French. The alarm was swiftly sent to the southward and the settlements were soon aroused to a state of nervous expectancy, no one knowing where the first blow would fall. It was supposed that Falmouth would be the objective point, but the French and Indians first appeared at North Yarmouth, and where Captain

Gendall, who will be recalled as one of the early settlers of Black Point and a neighbor of Ambrose Boaden, was killed in an ambuscade. This was the first overt act of the savages, to be closely followed by others, which, while not of a very tragic character, were sufficiently disturbing to keep the settlements in a ferment of continual anxiety. Ineffectual efforts for peace were made by Andros, and it was in November of this year that he marched the considerable body of soldiers to Pemaquid already alluded to. Ultimately, he established a garrison here of thirty-six men under Captain Brockholst and Lieutenant Weems, of the regular forces, also two companies of untried militia who were under the command of Tyng and Minot. In all, the garrison footed up one hundred and fifty-six men and four officers. Altogether, eastward of the Kennebec, the number of troops amounted to five hundred and sixty-eight, who were assembled for the defense of the frontier. Captain George Lockhart was in command at Falmouth (Casco Neck), against whom suspicions were aroused of his dealing surreptitiously with the Indians, a suspicion that attached to most of the officers in command of the Andros forces. Undoubtedly this was largely due to the fact that they were communicants of the Catholic faith, against which the Puritan invariably opposed himself with a bitter virulency.

Out of this peculiar attachment of the Andros faction to the Church of Rome grew the uprising in Boston which culminated in the arrest of Andros on

April 18th of the following year. It was a revolution brought about by the tyranny of Andros, and promptly terminated his influence upon the affairs of the colony. The news of the arrest and imprisonment of the Governor found its way quickly to the eastern garrisons, with the immediate result that the soldiers deserted their officers, and the garrisons were

ANCIENT PEMAQUID GRAVEYARD

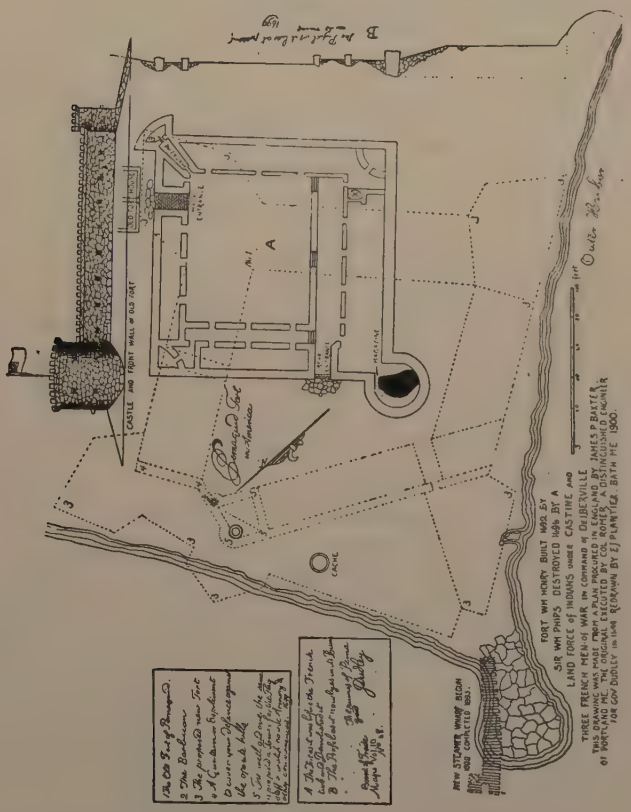
in a defenseless condition. Later, Andros made a report of the disposition of the colonial forces, and he says of the garrison at Pemaquid, "Upon the insurrection, the forces being withdrawn, and only eighteen of the standing company left in garrison, the fort is since taken by the French and Indians and the country destroyed." Edmund Andros cannot be otherwise regarded than as the evil genius of Pemaquid.

Appeals from the eastern settlements were sent into Boston, and the Bay Colony in August despatched several companies by land under the command of Major Swain. Danforth had been reinstated as the head of the Massachusetts Colony in June, and Major Church was on his way to Falmouth by September, but all this was unavailing so far as Pemaquid was concerned, for Fort Charles and the settlement which it was intended to protect, were destroyed about the time that Major Swain was marching out of Boston. It was at this time that Chief Justice Thomas Gyles was killed and his family carried into captivity. The result of this raid and others made farther up the Kennebec River, was that the entire Kennebec country was deserted. The fort at Pemaquid was captured easily, for all it made a stubborn resistance under Captain Weems. Great quantities of hand-grenades were thrown by the French, and the Indians, urged on by their desire for vengeance, forgot their usual discretion in fighting only from cover, and charged the walls of the fortification, mounting them like squirrels, to leap over into the fort interior. The many men killed and the wound which he, himself, had received, compelled Weems to surrender on the second day of the assault, but, by the terms accorded, he was enabled to get away in Pateshall's vessel with many of his people. Pemaquid was in the hands of the French and the savages from the Penobscot woods; so Castine was abundantly revenged for the liberties which Andros had seen fit to take with his property at Pentagoët.

In 1691 this fort was dismantled and the great guns and the stores which were not destroyed by the Indians were carried to Boston, and, perhaps, in the sloop which Andros caused to be built here. But the glory of Pemaquid had apparently departed. The English flag was down, and the crime of the Stuarts, from the Puritan point of view, had been perpetrated. Its great resources were now open to the occupation of the hated Papist, and where was before the metropolis of the coast were only the ruins wrought by the Penobscots.

The outlook was hopeless. The savages were thoroughly equipped by the French, and instigated and officered by the French, with their familiarity with the defiles and secret places in the wilderness of woods amid which they made their homes, they were a formidable enemy. There was but one thing to do; it was useless to maintain a losing fight with the cowardly savage whose attacks were made on isolated cabins in the dead of the night, and who picked off the English from the shadows of the fences, or swarmed the streets of their villages with ghostly footsteps to later awake the night silence with their whoops and war-cries, lighting their way with here and there a burning roof. To follow these fiends into the deeps of the woods was to run into a well-laid ambush, which meant extermination. It was needful to carry the conflict into the camp of those who were responsible for these atrocities. An active campaign against the French in Canada was immediately begun, and it was the son of the Pemaquid

gunsmith, Phipps, who came over in the time of Shurt's administration, who was to lead the expedition. Young Phipps had learned his alphabet as


CASTLE AND FRONT WALL OF OLD FORT
FORT WHY HOWEY BUILT AND BY SIR WM PHIPS DESTROYED 1696 BY A LAND FORCE of INDIANS under CASTINE and THREE FRENCH MEN-OF WAR in COMMAND of D'IBERVILLE
THIS DRAWING WAS MADE FROM A PLAN PROCURED IN ENGLAND BY JAMES P BAXTER OF PORTLAND ME. THE ORIGINAL EXECUTED BY COL ROMER A DISTINGUISHED ENGINEER FOR GOV DUDLEY of MASS BY PLANTAGE. BUILT AT 1700.
NEW STEAMER WHARF BEGUN 1902 COMPLETED 1903.

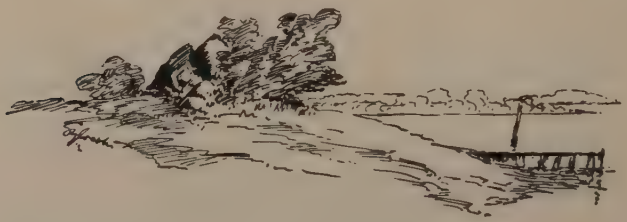
he swung his adz, and from that his learning increased, until the King offered to make him the Governor of New England with absolute powers. This high

honor he declined that he might the better serve the interests of the Boston colony. The proposition for the reduction of Canada came from Phipps and the plan was at once approved by Massachusetts, and it was carried forward with such celerity that on the 11th of May, 1690, Port Royal was captured and the entire sea coast westward was reduced to the domination of the English. Williamson says Shurt died during this year. Flushed with his success the attempt was made against Quebec but it was not successful. It had the result, however, to induce the Indians to propose a peace. The result was a stay of the savage reprisals which had been made on the settlements from the Kennebec to the Piscataqua, and the interval was taken up with the strengthening the settlements along the sea against the later possible onslaughts of the French. Dr. Mather had made his report to the ministry at home which had the effect to confirm the home government in the resolve to support the New England colonies in their efforts to withstand the aggressions of the French, and it was under instructions from the Crown that Sir William Phipps came to Pemaquid in the midsummer of 1692, with a force of four hundred and fifty men. His object was to erect a strong fortification, and the result was a stone fortress. Above two thousand cart-loads of stone went into its construction, and when it was finished, it was known as Fort William Henry, but more commonly alluded to as Pemaquid Fort. It was said to have been one of the strongest and largest in America.

Phipps asked Major Church for his advice in the matter, but the major was of the opinion that as against Indian tactics a fort was futile, adding, "he had never any value for them, being only nests of destruction." This estimate was borne out later when Chubb was summoned to surrender in 1694. It was of quadrangular figure, and outside its walls it measured seven hundred and thirty-seven feet. Its interior was one hundred and eight feet square. Twenty-eight ports, in which were mounted twenty-eight guns, six of which were eighteen-pounders, frowned upon one as the fort was approached, and the walls at the ports were over six feet in thickness, and were eight feet from the ground. The sea-wall was twenty-two feet in height. At the western end of this southern wall was the great flanker or round tower which was twenty feet high, and the easterly wall was twelve feet high, the north wall, ten feet, and the west wall, eighteen feet. It was twenty rods above high-water mark, and its regular garrison was from sixty to one hundred men, or more.

The spring of 1693 was rife with rumors of an attack to be made on Pemaquid, which was as likely to include all of the towns along the coast-line as far as the Piscataqua, and perhaps beyond. The fort at Pemaquid had the effect to restrain the inroads of the savages, and a smaller fortress of stone was built at Saco Falls in 1693, and was known as Fort Mary. The result was, that Captain Converse was able to make a peace with the Indians. And it also came about that Madockawando and Egremet along with

other of the Sagamores of the eastern tribes came into Pemaquid with a flag of truce. This was the twentieth of July of that year, and it was the occasion of the surrender of several English captives to the commanding officer, Captain John March. A further truce was agreed upon which was to last until August 18th, at which time it was proposed to enter into a permanent treaty of peace. This peace-party was held a week before the appointed time and was



FORT FREDERICK BEFORE THE EXCAVATION

made an occasion of considerable importance, the Indians of the Penobscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin and Saco Rivers being in attendance by their Sagamores, — there were thirteen of them, — and by a written agreement they made confession of their error, and promised to abandon the "instigation and influences of the French." The Indians observed their usual integrity, and the treaty was broken by them a few months later. Not a year had elapsed before the Jesuit influence again became paramount, and the savages were killing and burning until the winter came

One of these Sagamores who made the peace treaty with Captain March was Bomazeen, Sachem of the Norridgewacks (Nanrantsouaks). He was notably the most treacherous and cruel, and most apt at the hideous deviltries, the brutalities, the murders and razings, of his race. He was the leader of the Norridgewocks, and the schooling of the Jesuits had not been in vain. It was in 1646 that Gabriel Dreuillettes set up his altar at old Nanrantsouak and fortified it with the spectre of the tree borne by Simon up the steeps of Golgotha, to have his labors taken up by Vincent and Jacques Bigot a generation later, and which were re-enforced by those of Thury at Pentagoët. Of the Fathers Bigot, and their influence, perhaps M. Denonville is the best contemporary authority, when he writes the French Minister of Marine that he is much indebted to the zealous Bigots for the good feeling of the Abenake for the French, and the successes which the Indians had afforded them in their warfare against the English settlements. The Bigots were at Norridgewack at this time, and found Bomazeen an apt pupil in their peculiar propaganda for the extension of the French influence to the southward, and it was Vincent Bigot who on one occasion accompanied the Norridgewacks on one of their murderous inroads upon the English settlements, doubtless to see that their brutal work was executed to the French taste. Charlevoix is authority for this statement.

The rites of the Church possessed a mystic quality for the savage that was peculiarly effective, and the

simplicity of living which the Jesuit affected, easily adapting himself to the habit and customs of the savage, was not without its influence. Bigot's cloister was but a rude cabin of bark. A bear skin along its earthen floor was his aescetic couch. His dishes were made of the virgin bark of the birch, and his food was such as the Indians were able to obtain from the chase. His life was apparently one wholly devoted to their spiritual guidance and was colored with a gentle solicitude. Such was the

FISH POINT

instructor and adviser of the wily and treacherous Bomazeen.

The summer of 1694 was fraught with bloodshed and savage rapacity. The Pemaquid garrison had captured several Indians, and the attempt was made to learn from them the designs of the French, but not much came of it. Sheepscote John, a hostage, was questioned as to the condition and intent of the enemy, and an effort was made to effect an exchange of prisoners, which, in the end, was ineffectual, and winter was close at hand. Bomazeen, at this time, appeared as the ambassador of his tribe. He approached the Pemaquid fort bearing a flag of

truce. With mild pretense, he said that he, with his fellow savages, had just come down from Canada; confessed his ill-doings; professed his repentance; promised to smother his murderous inclinations and let the English alone thereafter.

An eye-witness of the episode says: "November 19th (1694), Bomazeen, with ten or a dozen Indians, called over the barbican, desiring to speak with Captain March, and set up a flag by which they did implicitly own themselves enemies and breakers of the peace. We did not put out ours until an hour or two after theirs; would have persuaded them there was no reason for it; minding them of their late agreement at Pemaquid; but they called earnestly for it. We resolved to seize Bomazeen at any rate, except by positive violation of promise. We made no other promise before he came over but that we should be glad of his company, would treat him kindly, and do him no hurt. After he was seized, we told him the same, and observed it punctually, so long as he staid here; but withal told him we must know who did the mischief at Oyster River and Groton, &c., of which they made themselves ignorant; why the peace was so soon broken and by whom; that they must go to Boston and abide there till Sheepscote John was sent to fetch in the other Sagamores, and then they should come again with some of the English to treat, &c. We thought it not unlawful, nor culpable to apprehend such perfidious villians and traitors (though under a white rag) that have so often falsified their promise to the English, viz: at

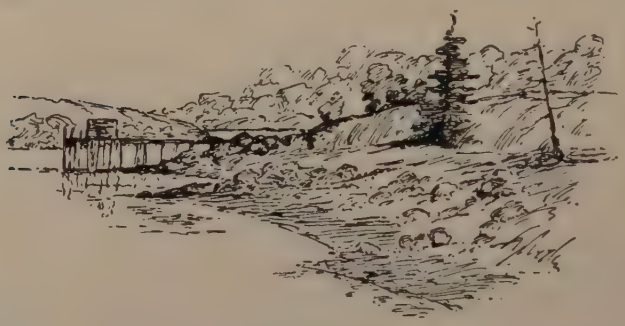
Cocheco, at Casco Fort, at Oyster-river and other places; that makes no conscience of breaking the peace whenever it serves their turn, although never so solemnly confirmed with subscriptions and oaths." In these days of national comity, such a violation of a flag of truce, however aggravating might be the circumstances, would be wholly unjustifiable. Hutchinson, writing of the incident, condemns it, and yet palliates it with an allusion to the habitual and notorious bad faith of the savage.

It was evidently a pretense to get into the fort that its force might be estimated, as our eye witness says: "we are credibly informed, they came with a certain design to destroy their Majestie's fort here, under the pretence of trade, friendship, &c., and so they are fallen into a pit of their own digging." There is not a doubt but Bomazeen was acting under the instructions of the Jesuit Bigot, as the latter was in constant communication with the authorities at Quebec, and had information of the designs of the French against the English. Hutchinson says: "Of course, the habitual treachery of the French, — for the Indians were their subjects and acting under their instructions, — could afford no sufficient justification of even one instance of bad faith in others. Captain March considered the Indians as rebels, and Massachusetts thought that 'for their perfidy they ought to be treated as land-pirates and murderers.' "

The result of this drastic procedure at the Pemaquid fort had the effect to impress the Indians with a whole-

some respect for the English; and the arrest and detainment of the flower of the Norridgewack tribe wrought a peaceable demeanor for a time. There was another reason for the quiet which prevailed through the year 1695. A "fatal distemper" swept across the faces of the Abenake, and to quote Hutchinson again, — "the French found it impracticable to send them out in parties upon our frontiers. Besides the hostages they had given in 1693, the Indians seized at Pemaquid were in prison at Boston; Bomazeen in particular they greatly valued, and they were ready to submit to almost any terms to obtain their release. The French represent the English as treating the hostages and prisoners with cruelty; but there was no other cruelty than a confinement in a prison in Boston, which, it must be acknowledged, was a very bad one. The English were not less desirous of peace than the Indians, if they could have any security of the continuance of it. One of the hostages, Sheepscote John, undertook to go from Boston as a mediator, and, by his influence, fifty canoes of Indians came within a league of the fort at Pemaquid, the twentieth of May, and sent in eight captives; acknowledging their fault in violating the last treaty, and proposed the release of the captives on both sides, and the establishment of a durable peace. A truce of thirty days was agreed upon, and the Commissioners were to come from Boston, to settle the terms of peace. The Commissioners, Colonel Philips, Lieutenant-Colonel Hawthorn, and Major Convers, soon after met delegates from the Indians, at Pema-

quid, but refused to enter upon any treaty with them until all the English in their hands should be delivered up. Bomazeen, their great warrior, and some others, were left in prison in Boston. The Indians looked upon themselves as not well used; sensible that when they had parted with all their prisoners, they should have no way of obtaining the release of their own people, except by a new set of captives. They,



THE SHIPYARD

therefore, refused to treat any further, and left the place abruptly. The government, I imagine, expected that, by retaining some of the Indians as hostages, some restraint would be laid upon the rest, from exercising cruelty towards English prisoners, seeing we should have it in our power to retaliate it upon their own people; and chose rather to risk the continuance of the war than part with this security.

"Charlevoix, who supposes the Lieut-Governor, Stoughton, to have been there in person, says 'the Abenaquis insisted upon the release of their bretheren,

who were detained in violation of the flag of truce, and the laws of nations, and Stoughton only returned bloody reproaches for their late hostilities, and terrible threats if they did not deliver up the authors of them. The Indians were as stout as he was. At length both sides began to soften. Stoughton was not willing to drive to extremity a people who had formerly known how to make themselves a terror. They were desirous, at any rate, of recovering their relations out of the hands of the English; being fully determined, that when they had accomplished their ends, they would revenge the blood of such as had been murdered; but perceiving that, while they were in treaty, the English were preparing to surround them, they ran to their arms.' This was no doubt the account they gave to their priest when they returned home."

This quotation from Hutchinson throws a side-light on the conditions and influences that prevailed along the frontier at that time, of which, as we have seen, Pemaquid was the out-post, and as well the mutual distrust and the intent of the French to over-reach the English, if it were a possible thing, in these negotiations of the savages, made apparently in good faith, but actually at the instigation of their Jesuit teachers. The French were adepts in the art of deception, while the English were more blunt and of infinitely better intention. It was the rapier against the broad-sword.

The year before, the *Newport*, one of her Majesty's ships of the line, came over accompanied by a sister

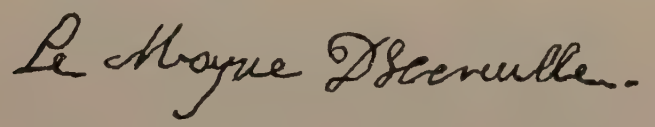
ship, the *Sorlings*. They had a tender along, and were ordered to lay off the St. John River to await the arrival of their store-ship, unaware of the fact that at Quebec two French men-of-war were being actively fitted for service, the object of which was the destruction of the fort at Pemaquid. Superior to the English ships in their equipment, their command was given to D'Iberville. Villebon of St. John had conveyed to the French at Quebec the news of the

FORT FREDERICK WITH THE RUINS PARTLY RESTORED

arrival of the English ships, and with two companies of troops and a relay of fifty Micmacs, D'Iberville sailed down the river and came upon the English suddenly. A battle ensued, when one of the Newport's top-masts went by the board and she was compelled to surrender. In the meantime a kindly fog had blown in from the bay, and the *Sorlings* and the tender got safely away to Boston. A new top-mast in place on the *Newport* made her, with the refitting given her at St. John, for D'Iberville another

stout warship, and greatly strengthened his fleet. From St. John he sailed down to the Penobscot where Castine awaited him with two hundred savages, and by the fourteenth of July they had dropped anchor before Pemaquid, but the courageous and energetic March had left the command of the fort, some months before, to a man of an entirely different calibre. It was an unfortunate absence.

D'Iberville promptly sent in a summons for an immediate surrender.



Captain Chubb, the commander of the fort, replied, boastingly, "if the sea was covered with French vessels, and the land with Indians, yet he would not give up the fort." The assault was begun by the land forces under Castine, the savages opening fire, which was met by a return of musketry and cannon from the fort walls. The battle continued through that day, after a desultory fashion, and without particular loss to either side; and, as the sun went down, the conflict abated. As the dusk deepened, D'Iberville began the consummation of his plan of attack. He worked silently, and as the morn broke, Chubb found his stronghold regularly invested. D'Iberville was ashore with his cannon and mortars; and by mid-afternoon his batteries were raised, and began throwing their bombs into

the fort interior. Chubb was in a state of mortal terror. His cowardice extended to his soldiery, and the garrison was in a condition of mind to be easily overcome. It was at this juncture that Castine had in some manner conveyed to Chubb the threat, "that, if they delayed surrendering until the assault was made, they would have to do with savages, and must expect no quarter, for he had seen the King's order to Iberville to give none."

Chubb's fear of the savages was so overpowering that he consented to receive the terms of the French forthwith, which were, that the garrison "should be sent to Boston, and exchanged for a like number of French and Indian prisoners," with a special guaranty of protection against the savagery of the wild allies of D'Iberville and Castine. The conditions were to be regarded as favorable, but so great was the fury of the Indians upon finding one of their race in irons in the fort, that the garrison could be secured only by its removal to a man to an adjacent island under a strong guard of French soldiers.

This officer, Chubb, was sharply criticised, and he was put in arrest, but after a rigid investigation he was simply suspended. He had under his command a force of ninety men, with fifteen mounted cannon and an abundant supply of stores and ammunition. His defense might have been successful, but the odds were greatly against him. Had he maintained an obstinate resistance, and been overcome finally, it is a question whether any would have been left to have told the tale. The slaughter would

have been indiscriminate and complete; the Indians, once let loose, like a huge pack of wolves, would have

THE CACHE

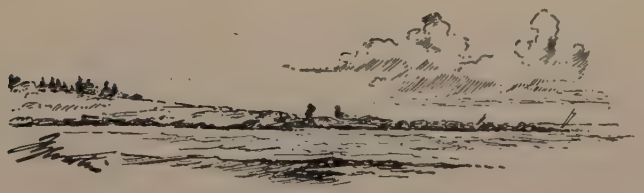
indulged their glut for massacre to the end. A structure without casemates, having only a bomb-proof magazine, would have afforded but little

shelter against the French bombs. A *sortie* from the fort would have been fool-hardy in the extreme, with the odds nearly six to one. The simple truth was that D'Iberville had come upon the English with an ample force, to find them unprepared for a successful resistance, not only from a lack of men, but as well the lack of a leader.

The English had reason to fear the revenge of the savage. They had somewhat indulged in cruelties and barbarities, and this last instance was of very recent occurrence, not farther away than the preceding February, when Egremet, the Machias Sagamore, came to Pemaquid to make an exchange of prisoners, when Chubb and his garrison attacked their savage visitors in the midst of their treaty negotiations, killing Egremet, and Abenaquid, and two other savages. Some others were made prisoners, while Toxus and a few escaped. Looking at the episode at this distant day, Chubb may be said to have fared very well. He was thoroughly maligned at the time, but it is Bizet who says, "some day we will appear to those who come after us just as devoid of good judgement and intellectual faculties as our own elders appear to us to have been." Time is a great ironer of the passions of men, and a like great condoner of their offenses, and what in its day was thought to be "a horrid piece of villainy" has, now, two centuries away, the guise of dire necessity.

It was on the eighteenth of July, four days later, that the French sailed from Pemaquid, while Castine

and his Tarratine wolves had slunk back to their lairs. Fort William Henry was dismantled and stripped of its ordnance, and the conquest of Arcadia was complete. Pemaquid was again desolate, and, as one writer has said, — "this was the inglorious close of the first period of her history." For many years after, Casco was the frontier town of the English settlements; while the once metropolis of the eastern coast was left to the solitude of Nature.



NEEDLE-LIKE PEMAQUID POINT

As one goes down the road from Bristol to the fork that leads westward to Fort Point, or eastward to New Harbor, or still on to Pemaquid Point, one has on either hand an inimitable picture gallery. It is rock-strewn, wood-ribbed Pemaquid, with charming glimpses of the sea and the snug islands that here and there thickly dot the roadsteads. All the way it is historic ground, and one is walking over the remains of centuries. Of all its former importance, there is left only a fishing village, where not long since the fresh salty flavor of the sea and odors of the wild flowers were poisoned by the rank

smells of the porgy factories. Whether one makes this journey by day or by night, his way is haunted by the ghosts of the past; and whether the sunlight floods the restless waters, or the flames of the light-houses dip their ruddy arrows in the blackness of the moaning sea, the romance of the place is not forgotten. By day white sails dot the numerous bays, or flash their patches of silver against the edge of the horizon. After sundown, with the full moon breaking the low-lying haze, the scene is idyllic. Along the shore are the straggling cottages of the fishermen and the more ambitious hibernacles of the summer dweller. There are old cellars on the northerly side of New Harbor, and here was no doubt the place where the fishermen of old came to dry their fish. Years ago there were to be seen here the remains of an old fort. Numerous relics have been dug up about the immediate vicinity, along with coins, arrow-heads and Indian tools. One can trace the ruins of old Fort Frederick, which was undoubtedly built upon the remains of the former fortifications. As one stands upon the green incline that overlooks the rocks that are always wet with the spray of the tides, and looks backward to the higher land on the west shore of St. John's River, and of which D'Iberville took swift advantage in 1696, one wonders that this stronghold should have been located just here. One may stand upon the old rock, once a part of the magazine of old Fort William Henry, and from it one builds the old fortress in the twinkling of an eye. But the most interesting

relic hereabout is the old burying-ground, with its suggestions of antiquity which are answered only by the straining of the alert imagination. Here or there, is a rough memorial of rock showing a strain of lichen, and one puts the ear to its gritty cheek as if to catch the faintest hint of the mystery for which it stands silent sponsor, but it is as mute as the elements out of which it was fused in the days of Chaos.

If ever Pemaquid was a populous community, here is a more populous one. It was here where the once numerous verdure-embossed mounds told the visible tale of olden Pemaquid's mortality, where the pathos of humble lives made its poetry and its prose alike, filling in the woof of the lean years, and years of richer meed, only to lapse into the oblivion of an utter desolation. Of all the lines once writ here in the grass, not one is left, only these vagrant rem-

nants of the Stone Age. If one saunters along the sea sands there is only the murmur of the ocean. The winds blow, and blow, but even they iterate their olden monodies. One sees the same everlasting overarching dome of sky, with the same uneven floor of waters, and up from the rim of the sands, the same up-looking ledges and pliant grasses that were here when the mill-wheel, huge and cumbersome, threw its water-drops to the sunlight. Other than these, and the ragged scarp of the old fort, the indents of the ancient cellars, and the footless buried pavements, it is as if olden Pemaquid were more a myth than a once-time reality.

MONHEGAN

MONHEGAN

ISLE La Nef of Champlain, the St. Georges Island of Waymouth and the M'nhiggin of the fisherman, are one and the same, and its huge granite spine rises from out the sea with every dawn, breaking the obscurity of the slow dissipating mists, or the thick pall of the fogs that roll in landward in the August days, like a ship's hull. It was rightly named by Champlain, but like the Isle of Bacchus, its first christening has been superseded by the more prosaic but not less characteristic cognomen, Monhegan.

A half-dozen leagues away from Boothbay Harbor it looms against the sky like some dripping monster of the sea, and as one watches the restless flow of the tide, in or out, broken into shreds of waves, it seems

likewise to undulate as if it were endowed with life; for its blunt nose much resembles the head of a sperm whale. As one looks more fixedly, it is, after all, just an island, in the sea, but a notable one for all that, for its history is associated with the most ancient discoveries of the North American coast, and it has ever been a landmark for the navigator since the days of the Cabots. It is the most famous island on the American coast, and its designation by Champlain in 1604 as Isle La Nef, was its initiatory induction, its début into European nomenclature. As Drake says, — "To it the voyages of Weymouth, of Popham, and of Smith converge." It is the outpost of the Norombegua of the ancients, and shares with Matinicus the guardianship of the traditions of Penobscot Bay. It is a royal family it leads, these countless isles of the Maine Coast, nor has it a peer among its kind. It is a huge mass of rock, gigantic, awesome, as one sails under its shadows, beneath walls that tower and overhang a hundred feet in air. For a good mile it stretches its length along the plain of the waste of waters that are ever churning huge spans of snow-white foam against its adamant; and rise the tempest never so high, or when the billows, storm-driven, throw their spray over its highest pinnacle, it stands the perfect exponent of its Creator, that One

> "Who plants his footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm."

Its walls are those of a castle of mighty dimensions, black and forbidding, or painted in beautiful

and inimitable mosaics, as the dark clouds lower, or the warm sunlight floods every nook and crevice of its seamless masonry. The centuries have dulled its pristine freshness into a hoary sea-dog, the unwearying, sleepless watchman of the southern gate of the great river whose swelling waters once swept past the fabled city, the El Dorado of the 16th

THE WASHERWOMAN, LOBSTER COVE

century, and whose every pellucid drop mirrors the romance of unwritten years and the voiceless traditions of unknown peoples.

The name of this heap of stone, mid-sea, Monhegan, is perhaps a corruption of *Monan*, *Mananas*, or *Monahan*, and is Franco-Indian in its derivation.

The Monhegan Indians claimed it as their own, nor was it in their time the wood-denuded isle that it is to-day; for as one looks at it from the point of view of three centuries ago, it must be with the vision of James Rosier. To him, it was a charming oasis of verdure planted amid the blue waters, — "woody, grown with fir, birch, oak and beech, as far as we saw along the shore and likely to be within. On the verge grow gooseberries, strawberries, wild pears and wild rosebushes. The water issued forth down the rocky cliffs in many places; and much fowl of divers kinds breed upon the shore and rocks." It was in the days of the Monhegans, and before the fishermen and they who had come to dwell upon it had cut its trees for fishing-stages and cabins and fuel, a delightfully habitable place, for it is an island of considerable area. The Monhegans found it undoubtedly a most convenient resort. But their burial-ground was not here, being across the water toward the mainland of Tappan Island.

Cadillac mentions it as Meniguen. He says, — "Three leagues to seaward (probably from Pemaquid Point), there is an island called Meniguen. There were about twenty families employed in fishing around this island, but our Indians have made them abandon it." Cadillac made this note about the time of the capture of Fort William Henry, and perhaps he might have returned from his mission among the Iroquois so that he kept D'Iberville company. Monhegan Island is about four leagues from Pemaquid Point, from whence its blunt outline is clearly

visible, though somewhat softened by the haze that lingers horizon-ward through the milder seasons.

Verrazzano, in 1524, rounded Cape Sable, and is reputed to have sailed down the coast as far as Florida. It was the habit of the voyagers of those days to hug the shores for safety, as well for the purpose of acquiring a definite knowledge of the contour of the neighboring coast, and he must have noted Monhegan. In fact, from the chart of Antonio Zeno, 1400, where one finds Drogeo to the south of Estotiland (Greenland), to the reproduction of the Verrazzano charts by Ribero, 1529, to Lok, in 1582, the islands, on what must be taken to be the coast of Maine, are clearly depicted. So are the Sloane maps very suggestive. These bear the date of 1530. Most suggestive of all the early maps is that one made by the royal order of the French Henry II. which bears the date of the year 1543, on which the Penobscot is clearly drawn and the islands of Penobscot Bay, and it is located as the country of Auorobagra and to the westward is the Archipelago of Estienne Gomez which would correspond to the islands grouped between Mont Desert and Cape Elizabeth. So it is fair to assume that from the earliest voyages this Monhegan isle has been associated with the Drogeo of the Icelanders, the *terra incognita* of Verrazzano, and of the Cabots, and the Norombega of Mercator, which brings it down to the time of Champlain.

The Cabots noted it in 1597–8. Gosnold was sailing past it in 1602, to be followed the next year

by Pring. Gosnold was hardly on the coast of Maine before the aborigines had climbed the sides of the *Dartmouth* to stand upon her deck, and if Gosnold is to be taken at his word, they were garbed much after the old-world fashion, being clothed in European apparel, and carried themselves with a bold assurance. Champlain followed with Sieur Du Monts close upon the heels of Pring; and it is Samuel Champlain who, for those who were to come after him, gave a name to Monhegan.

Champlain's visit to these waters was in the fall of 1604. In fact, Monhegan marked the boundary of the western explorations of that year by Du Monts. After coming thus far down the Maine coast, these Frenchmen sailed back to the St. Croix River, where they wintered on St. Croix Island, which may now be located off the lower part of the city of Calais, and which in these days bears the less euphonious appellation of Ducette's Island. With the returning days of spring, the French Expedition deserted this first location, went down the river, and thence sailed across the Bay of Fundy into the basin of Minas where a permanent settlement was founded at Port Royal. When the work had been well forwarded, Du Monts and Champlain set out anew for the discovery of the coast to the westward. They were again at Monhegan by mid-summer, but just missed Waymouth who had come across in the early season and who was up the Kennebec River searching out a place for the colony which was to follow him the succeeding year. Champlain kept on to the

Isles of Shoals, thence dodging Cape Ann, he crossed Massachusetts Bay down to the Norse Cape Kialarnes, which to the French annalist became Cape Malabarre, but which to Pilgrims stood for plain Cape Cod. Making their return they came up the Bay of Maine, reaching the mouth of the Sagadahoc just after Waymouth had thrown his sails to the wind for the homeward voyage. Champlain had news of the English explorer from the savages, so it is easy to locate Waymouth at this time at Monhegan, for the savages complained to the French that the Englishman had killed five of their tribe, when he had simply kidnapped them in order to afford these rude aboriginees a course at the school of English civilization. It was at this time that Monhegan became to Champlain, Isle La Nef, as Richmond's Island was to become the Isle of Bacchus. Mont Desert seems to be the only fortunate island along broken coast of Maine to retain the name of its earliest christening.

If Champlain and Du Monts were the first to note the physical characteristics of Monhegan in the fall of 1604, it is equally true that Waymouth was the first to land upon its bold shore, and the first to take possession. Planting a wooden cross here, he dubbed the island St. George, and then he sailed away for the shores of Pemaquid where he made the acquaintance of that "little River of Pemaquid" which afforded so delightful a haven. Waymouth dropped anchor in Monhegan harbor the seventeenth day of May, and it may be said to have been from

MONHEGAN CLIFFS

that time that the English title and occupancy dates. Rosier is the annalist of the voyage, but it is only under the shadows of these huge verdurous domes of tree-crowned Monhegan, when he has stumbled upon the bloom of the strawberry, and the wild rose that everywhere along the ledges where the salt spray drifts in on the wind, makes, even in these iconoclastic days, masses of riant color, does he find his speech. This strawberry petal, and the dainty trumpet of the gooseberry blossom in this wild strange place, are like sounds from home; and so he writes of them. Commonplace in old England, here, they were something to be recognized and written about. From Monhegan, Rosier's account is rambling, but one is certain that the things he describes, he has seen, and he has left it for such as delight in argument, whether it be profitable or not, to locate the places where these humble things grew, and the waters where he sailed, as if it mattered one way or the other, when it all happened three hundred years ago, and one really knows nothing about it at all. The whole thing smacks of the most delightful romance; and one can dream about it all, to make pictures as the helm shifts, but the hand that held the helm of the *Archangel*, held it so long ago, and the quill that scratched its zig-zag courses lost its nib so much longer ago, that one concludes with the witch of the Hampton Meadows

"For it's one to go, but another to come."

It is here in this immediate neighborhood of Monhegan that one catches the noise of a wordy contro-

versy, shut his ears as he will. It seems to be a legacy of the ancient conflicts that reigned in this vicinity between the French and English, and while no court of competent jurisdiction has seemed to have been established by which the matter can be settled; still like Jarndyce and Jarndyce, it is taken out for an occasional airing, and to about as much purpose. So fine a strain of humor runs through it all, that no matter what is said or written, one is always in a forgiving mood. The attempted reduction of so uncertain a proposition to a point of *finesse*, is productive of more discomfort than real satisfaction, for nothing is irrevocably settled after all. To touch upon this controversy for the last time in these pages, — it is said that Dr. Belknap was the first to moot the question as to the identity of St. George's Island. It is not a question of the highest importance from the historical, or any other point of view; but so scrupulous was the studious Belknap, and so anxious was he to get at the truth of his contention that he hired a skipper, provided him with an "abridged copy of Rosier's" and set him adrift amid these Monhegan waters. His instructions were to compare Rosier's description, or in other words to use it as a divining rod, with the scenery along the coast of a century later. This navigator, familiar with the vicinity, sailed away on his high emprise, and as he sailed he read, and as he read he gazed, not upon the wild scenery of the day of Waymouth, but upon the shorn landscape of later days. But the waters were here and the hills and

the mountains, and he saw with the eyes of Rosier. Like the skipper at the antipodes who could locate Ma'am Hackett's back-yard by Gloucester Harbor by merely scooping up a handful of sea-water for a smell, Captain Williams struck the wake of the *Archangel* by a phosphorescent streak of wit, good luck, or what-not, to follow it into the mouth of the Penobscot. He found, metaphorically, Waymouth's foot-prints in the olden sands, and he plants the

MONHEGAN HARBOR

famous cross again, but he should have brought that cross along with his report, for the world is yet thronged with the descendants of the doubting Thomas.

His report that the Penobscot was the scene of Waymouth's exploration of 1605 was the result of his donning the Morman Goggles off Monhegan. The fine sense of absurdity, when one is asked to accept the *dicta* of the master of a Government cutter, and which pervades this famous procedure, seems to have escaped the accomplished Willis when he says, — "That conclusion, reached by a process

so careful and *judicious*, satisfied historical inquirers" for sixty years. What a wake was that of the *Archangel* to have lent its phosphorescent fire to the footsteps of Captain Williams, to remind one of the miraculous flame by which the Israelites were led even to the top of Mount Pisgah.

No doubt but Captain Williams was water-wise, and swift when it came to the inspection of a derelict. He undoubtedly could smell out a storm as well as the Government Weather-makers, but as an expert on the Waymouth Voyage, he not unlikely got a squint in his off eye which he carried back to Boston, and which he turned over to the eminent Belknap, who immediately proceeded to incorporate it into his goods and chattels, literary and historical, and there it has remained to this day, like the bone in old Mother Hubbard's cup-board. Was the game worth the candle?

Manifestly, not.

It must, however, have been a most delightful excursion, and one would have liked to have breathed with Captain Williams this atmosphere

"Of all things, old and new."

In those old days these were beauty spots in Nature, for John Angell and Robert Saltern were with Gosnold, and were observing men, and as they sailed into the wide reach of the Bay of the Penobscot, they not only found better cod than they had been able to hook on the Newfoundland Banks, but the shores were more convenient for curing. As

they came down to Monhegan and sailed four leagues further to the west, to Pemaquid Point, they noted that these two places were "very pleasant to behold, adorned with goodly grapes and sundry sorts of trees, as cedars, spruce, pines, and fir trees." In those days, it may be well to mention, that this island had another name. It was as often designated *E. mmetinic* when the fishing stages were first set up here; as Monhegan, and by which name the island was more anciently known. The origin as well as the derivation of *E. mmetinic* is obscure, but the name has come down, and one meets it, here or there, as some annalist of the seventeenth century essays to locate some episode of those early years which had its setting in the neighborhood, or about the neighboring waters.

It matters not as to that, for since about noon of the 17th of May in the year 1605, when Waymouth made Monhegan harbor, dropping his anchor a league off-shore on the north side of the island, under a serene sky, the history of the island and the adjacent mainland goes on with ever increasing flood to its culmination, when Monhegan is as devoid of humanity or human association, as it was before Smith's voyage of 1614, when he found it a comparatively busy locality, while the adjoining waters were dotted with ships laden with fish and furs, according to the abundance of the commodity at hand; but fish were to be had in plenty for the catching.

With Weymouth safely in England, Gorges and Popham began their preparations for a colony at the

mouth of the Sagadahoc. It was on the last day of May, 1607, that the *Gift*, and the *Mary and John* sailed out of Plymouth Harbor, and it was on the morning of the 17th of the following August, that the *Mary and John* dropped anchor in the harbor of Monhegan. Here she waited until afternoon, when she had her anchors up for a shift of berth on the mainland near Pemaquid Point, and out of the mists to seaward broke the *Gift*. Letting go her anchors,

FISH FLAKES

she waited until her sister ship had come up, when it was decided to keep the Monhegan harbor over night. These ships lay here over the next day, Saturday, and on the 9th, Sunday, "the chief of both the shipps, with the greatest part of the company, landed on the island where the crosse stood, the which they called

St. George's Island, and heard a sermon delivered unto them by Mr. Seymour, his preacher, and soe came abourd againe."

Assuming that Monhegan is the identical St. George alluded to by Strachey, here was the first consecration of the island to religious civilization. It was an important event, and by itself is a stake at the corner of the fence by which the boundary lines of events to come may be run. It marked the beginning of an epoch, that, with varying fortune, has followed the trend of the years down through the vicissitudes of old Pilgrim Plymouth, to the present day. It was the planting of the bulwark of the church in a tradition that has found its way into every relation of the events of those early days. The ships rode in Monhegan harbor until the 12th, when they "weyed anchors and sett saile to go for the river of Sachadehoc." Just where they landed for that Sunday service has never been designated; but, that Monhegan was the rendezvous for the *Gift*, and the *Mary and John*, agreed upon before leaving Plymouth, is evident from the fact that their courses, sailed considerably apart after leaving the Azores, converged at this island, and that they came together within a day's space within its harbor. Captain Robert Davies, the pilot of the *Mary and John*, was one of the landing party of the island, and it was he who sailed the *Mary and John* back to England later in the season. Captain Harlow, as well, listened to the sermon of the Rev. Mr. Seymour, and he was again here in 1611, — the same, of whom

Strachey says, "who brought away the salvadges at this time shewed in London, from the river of Canada." He was the Master of Ordnance in the Popham Expedition, and it was Harlow whose Relation notes that the so "frozen a winter," and the scarcity of food, "sent all back to England but forty-five," of that colony. What became of these "forty-five" has been an obscure question, but it has been the thread upon which the romance of New Harbor has been ever since strung. The traditions of 1609 gathered from French sources have already been alluded to.

It was three years later that Captain John Smith came here, and he says of the environment of Monhegan, that it is "among the remarkablest Iles and Mountaines, for land markes." He paints it as a "round high Ile, and close by it Monanis, betwixt which, is a small Harbour." It was in this harbor his ship lay while he went on that famous trading voyage whereby he accumulated so great a store of fine furs "for trifles." One of the results of Smith's voyage was a map which he drew and presented to Prince Charles. Monhegan appears upon it, and to which Charles gave the name of Batties Isle. No significance has attached to this designation, except that it had a royal origin, and despite which, Monhegan it has ever been, and as such it is like to remain.

It was the year before the first voyage of Smith, that freebooter Argall, like a bird of prey, to remind one of a Virginia buzzard, made a circle of these Monhegan shores to here drop the anchor of the good

BOAR'S HEAD

ship, *Treasurer*, for a little space. It was at this time he raided the settlements of the French colony on the St. Croix, and up the Bay of Fundy, and destroyed the Jesuit Mission at Mont Desert, killing Peter DuThet and after the most approved piratical fashion, filling his ship with ill-gotten plunder. Argall evidently did not find the island of Monhegan deserted, and it is probable that even at this time, there were straggling fishing-huts and stages here, and on the Pemaquid mainland. It would not be essential to the maintenance of such that here should be a permanent occupancy, but from the coming of Popham and Gilbert, vessels came here after cod and furs. The French had been settled on the Annapolis shore almost a decade, and had been doing a thriving, as well as a lucrative business with the savages, and on the sea, and it is not to be admitted for a moment that the English were less bold or enterprising in their maritime pursuits, with the knowledge possessed by them of these parts, and the rich harvests that awaited them here. It is doubtful if Argall would have had his attention drawn to the French colonies on the Penobscot and about the mouth of the St. Croix had there not been some English occupation of these parts. His information concerning these prosperous settlements of Arcadia must have been derived from the sailing vessels that came first to Monhegan for a bit of trade, and which afterward sailed for Virginia for a bale of tobacco, or a passenger home. Argall was apparently well informed of the number and location of the French settlements,

for he found them all, from that one ensconced among the shadows of the Penobscot hemlocks, to furthest Port Royal sunning itself beside the Minas Waters.

The coming hither of Smith in 1614 was an important event in the history of Monhegan. He had resigned his Governorship of Virginia and hardly sailed up the Thames, before he had taken command of an expedition for the taking of whales, "and also to make trials of a mine of gold and copper; if those failed, fish and furs were then their refuge. Once here, whales were to be found in abundance, but Smith's crew were not able to take any; for they were of the lean sort; "a kind of jubartes," and not yielders of the commercial fins and oil; nor were there any mines. Then began his explorations up and down the coast in his boat with eight of his crew. He kept to the shores, of which, as he went, he made charts, copies of which, on his return to England, were scattered among the numerous seaports for the purpose of stimulating trade to these new fields of action. He was the prophet John who had traversed the new world's wilderness of waters, scanned its wild shores, to afterward preach the gospel of its occupation and improvement. Probably to him, more than any other, is due the credit of arousing a popular interest, and of originating the true propaganda of colonization. He was a sagacious observer, analyzer and forecaster of the opportunities, industrial needs, and immense profits to be had in the immediate getting of footholds at salient points along the Maine Coast. He urged

the planting of colonies, and his argument was that, "Adam and Eve did first begin this innocent work to plant, that Noe and his family began the second plantation, and that had our Saviour Christ and his apostles exposed themselves to no more dangers than we, even we ourselves, had, at this present, been as salvage yet uncivilized."

Hakluyt was a dreamer, a retailer of fables, a wide-mouthed hopper into which the *olla podrida* of fact and fancy was poured to be ground into romances for the credulous and the greedy, the dregs of which were bitter with disappointment and disaster. All waters were alike to him, and their blend was like the wine of Cana. What followed was more marvellous than that which had gone before, and it was left for Smith to tell the truth, that of mines of gold and precious stones, there were none; but of fish and furs there were even greater riches. He had the prophetic eye, and he saw down the long years the white sails of ships crowding the harbors from Monhegan to the Isles of Shoals, vieing each with the other in the reaping of this harvest of the seas; for, he said, "Scarce anyone will go beyond the port they fish in, within a square of three leagues, where five hundred sail may have freight."

It was right here at Monhegan where Smith formulated this valuable and afterward prolific opinion of the wealth of these, and the neighboring waters, and where he at the same time found the Popham ship possessing a monopoly of the local trade. Mon-

hegan was a part of the Pemaquid dependancy, and Smith says, "a hundred fish from its waters, were, in marketable worth, equal to two hundred of the eastern catch, with half the labor in curing, and a whole voyage in season, earlier." He remarks it to be, "the strangest fishpond ever seen. The coast mountainous, and isles of huge rocks, overgrown with most sorts of excellent good woods, for house-building, the building of boats, barks of ships, with incredible abundance of most sorts of fish, much fowl, and sundry good fruits, a region where the natives take and kill most of their otter." He says nothing of a sea-way to Cathay, as does the enthusiastic George Popham who had pitched his brief stay on Hunnewell's beach, where,

> "Out and in the river is winding
> The links of its watery chain
> Through belts of dusky pine-land
> And gusty leagues of plain;"

whose outlook over the way he came was the wide expanse of the blue water, while behind, toward the Crystal Hills, there was

> "Only at times, a smoke-wreath,

from the hunting-lodges of Samoset. Like Hakluyt, Popham was a dreamer, and not a seer.

This notable island along with the lofty domes of *vert* Mont Desert lay directly in the way of navigators coming to this part of the coast. Willis says, "It was the headquarters for all; the ship news from all parts was gathered here; it was the

TURTLE HEAD

refuge for the unfortunates on the whole coast, and was probably permanently occupied before Plymouth was settled, though by a changing population, mere sojourners or casual visitors rather than by colonists," Smith was peculiarly pleased with the locality, and had he been able to have made a profitable venture of his whaling expedition, he would have colonized the island. There is soil of exceeding fertility on Monhegan in these days, to be but slenderly cultivated by the inhabitants, who follow the pursuits of their fathers before them, by casting their nets. Smith notes, "I made a garden upon its tops (Monhegan) in May, that grew so well, as it served us for sallets (salads) in June and July." From this can be gathered the length of his anchorage here. The time of his coming he notes,—"In the month of April, 1614, with the ships (apparently other voyagers had fallen in with him on the way), from London, I chanced to arrive at Monhegan, an Isle of America in 43 degrees and 4 minutes northeasterly Latitude."

Smith went back to England, freighted with fish and furs. The next year, he engaged with Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Dr. Sutcliff of London, to make a trading voyage hither in company with Captain Dermer. Some considerable time was taken in fitting out their ships and the start was not made until the spring of 1616. They sailed down the Thames and were hardly out of sight of Southampton before a fierce gale swooped down upon them. Smith's ship strained a mast which compelled him to

put back to port, while Dermer rode out the tempest, and kept on to the end of his voyage. He sailed direct to Monhegan, where, by reason of Smith's having "made an arrangement with a proud savage, and one of the greatest lords among them, Nahanada," on his voyage of 1614, he was able to return home with a heavy lading of furs. In this way he was able to take advantage of the Popham trade, which was then going on at Pemaquid. The year before this voyage of Dermer's, two ships from London and six from Plymouth had sailed for Popham's port. It was this same year that Sir Richard Hawkins was here in the interest of the Plymouth Company. He was followed by the *Nancheen*, whose master was one Brawnde. The *Nancheen* made Seguin April 20th, and Monhegan the 24th. Hawkin summarily sequestered the boats of the *Nancheen*, so that Brawnde was obliged to change his berth opposite another island where he set about building other boats, by which his voyage was much delayed and his profits lessened. The *Nancheen* had a considerable freight over for the local trade which was to be transferred to a pinnace which was to make a rendezvous in the vicinity of the Damariscove Islands, but the smaller craft did not arrive until June, and then only to fall upon the rocks, a wreck. Brawnde wrote home while here, "that great voyages in fish and furs could be made here, if not spoiled by too many factors, and bad faith with the Indians."

Shortly after the coming of the *Nancheen*, Haw-

kins sailed away to Virginia, and Brawnde was left to do the best he could to retrieve his losses. The next year, that in which Thomas Dermer made his voyage, Monhegan was visited by as many as twenty-four ships. Its dancing waters were dotted with the white sails of the English fishermen and the boats of the cod-catchers. It was a lively scene, and it came about that the immediate result of the Dermer ven-

THE LITTLE CHURCH ON MONHEGAN

ture was a nucleus of homesteads along the fringe of Monhegan harbor, of which Gorges may have the credit of being the founder. At New Harbor it is supposed there had been for some time quite a settlement; for, Smith says at the time of his 1614 voyage, "Right on the main against us, Sir Francis Popham's ship was in; and had such acquaintance, having used that port only for many years, that most part of the trade was there had by him;" and so he went to making gardens with that outcropping of

the English instinct, and building boats, of which he launched as many as seven. His energy could have no other than a quickening influence among the men who stood for the commerce of London, and his reference to Popham is suggestive of the activities of the heir-at-law of the Popham estate.

Ships came and went, and Monhegan grew in corresponding importance; so, that, when Captain Edward Rocroft, in 1618, sailed one of Gorges' ships over, upon a fishing trip, and was compelled to maroon a portion of his crew at the mouth of the Sawguatock (Saco) by reason of their insubordination, giving to them, however, their guns, they made their course overland to Monhegan, where "they remained all that winter (1618–19) with bad lodging and worse fare." These sailors of Rocroft's mark the first authentic passage of a winter on this coast after the exodus of Gilbert and his planters from the fort at the mouth of the Sagadahoc.

It was in the spring of 1619 that Dermer made a second voyage to Monhegan, where he discovered these winter dwellers. Not long before this there had been a great warfare among the savages which had resulted in the practical extinction of the Wawenocks, and it was on this voyage that Dermer, in a pinnace of "five tons burden," sailed south-westerly on the 27th of May, where he located "some ancient (Indian) Plantations not long since populous, now utterly void." He found remnants of savage tribes in other places, and at one Indian village he found two French sailors, who, some three years earlier,

had "escaped shipwreck at the north east of Cape Cod." He carried them aboard his pinnace and brought them along to Monhegan. In less than two months, his two-hundred ton ship was loaded with fish and furs, and with thirty-eight men, he set sail for the home port. Dermer left none of his men here, but according to Mourt's Relations, Samoset tells a story of there being Englishmen here, five of whom, in the late spring of 1620, wandered into the woods toward Cape Cod, and of whom the savages killed three. The other two escaped to Monhegan Island. Monhegan was certainly well and generally known as a place where English vessels might be found most of the year. It was here that Sanders, in 1623, came for bread with which to supply the starving men of Weston's Company, and many of whom came here to ship for England in their desire to get away from so many hardships. Dermer was observant, and he notes the jealousy of the Indian, that "now almost everywhere, where the savages were of any strength, they sought to betray us." The kidnapping raid of Hunt was not so far away as to have become a tradition, and the treachery of that single Englishman was to be paid for later. Whatever else the savage did, he never forgot an injury.

Up to this point, the story of Monhegan has been associated with ships and fishermen, and fishing-stages, but in the year 1622, one Abraham Jennings procured a grant of the island from the Plymouth Council, and it is from that date, that Monhegan takes its place among the pioneer settlements of this part of

the New England coast. It had been for a half-dozen years what may be called the first of the Gorges plantations in what afterward became the Province of Maine. Jennings promoted trade here for two years, and then sold out his interest to two Bristol merchants, Aldsworth and Elbridge, for whom the first American conveyancer, Abraham Shurt, or Short, acted as purchasing agent. Under Shurt's active hand Monhegan grew in size and importance, until, in 1629, his Bristol principals procured a grant from the Council of Plymouth for twelve thousand acres of Pemaquid, the boundary of which included three leagues of the seashore. So it came about, that here, at Pemaquid, was the beginning of the earliest permanent settlement within the now state limits. After John Brown took his deed from Samoset, and Shurt had located the Aldsworth and Elbridge Patent, and had begun the foundations of the Pemaquid settlement, the exodus from Monhegan began, but this was not until about 1630. Up to that time Monhegan maintained its importance as a storehouse of supplies for the needy colonies to the southward as far as Cape Cod. The Plymouth folk sent in 1623 for food, as well as other settlers. Here was a well-recognized depot of trade; and in 1625 the Plymouth Colony sent a ship-load of corn into this vicinity to exchange for furs. Edward Winslow was in command and sailed up the Kennebec, where he disposed of his cargo. The Plymouth colony had passed the crisis of its career, and had turned trader on its own account.

It was the year that marked the coming of John Brown, 1623, and when the fame of Pemaquid's natural resources was being noised about England, that Christopher Levett, fired with an ambition to go forth into strange lands and build a city for himself, set sail, bending his ship's prow across the Atlantic, to run plumply into the Isle of Shoals; for, he says at the outset of his tale of his voyage into New England, — "The first place I set my foot upon in New England, was the Isle of Shoulds, — " and after which he came down the coast, prospecting, and taking note of its pleasant places, its inlets and bays, until he has reached the domain of Samoset. He says of the Sagadahoc, — "I need say nothing of it, there hath been heretofore enough said by others, and I fear me too much. But the place is good." Levett's disposition was for Pemaquid, but the ground was pre-empted before him, so he was obliged to return to Casco Bay, where he built that year (1623–4). This was by reason of his having heard that "Pemaquid and Capemanwagen and Monhiggon were granted to others," and as well because one Witheridge, a Barnstaple shipmaster, had possessed himself of the Pemaquid country for trade. Those were days of sharp competition in picking up the choice places for colonization, as witness the story of the Plymouth colony, which according to Morton's New England Memorial written in 1669, was the result of a plot between some Dutch merchants who bribed the sailing-master of the Mayflower to drop them at any other place than about the shores

PULPIT ROCK

of the Hudson River where they had been offered a patent by the Virginia Company, and previous to their departure from Holland.

Here is what Morton says, and while it may not be regarded as germane to the story of Monhegan, it is of interest to the student of pioneer history, and as having reference to the beginnings at Cape Cod. He says:

"Nevertheless, it is to be observed, that their putting into this place was partly by reason of a storm, by which they were forced in, but more especially by the fraudulency and contrivance of the aforesaid Mr. Jones, the master of the ship; for their intentions and this engagement was to Hudson's River, but some of the Dutch having notice of their intentions, and having thoughts about the same time of erecting a plantation there likewise, they fraudulently hired the said Jones, by delays while they were in England, and now under pretence of the shoals, etc., to disappoint them in their going thither. Of this plot betwixt the Dutch and Mr. Jones, I have had late and certain intelligence. . . . Being thus fraudulently dealt with, and brought so far to the northward, the season being sharp, and no hopes of obtaining their intended port, and thereby their patent being made void and useless, as to another, etc."

It was for this reason that the colonists of Plymouth were compelled to coast down to Monhegan for supplies, and it was fortunate for the existence of the colony that they were able to procure them there, otherwise the Plymouth colony might have been

forced elsewhere and the story of the Puritan New England have been much different. Read it as one may, the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay laid the foundations of the political and material prosperity of olden New England, and it is a felicitious incident in the history of Monhegan that this old landmark

MONHEGAN LIGHT

was able to have been of so helpful assistance to its struggling neighbor in the time of her extremity. Later annalists have somewhat resented the fact, but it was true and is not to be disputed.

Richard Mather was here in 1635, at which time he writes of "Mnhiggin," as "an Iland without inhabitants." At that time the settlement on Pema-

quid founded by Abraham Shurt was attracting to itself the trade of the coast. It was at the threshold of a career of notable prosperity. The settlers were taking on gregarious habits and the times were plastic. The harbor was thronged with the sails of vessels coming and going, and of one of these, a small craft bound from Pascataqua to Pemaquid was caught in a winter gale, 1641, and driven upon Monhegan. The pinnace was wrecked on the inhospitable rocks. Of the crew, four died from exposure to the winter storm, while the remaining four got to land and took refuge in the deserted huts of those who formerly lived on the island, and where, after some time, they were discovered by a passing fisherman and taken to Pemaquid. As one sails past Monhegan of a pleasant summer day, one hardly remembers this lone disaster of its early years, but it is different as one looks out upon the rack of the sleety storm from its highest ledge; for in the shrieking of the tempest, there are sounds of the crashing of a hundred ships against its gray walls, and one sees the tragedy wrought anew, when,

"Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

"Down came the storm, and smote amain,
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length,"

and the gloomy bastions of this Nature fortress loomed more loftily from amid the black drift,

> "And ever the fitful gusts between
> A sound came from the land;
> It was the sound of trampling surf,"

on the jagged scrap at the foot of the beetling cliffs; but the oaken ribs of the Pascataqua ship were ground to shreds long ago by the tides. The storm has blown, and the suggestion of the phantom sail is but the sweep of a sea-gull's wing; the rack of the gale, but the cool gray shadow of a rain-spattering cloud; and the howling of the wind, the whisper of a light-footed zepher.

March 12th, 1664–5 Charles the Second gave to his brother, James, the Duke of York, the territory between the St. Croix and Kennebec Rivers, but owing to the discouraging and scandalous report of the Royal Commissioners, he did not assume any more control over the country than to establish a Court at Pemaquid, and which was convened in the house of one John Mason where the settlers came to take the oath of allegiance to the new authorities. No one appeared from Monhegan at this time, although the island possessed a considerable population.

In 1672 the settlers about the Sagadahoc waters and adjoining Pemaquid on the east including Monhegan, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts, on account of the laxity of government thereabout,

to be annexed to that jurisdiction. On the 27th of May, 1674, the General Court issued a Commission creating the Pemaquid country into the County of Devon. A tax was laid or assessed upon the County of twenty pounds. Monhegan was a party to the original petition with eighteen signers, of whom Richard Oliver was one, and of this tax five pounds and ten shillings were apportioned to that island, and which is suggestive of the renewed importance of Monhegan as a commercial station. Richard Oliver of Monhegan was made Clerk of the Writs, and of the four Commissioners for the County two were from the island. Two years later came the Indian outbreak, and the folk on the island could look across the water to the mainland and count the smokes of the burning houses, unharmed. Later the situation became more perilous, and they betook themselves to their ships and sailed away to Boston and Salem.

Then came the building of Fort Charles at Pemaquid, and the settlers began to return gradually. The destruction of these eastern settlements, 1676, the escape of many of the settlers to New York in the Government sloop, the information that came through them to the ears of the Duke's officials there, that Pemaquid and its dependancies had requested the General Court of its Puritan neighbor to sit over a little and make room by the Puritan fire, and further, that the Puritans had actually taken jurisdiction, established a court and levied taxes, bestirred the Duke's New York Council to send a

Commission into that country to assert the authority of royalty.

The Commissioners came, made peace with the Indians, changed the name of the County to Cornwall, built Fort Charles and garrisoned it, estab-

THE LIGHTHOUSE

lished a custom-house, made regulations for trading with the savages, and as the most drastic of their proceedings, set up the Duke of York's ownership of the soil under the charter of Charles II., disregarding all prior patents, and required of the settlers that they pay a quit-rent of one shilling annually for each one hundred acres actually occupied or im-

proved. It was under this onerous system of holdings in these days of the Duke's supremacy that one John Dalling of Monhegan was leased a "parcel of land" of an indefinite area, upon that island, and for which he was to pay "yearly and every year" a full bushel of merchantable wheat, or its equivalent value in coin of the realm.

But these lessees of their former titles were dilatory and often in arrears. The custom-house transacted some business, but the smugglers did the better, and they brought supplies to the settlers and the Indians, in fact to anyone who had a disposition to evade the excise officers. The fishermen were all smugglers when the opportunity afforded, and the extent of the coast precluded any extensive or systematic enforcement of the heavy fees exacted, from a vessel with a deck to an open boat, the only furniture of which was a pair of oars.

One John Palmer was installed here in 1686, with "full power and authority to treate with the Inhabitants for takeing out Pattents and Paying the quitt-rents." He is as well known as Judge, and frequently as Deputy-Governor Palmer. He granted the lease to Dalling of the land on Monhegan. His most notable exploit was the seizure of a cargo of Baron St. Castine's wine within the debatable territory of the Penobscot. The cargo comprised seventy pipes of Malaga, one of brandy, two of oil, and seventeen barrels of fruit. It became an international question, and the ship and its cargo were restored to St. Castine.

The Duke of York had become James II., and these Pemaquid lands, as well as all that country between the Kennebec and the St. Croix, were covered into the Crown. The Ducal proprietorship had merged into a sovereignty, and, in 1686, New England and New York became merged under the jurisdiction of Sir Edmund Andros, Governor-General. Palmer became

THE FOG BELL

one of his Councillors. Joseph Dudley became president of the provisional jurisdiction of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island. Under this new administration matters grew rapidly worse, the culmination of which, after playing the tyrant in Virginia to become more odious in Boston, was the arrest and confinement in the common gaol of that

town, of Andros and his creatures, and his transfer to England for trial, in the year 1689, and this may be said to round out the story of the pioneer settlement of Monhegan. It was a famous rendezvous in its earliest days, and as one recalls them, one can credit James Rosier as being the first vender of fish-stories. Here is one of his earliest, but perhaps not his best. Waymouth had come to an anchorage in Monhegan harbor, and it was in May, just the time when a man thinks of going a-fishing, that is if there are not too many notices posted along the brooks. Rosier says it was of a Saturday. He may have made a mistake, for nowadays fish are supposed to bite best of a Sunday, or rather, that is when most of the Waltonians essay the gentle art. It was of a Saturday, surely, because Rosier says it was, and who ever knew a fisherman to tell an untruth! and he dodges it by putting it off to the other fellow. He says, "one of the mates, with two hooks at a lead, at five draughts together hauled up ten fishes. All were generally very great, some they measured to be five feet long and three feet about."

There is little of romance attaching to Monhegan, except that which the dawn hangs to the north, east, south and west along the horizon of the illimitable ocean waste, or island, bay or shore, — all once familiar to Weymouth and Champlain, as well as to those who came after. Its traditions are meagre, and its life, once strenuous, has faded beneath the soft touch of Nature along the slopes of the ancient grave-yard that overlooks the sea, — softly asleep

in the summer sunlight, or gently tremulous under the throb of the storm-driven waters pounding the eternal ledges.

From a scenic point of view, Monhegan is more than picturesque. It is magnificently grand. Here is a Golden Isle, a Garden of the Gods; for whether the winds blow in, dripping wet with the drizzle

AN ANCIENT HOUSE

of the Penobscot fogs or the slant rain of the storm, or whether they are deliciously moist and scintillating with the unadulterated sunshine, they are ever cool, sweet, fresh and invigorating, and savory with the incomparable odors of the snowy blossoms that are in bloom wherever the white-caps break. Nor is there much here to remind one of Monhegan's ancientness, unless it may be the quaint gable of some fisher's dwelling. The fisherman, modernly human, smacks of the essence of the island in its elder days before ever the roof of the summer cottager intruded upon its traditions. But these roofs of red lend a pleasing

color, nor are the Cabot-stained walls at all obtrusive, while the low-browed verandas are suggestive of the glamour of the seashore as is the sea itself. They are but outlooks for the summer idler and the dreamer. But Monhegan is not as yet a typical summer resort. It is largely old Monhegan to-day, and it is to be

THE "HAUNTED HOUSE"

hoped that such it will remain, one of the choice samplers of Nature of which

"hundred harbored Maine,"

has so many, with the singing waters all about; and what pictures, where,

Seaward, the fisher drops his line,
The white gulls dipping, skimming
Beyond the scarp of Pemaquid,
The wide horizon rimming,
Where fogs steal down the Bay of Maine
The capes and dunes fast gaining,
To choke the chimney-smokes, and beat
Their roofs with flail of raining!

The gale across Manana's ledge
The sleet drives, sharp and bitter;
Boom — BOOM — along its jagged face
The breakers flash and glitter
Within their winding-sheet of mist,
Their thunder inland blowing,
Where marks, the tolling bell, the rain
With gusty pulse its going.

Monhegan is a delightful outlook from which to watch the approach of a summer shower, and we wait outside until the first drops smite the face, and then we go in to paint anew the ecstasy of that touch of Nature.

We felt the wet mist on our face,
From off the inland harbor blown;
We saw the white sail downward race
Across the bay with white-caps strown,
Where, far away, Newaggen's pines
Loomed stark and tall, their black outlines
Sharp-drawn against a narrow azure bar
That held the gateway of the sky ajar.

Still loom the huge cliffs of La Nef above the tides around which the mystery of the long-gone days hovers, as intangible as the summer airs. Their feet swathed in deeps of waters, the shadows trace the cross of Waymouth along their swart sides and against the horizon is painted a ghostly sail, while the fisher, unheeding plies his glancing oar.

So the summer days here, as elsewhere come and go, each better than the one that went before,— the poetry of living, and, as well, of perfect repose. There

s no room here for the littlenesses of human-kind. Nature is laid out upon too generous and too gigantic a plan, and allied to it all, is an unmatchable grandeur. It is the peer of Mont Desert, and when one has said so much as that, the book is closed.

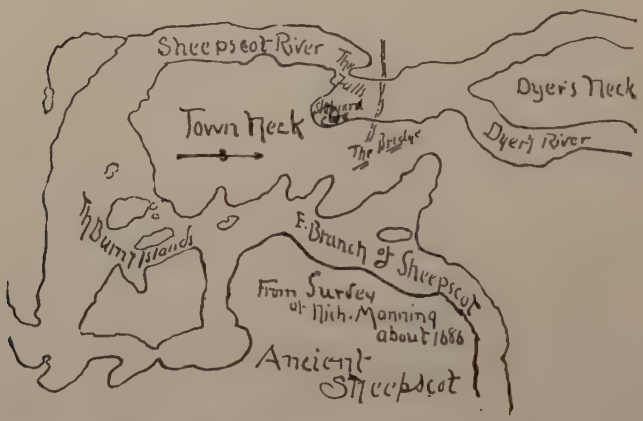
SHEEPSCOT

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

SHEEPSCOT

S one goes through certain parts of Old England, letting alone its great metropolis with its London Wall, one can trace the foot-prints of the first Caesar; and as one saunters over the beautiful slopes of what was once known as Sheepscott Farms, one sees there the traces of a former civilization. The stone walls and mural relics designate barbaric days along the English green, but, here along the near banks of the Kennebec, and upon the shores of the Sheepscot stream are mural remains that, as yet, have not been definitely located in point of time, except they are supposed to have been the handiwork of the settlers who came here shortly after

the opening up of these lands by Abraham Shurt. If one could but find something in the way of an ancient record to afford a single clue, but that seems to be a futile desire. There are no records of this one of the earliest settlements,— they are supposed to have been destroyed by fire. That such once existed is not to be doubted but whether they would have



thrown any light upon the results of the casual excavations, and the quaint and curious revelations of a methodic people who lived in great houses with stone foundations and tiled cellar-floors, and upon streets long and wide, and decorated with ornamented gateways, and the alignment of ancient cellars still to be distinguished, is a question. If one could only see the ancient mill-wheel in place just below the dam one traces plainly, and listen a bit to its song, one might, by a liberal translation, achieve some-

thing of satisfaction. There is nothing strange in the existence of these relics, or at least there would not be, were they elsewhere, but inland on Sheepscot Neck is quite an unusual place, when no one is able to relate anything of this old village, either by tradition or otherwise. It is a place with a history, but that history is buried like the old stone floors here about. It is true that when Indians came down from the wilds of the Penobscot in 1690 there was nothing left of the strenuous labors of the pioneers of the early days from 1626 to the later date. Everything was swept away, and until about 1713 these Eastern lands were left to the occupancy of their aboriginal tenants; and for a space of a generation later the times were so uneasy as not to allow of stability of events current, or any special forecasting of permanency; so, it was not in that uncertain period that these evidences of a substantial town could have been collected; and since which, no such aggregation of dwellings, so far to the eastward, could have been collected without some curious annalist to keep a record of so surprising a civilization. Even Pemaquid, the once metropolis of Eastern pioneer commerce, does not show a like development, for all its paved streets and fort ruins.

This romance of olden Shipscott, comes within the line of antiquarian research, but despite all research, it is a romance still, and without a shred of tradition upon which to hang out one's wash. Much has been written, gleaned from the ancient chroniclers. Williamson is prolific, but as to the mural "remains"

he is unsatisfactory. That, he leaves as obscure as when he essayed the first word. As to any definite statement of time when the ruins, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century were plainly discernible, were begun, or of the period during which they were approaching their solidarity as homes for their builders, one has nothing. In a

BASIN BELOW SHEEPSCOT FALLS

matter of this kind it is easy to conjecture, but conjectures are like soap-bubbles, blown with a breath. This old settlement was on a neck of land, and it ran its entire length on the Sheepscot River and formed its eastern shore. The settlement began below what is now Sheepscot Bridge, and it extended perhaps a mile to its lowermost point. Opposite, at the mouth of the east branch of the Sheepscot is Burnt Island, and a little above the Falls of the

main waters of the Sheepscot is Dyer's Neck. Its actual location is the southwest extremity of New Castle; and across the water in the same direction, is the north-east corner of Wiscasset. If one sails out to Seguin, a course a little east of north will take one into the mouth of the Sheepscot River, which keeps about the same course inland, holding deep water even to Wiscasset. It is a beautiful stream, whether one goes up or down, for it is a broadly outspread water-way, rimmed with jagged masses of granite, or smoothed gradually shoreward by acres of marsh-grasses, while before, or behind, is the apparently interminable stretch of the tide. It is well worth the dilatory passage by sail-boat, so pleasurable are the impressions one gets from the constantly varying pictures that break upon the vision with every boat's length ahead. With every changing point of view there is something new, a jutting spur of gray rock, hooded with dusky pines, or the lively verdure of the deciduous woods, else barren and stark like a huge rib from which the elements have plucked its vesture of living green. Drowsy inlets, sleep-distilling cups, coves or indents, break the continous ripple of the ebb or flood that bends to the sinuous shores on either side.

One begins to note the progress of the journey to Sheepscot Farms at Griffith's head, and which is the western lintel of the river gateway, and which, just here, makes a span of three miles. With a twist of the helm and the wind abaft, or south by west one hears the churning of the water against the stem and

the spray flies in broken sheets. Cape Newagen, with the outlying Cuckolds, makes the eastern portal, and as to their physical disposition, they are as opposite as the two posts of a gate. Over the threshold as it were, one passes *Eb-nee-cook*, and Indiantown toward the sunrise, and on the other hand is Macmahan's Island that bars the inlet into Robin Hood Cove. On the right is a string of islands from

THE MOUTH OF THE OVENS

the size of a rock-heap to something larger, that lead up to Sawyer's and Barter's Islands. Old Sagadahoc Island, the present Georgetown, and the old Sasanoa of Champlain have been left on the west. At the upper end of Barter's Island, ten miles from Cape Newagen, Cross River seems to have split the Sheepscot in twain and to have taken a full half of its width

over into the Oven's Mouth to lend its picturesqueness to north Boothbay, while the Sheepscot narrows as it passes between ancient Squam Island to the west and Edgecomb on the east, to almost a third of its former volume. It is a five-mile sail through rugged landscapes, beset with the seamed walls and granite facings of beetling palisadoes, huge frowning stacks of rock, to Decker's Narrows, when there is a swift change in the *mise en scene*, for the stream bends squarely to the west to widen out somewhat opposite the site of old Fort Edgecomb.

Edgecomb has followed our sail all the way up from the Oven Mouth. Making this sharp turn, one is at the entrance into Wiscasset Bay. Here is a sheet of inland water environed by scenery of surpassing beauty. The shores are broken and roll away toward the circling horizon in gentle folds of verdure. The rough-walled river over which the voyager has found his way hither is left behind, and around Clough's Point is a parallel stream flowing to the sea down the west side of old Squam (Westport) by way of Montsweag Bay to the savage Sasanoa and the Arrowsic, farther down, and which mark the way of its first European explorer, for it was in July of 1605 that Champlain, under the pilotage of *Panounais*, followed the windings and twistings of these bewildering waters, that limn the skies and the shadows of their shores as tenderly as they did three hundred years ago.

Another twist of the helm, and one has left charming Wiscasset behind to make Flying Point to star-

board. Here, the stream, narrowing into the shape of a bent bow, flows with a swift strong current the soundings of which are of great depth. On the west, is Kane's Point where the river crags rise sheer to the height of almost a hundred feet where it is said was the home of an ancient settler by the name of Kane, whose cobble walls about his garden-patch are still to be discerned. And here, again, crops out the English liking for the beautiful in Nature, for tradition accords to his wife the planting here in the once wilderness, the narcissus, old England's Daffadowndilly, and which to this day hugs the grassy sward with English sturdiness, — the solitary, nodding, primrose-yellow,—

> "Daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty;"

to mutely challenge with their matchless hue, the wildling

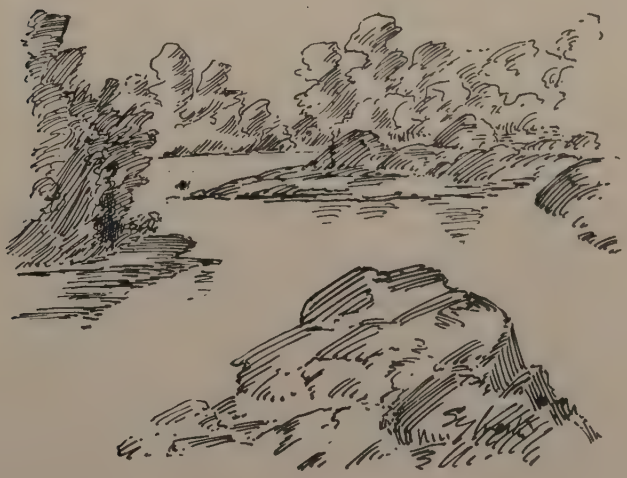
> "violets dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
> Or Cytherea's breath."

It is a beautiful tradition, this lingering touch of a woman's hand above these sparkling waters,

> "Beautiful as sweet!
> And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
> And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!"

to leave her prophecy of other springs to come, writ with a dainty flower.

A little beyond Kane's Point, the river opens into a broad sheet of water. On the west is Jackson's Landing where the old-time scout-path from Chewonki and the Hammond Garrison below, made the river. And just here is the inland bay of the ancient Sheepscot Farms. Passing the lower end of "Great



AMONG THE BURNT ISLANDS

Necke" the stream crooks and twists its way along the shore for a mile and a half to the tide falls, and which is a beautiful plateau elevated perhaps some twenty to thirty feet above the river, — an ideal spot, and rightly named, "The Garden of the East."

If one heads due east from the end of the old scout road, and across the bay, following the line of the ancient ferry that ended at what in its time was Stone

Wharf, now disintegrate and past locating by the present generation, the Burnt Islands are dead ahead. They are three in number, and were deeded to John Mason at whose house the Government of the County of Cornwall was set in motion when Duke James of York set up his little state at Pemaquid. The sagamores, Robinhood, Dick Swash and Jack Pudding were the grantors named in the deed which bore the date of "January 20th, 1652, and which was acknowledged before Walter Phillips, Recorder, and Nicholas Reynolds, Justice of the Peace. These islands are known as Wier's, Leeman's and Cunningham's, the last comprising a large farm. Leaving these islands behind, one enters the east branch known to the savages as the *Chevacobet*. It is now the Nichols River, across the outlet of which lie the burnt islands to make a delta of three mouths. Here is Crumbie's Reach, and between which and the main river of the Sheepscot, lie the "Farms," an extended and beautifully disposed peninsula. Whether one stops at "Puddle Dock" village on the west, or at the head of the long cove on the east where are the remains of the old saw-pit where it is asserted Sir William Phipps built a vessel in which "he brought off the people," when the Second Indian war broke over the heads of these isolated settlers, there is enough to interest and to occupy the attention, if one is no more than a mere lover of Nature, let alone the traditions that linger even in the woods where the corn-hills may be traced in mute yet rude hieroglyphics, and where the ungathered

harvest fell to the ground after the homes of the planters had blown away in clouds of heavy smoke, and the whoops of the savages had died away in the silence of the falling dusk of that fateful day.

In those days it was called New Dartmouth, but its popular appellation has been, Sheepscot Farms,

CRUMBIES REACH

which is preferable, with all its bucolic charm and suggestion which even now linger in the shapely domes of the elms that throw their gray shadows athwart the quiet acres, or cool the dust of the Sheepscot roads with empurpled outline, tempered with the moist breathings of the river winds that smell of the savory marshes on either hand. As for the Sheepscot, one may follow it as far as the north-

east corner of Whitefield, where it takes the out-flow of Patrickstown Pond. It is a beautiful stream, and the strange thing about it all is, that, with olden Pemaquid on the coast east of John's Bay, this settlement should have gone so far inland, as far away as the head of the tide. The disposition of its

PINES GROWING IN AN ANCIENT CELLAR

sister settlements was to keep to the sea, but here, in the depths of the wilderness, was a compact plantation, where to this day the hollows of thirty or more goodly-sized cellars may be counted, cellars that were well-stoned, and upon which it may be rightly assumed were placed substantial dwellings. Instead of the catted chimney of the original settler, the

chimneys of these houses were built of brick, the remains of which are abundant. The stones from these old cellars have been utilized in the building of more modern houses. At the north end of this old settlement is what appears to have been the foundation of a large structure, but under which were apparently no signs of a cellar. This, by some annalists has been supposed to have been the site of the church. If it was such, the community was certainly more religiously inclined than the average Province settlement of the time hereabout. The number of dwelling-sites proves the place to have occupied some time in its building, unless the first comers by a happy chance found the Neck cleared for them, which might have been the fact, as such openings were not uncommon, though of much inferior area. The Indians were planters, and this was Samoset's domain. Here may have been one of his planting-lands.

Old houses, the most ancient sort, are intensely interesting. They are suggestive greatly of the life that was once theirs, and with a clue in hand as to their original dwellers, whatever of the mystery of the lives they once knew, is not to be unraveled or rehabilitated, is to be imagined. They are good company, and one forgets the musty and dank odors that come with disuse and lack of occupancy, and conjures up their peoples, and one sits and dreams, and dreaming, listens, and listening is edified. Strange acquaintances one makes especially if there be a bit of the old-time furnishings about, if it be

nothing more than an old settle by the long unlighted hearth. Kindle a fire, and set the smoke to swirling up the black throat of the chimney, and the old wainscoated room is thronged with ghosts and they move about at their customed labors and one hears the pat of their leathern soles on the floors. The ancient spinning-wheel is a-whir and life goes like the flow of the river. The old clock that once stood on the landing at the turn of the wide stair has come out of the blank wall and ticks the minutes as it used to do,

> "And points and beckons with its hands
> From its case of massive oak,
> Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
> Crosses himself, and sighs,"

for the days when the master of the old rookery, — it was not an old rookery then, — kept its weights pulling, before it knew the touch of alien hands, when

> "His great fires up the chimney roared;
> The stranger feasted at his board, —"

and there were sounds of childish voices and of lightsome feet on the threshold.

These old way-marks on the road of life are fraught with pregnant message to the living, and wise is he who can wait a moment for the silence to weave its spell; for,

> "All houses where men have lived and died
> Are haunted houses. Through the open doors
> The harmless phantoms on their errands glide,
> With feet that make no sound upon the floors.

"We meet them at the doorway, on the stair,
Along the passages they come and go,
Impalpable impressions on the air,
A sense of something moving to and fro."

There is a strain of the superstitious following at the heels of every man, and he oftentimes looks behind to see who is following, but he sees nothing; and then again he hears a voice, low and almost inaudible at his ear, and he stops to listen, but the spirit has gone on, and it is his loss that he has not caught the subtle message of the air. If one thinks of these strange subtleties of

"The spirit-world around this world of sense,"

and that

"Floats like an atmosphere,"

of constant companionship, one gets to be a mystic and a dreamer; but to the crude intelligence comes the dread of seeing things in the uncanny hours of the night, to shrink at the sense of chill that oozes out the roots of the hair like the currents from so many Leyden jars. Most people don't really like old houses, and it has ever seemed to me that it is because of this sensing of the intangible. As for myself, I never cross the threshold of one of these relics of a former activity, but I think of the Witch of Endor and wonder not at the strange doings charged to the unfortunates who made the little hill in old Salem infamous.

If by chance the old iron crane spans the fireplace,

the mental picture is complete, and one says with the poet,

> "The lights are out, and gone are all the guests
> That thronging came with merriment and jests
> To celebrate the Hanging of the Crane
> In the new house, — into the night are gone,
> But still the fire upon the hearth burns on,"

JOSEPH GLIDDEN MANSE

but fed by stranger hands, and yet the fire burns.

But here, about these ancient dwelling-places of a by-gone people whose coverings of wood have dissembled into a like dust with themselves, the task is more difficult. If one sees these houses at all, it is to see through and beyond them the tangible things of to-day, the fields and the woods, the reaches of tide-

waters, the dank flats, and above the horizon of the tree-tops the marge of the low-dropping skies.

Huge trees grow in these old cellars, years old, and it is remembered that in the early part of the 19th Century, 1817, a huge pine was felled that grew in one of the ancient cellars, the rings upon whose immense trunk indicated an age of a hundred years and more; and by which is wrought a record written by Nature more emphatic and more reliable than much that men write of such long-gone doings. The supposition is legitimate and logical that this stalwart of the Sheepscot woods was germinated in the ashes of the Indian raids of the latter part of the seventeenth century, and that the cellar through which its pronged roots ramified, were contemporary with those on either side of it. Here in this shaft was the memorial which had escaped the torch of the savage, and which was to become to future generations a calendar of ancient date, and on whose broad base the cycles of the years were kept in veritable circles. It is from this old pine one reckons backward, and if one could only read between the lines to discover how long that pine seed had lain dormant in the ground before the pindling germ broke into the sunlight, another link might be added to the chain.

At the foot of the long cove the river makes an abrupt turn and one steers for Woodbridge's Point. This is on the left, and the entrance of the Cavesisix is a mile farther away to the north. This is one of the three branches thrown off by the Nichols which has its rise in Cook's Pond in Jefferson. In upper

New Castle this stream is known as the Great Meadow Brook, which is suggestive of strings of speckled trout, wet feet, and a hungry stomach. One can see from even this far perspective its sienna-dyed shallows, and catch the ripple of its endless song, and one sighs for a rod and a well-wound reel, a leader of good stout gut, and a dozen of ganged Kirbys, rather than the smooth nib of a romancer's quill.

BRICKYARD COVE

A short bit up the Cavesisix is the site of the old mill where was ground the corn for the planters of the Sheepscot farms, perhaps. It was frequented by the settlers of a later time, and its stout dam protrudes from either bank of the stream in its original solidity. Through the middle pours the water with a laugh and a chuckle and a sunny glint that is refreshing. The drowsy quiet of the mill-pond is choked with the brush and the reeds that have found a rich repast in its sediment, and where once the bittern boomed and the heron screamed, the song-birds twitter and gossip. Nothing of the mill is left unless there may be a bit of a broken burr-stone half buried

in the jungle of blackberry vines that climbs the steep bank in riant profusion. The miller has gone the way of the old-fashioned leather bags which he once filled with the wooden scoop, the threshold by which he sat in patient waiting for his customer who found his bag heavy to his shoulder, and the trail to the mill longer than he thought; but those were rugged days, and there was no faltering or looking backward. The star of Hope was before, else they had not been here opening up this wild country.

Back again to Phipps' Cove one is in an atmosphere of ancient things, for here is the ship yard where many vessels have been built and launched; but if one wishes to get a bird's-eye view of the place so impregnated with romance and tradition, he must needs take the highway to Sheepscot Bridge and cross over to the highlands on Dyer's Neck, and with a look down from this eyre of rocky steeps in the direction of Edgecomb, he will note the basin of the olden Sheepscott Farms almost at his feet. Here, is a mingling of land and water-scape that is akin to the Land of Enchantments. The old highway lays along the length of the lofty ridge of Dyer's Neck and from this magnificent outlook, as one who

> "Stood up in his stirrups,
> Looking up and looking down
> On the hills of Gold and Silver
> Rimming round the little town, —
>
> "On the river, full of sunshine,
> To the lap of greenest vales
> Winding down from wooded headlands,
> Willow-skirted, white with sails.

"And he said, the landscape sweeping
Slowly with his ungloved hand,
'I have seen no prospect fairer
In this goodly Eastern land,'"

so say I, with the grit of this old highway under my feet. But how much different from that day one is ever trying to recall, with so many traditions knocking at his ear, when there was

"Only here and there a clearing,
With its farmhouse rude and new,
And the tree-stumps, swart as Indians,
Where the scanty harvest grew!"

The only touches of Nature hereabout that have ever remained the same are the "great solt marshe," the waters that ebb and flow in and out their reedy beds, the gray piles of granite that tower above the west shore of the Sheepscot two hundred feet in air, and the huge spine of rock beyond Woodbridge Point.

So exhilarating is the profusion of Nature's beauteous riches that like the boy on the great beams of the barn about to take a long leap into the haymow that seemed so far below, one swings his arms as if to span the space between his foothold and the verdurous sward across the Sheepscot where once the olden houses stood, and where now may beacounted many of their foot-prints. Here in the aboriginal days were the great hunting-grounds, for along the marshes are abundant signs of beaver; there are remains of ponds, huts and dams in all the streams adjacent, and the sites of their houses are

as plainly to be discerned as are those of the old Dutch farmer who watched them at their work, perhaps. These were famous salmon streams, and here were beds of oysters and clams. Herring came up to the Falls in great shoals, and, occasionally, a huge whale came chasing after. Myriads of seals sunned themselves on the ledges left bare by the tide, as they do to this day, and bark through the

JOB'S HILL, SITE OF BLOCK HOUSE

silences of the summer nights. Over the marshes trooped the ducks in solid platoons, to be harrowed up by the wild geese that sought the succulent grasses and the wild solitudes of those early days. It was a land of plenty, and all that was needed by the settler was bread, the fruit of the soil. Otherwise Nature supplied his larder with duck, teal, brant; the wildwood was thronged with the red deer and

the more unwieldly bear, and a steak from either was no rarity. Oysters were served as best pleased the palate in those Epicurean days, and one did not wait for a holiday dinner to grace his table with a luscious salmon, a gamesome wildfowl; nor was he observant of the close-time on deer, but all these delicacies were almost at his door. It was a land of fatness, a garden-spot, inland from the sea less than twenty miles, this land of the great Samoset.

One, in his nosing about these old places, is ever desirous of getting at that which is of the greatest interest at once, and perhaps one's jaunt about or over the "Necke" is best begun at its lower extremity in the vicinity of the site of the Old Stone Wharf. It takes an old resident to locate the wharf, but it was there once on a time and was probably built after the fashion of the ancient quays,— of cobbled timbers, and which were ballasted with stone of all sizes. There are such to be seen at old Kittery that were built by the first Pepperrell and that date back to around 1630. On the river bank close by the site of the wharf, one is on the edge of a gently-sloping field. There is a small cellar close by, and one can look up the expanse of verdure that is hemmed in by the broidery of trees that hug the shelving scarp of the river. This circling rim of tree-tops makes an excellent wind-break for the house that stands to the northeast, this side of which, tradition says there was an old orchard, and whose ancient Black Heart cherry-trees through their seedlings, bear a lucious fruit with each coming June. Beyond this, a gunshot,

is a nearly-filled cellar of considerable size, perhaps thirty-five feet square on its foundation line; south

SPRING-WELL, SPRING-WELL COVE

of this another depression of equal extent shows where stood another house. To the right-hand is a spring. A shallow well was dug here when these houses were

erected whose only remains are the hollows in the green sward, and from it flows a living stream of sweet water that bubbles and boils, and purls over its rim of stone, and which was never known to fail in the severest drouth. The adjacent dent in the shore is known as Spring Well Cove, and here came the sailors for their water. Less than fifty feet east of this spring is a cellar perhaps fifteen feet square, wherein, several years ago was found a silver ladle, which is in the possession of the Sewall family of Wiscasset.

According to Cushman, the main street extended from the southern extremity of the Neck to its northern bound, and he says that "two hundred and thirty-three rods from the Southern point was a street that crossed the long street at right angles, and ran from the Eastern to the Western branch of the Sheepscot." That there was another street that ran parallel with this main street between it and the Sheepscot shore. There was another road led off from the upper part of the Neck toward the old grist-mill on the Cavesisix.

Getting back to the neighborhood of the perennially flowing fountain, a little way to the small level place northeast, was what has been supposed to have been the trading-post. Here, was a stone floor of considerable area. Before it was laid bare, some ten or twelve inches of soil concealed it, but upon removing the soil a stone was found upon which were graved figures and hieroglyphics. One can see it in the cellar-wall of a more modern house in the vicinity. It was used in the construction of the

foundation. It would have made a much better curio for a historic museum. Many quaint things in metal, things which passed through the fire, have been picked up: coins of copper; antique Dutch

A VILLAGE STREET

pipes; and many of them, as if they were kept as a stock in trade; broken crockery in quantities; glass slag; masses of rusty iron and collections of oxydization, and all in such considerable quantities as to suggest the trading-house rather than the limited

supply needed for domestic and culinary use. There was no excavation, only the floor which was once apparently on a level with the threshold, and which was laid with much art, with even joints, so it "required a heavy team and much labor to break it out."

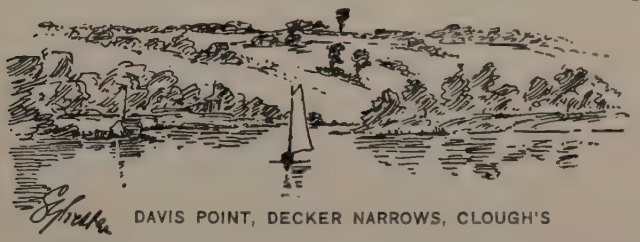
It seems something akin to vandalism to make so ordinary a disposition of those mural relics. But it would have done no harm to have left those stone floors intact, except that those few square feet would have added no increment of grass for the cattle, and yet as a show-place, it would have been worth something if a man were disposed to be mercenary. Such things are of historic value, and the scholar of antiquities has some right of research. But these later days might well be called the Mercenary Age, such is the frenzy for accumulation, — and one way well ask, to what end?

The dimensions of the ploughed-up stone floor were unnoted at the time. To the man who ploughed it from its long resting-place, it was nothing but stones, just cumberers of the ground, ground made sacred by associations which only the mystic might value and interpret. It was a sordid act, to remind one of that impoverished soul to whom

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.
>
> "The soft blue sky did never melt
> Into his heart; he never felt
> The witchery of the soft blue sky."

At least, one memorial of those far days, one perfect memento, might have been cherished, and it is unfortunate that it was not.

South of the old supposed trading-house, is a wharf of solid stone, of the sort made by Nature, with plenty of water at ebb of tide. This was used as an ancient landing, undoubtedly, as it might be to-day. It is a natural curiosity and reminds one of the natural wharf of stone at New Harbor. Nature is a master-builder, for the ice has swept away the old Stone Wharf of the ancients long



DAVIS POINT, DECKER NARROWS, CLOUGH'S

years ago, but here is a massive buttress swedged into the shore which makes no note of elemental forces.

But one keeps on up the gentle slope to find one's self on the King's Highway of old, which is said to be the most ancient road in Maine over which the present travelling public may go and come. Where this old highway now comes to an end is plainly to be seen the traces of a cross-road or street, of ample width, and which runs nearly east and west. Here one is met by the slender barrier of a fence like what two generations ago people were wont to set up about their domiciles, and right here is the hollow where was once the cellar of old "Kit" Woodbridge,

and which was covered by a stout log-cabin, and who had for a help-meet the daughter of old settler Tappan, who was once the proprietor of the surrounding acres. Through the gate in the fence, a wide vista of past events is opened to one; for here is the old way over which these old dwellers came and went in the hey-day of their safe and prosperous times. The grass grows in the old street, and the foot-prints of its once familiars are obliterated, so far as one may see them with the mortal eye, but they are still here, and one likes to think of the once dwellers along its length, as even now going up and down from sunrise to sundown. One would like to see them as they used to frequent it, and to stop them, for a cordial hand-shake, and a gentle word of greeting.

Turn your back to the down-flowing waters of the Sheepscot, that hurry to the sea with the out-going tide, and let your vision stretch out slightly east of north by the compass, and above the rounded tops of the trees over a mile away, the pallid spire of the church points straight into the sky. It is a beautifully idyllic picture and is quite English in its aspect, and suggestive of the "quiet life."

There is much to interest and much to think of when one recalls the earliest period of the history of this environment, for all along this tree-embowered road are the signs of an occupancy, so far off and so strange, that one seems in the land of dreams. All along this King's Highway were the homes of an unknown, unrecorded people. On either side were

dwellings and garden-plots wherein grew the old-fashioned blooms that one sees even now in the gardens of some of the remnants of elder times, and from their red chimneys curled away the contented smokes to blend with the invisible airs heavy with the scents of the wildwood.

A bit away from the house by this gate is a knoll, and on its slender peak is an ample hollow where once

A BIT OF WISCASSET

was stored the garner of the fields, but which is now a dump for stones and farm débris, which has been located as the once dwelling-place of Thomas Gent. This is a conjecture, but he is supposed to have had his home somewhere near the end of the King's Highway. From it one has a singularly picturesque outlook. It is said that this cellar has never been excavated, and no one knows what treasures of

ancient relics may here be concealed. Looking out toward the sunrise was once a gateway of the style affected by the aristocracy of the earlier colonists. Johnston says it is "broken down now and filled up level," writing of it twenty years ago; and he makes the query, "What was it for?" He concludes it must have been a "timber fortress, or a block-house, with a stockade around below its own level." From the location of this old cellar, its site was a commanding one, covering even the river-channel. From this to old Fort Anne, or Garrison Hill, it is a mile and over, and apparently the most available spot for a strenuous defence, — but Johnston concludes that, after all, it may have been the dwelling-place of settler Gent. Those were days when every man's house was his castle, in truth and in necessity, though it is apparent at that time, very little danger was to be apprehended from the aborigine. The savage came and went at will, going in and out these dwellings at his pleasure, and from a sense of good policy, this familiarity was acquiesced in by the settlers. They were times of peace when the skies were clear, and the winds were not befouled by the smokes of burning roofs, and their monodies unshattered by the discordant yells and wild tumult of Castine's savage hordes mingled with the cries of their helpless victims.

Adjacent, but a bit further on, is another depression. Here is the site of another old dwelling. In size it compares with that accorded to Thomas Gent. Still further and somewhat to the left, is a wet place, the outlet to which flows westward to the river, and

locally known as High Bog, and was doubtless a watering-place for the herds of the settlers. It is now a muddy place, despite its being a spring, and more resembles a stagnant water-pool than anything else. To the eastward of this are five to six acres of ripe soil, of rich color and suggestive of great fertility. There are no hollows here, but a young growth of deciduous woods that run to the bank of the stream. It is said that the corn-rows could be distinguished here as late as 1820, and so it was called the "Garden." The settlers maintained in those days some semblance of solidarity in the assembling of their homes, and had their planting-lands at some distance, or wherever it was most convenient in matter of ownership and improvement. Doubtless the same condition prevailed at this ancient settlement, as it seems to have been compact and orderly in its arrangement.

On the river-front is a landing which lays at about the middle of this wood-lot, and here is water of good depth and a gentle current. Twenty rods away from this, the outer line of the woodland is passed and here is a well-defined cellar, and over the edge of which the trees lean, hiding it in their cooling shadows. There is a strong probability that the road ran much nearer this once settler's home, keeping its way straight down to the trading-house. Close by is a mud-hole of somewhat higher elevation than High Bog, and which is distinguished as Spring Pond Bog. It is of no particular importance, only that it is a landmark, and has some likelihood of having been a watering place as there stones

about its rim that were placed there by men for some purpose, as their quantity and disposition would indicate. It is now a waste place in Nature, a nursery for brambles and low bushes. It has ever been the same since the memory of men, and is like to so remain.

Holding one's post of observation at the corner of the wood-lot, and drawing the line of the vision straight across this old spring-hole, a little way beyond, is a goodly-sized hollow where was once another old cellar, and which is being slowly obliterated, though readily discernible, while, close by and still to the north, were several other sites of former cellars almost obliterated a generation ago, but well remembered by the habitues of the vicinity. It is evident that here was a street passing between these remains of a former civilization which extended west to the Sheepscot where the remains of numerous other foundations may be seen by a search among the jungle of bush and briar that have usurped their once fair domain. Keeping on twenty rods further one stumbles upon the remains of an old well, now filled to the brim with stone, probably to keep the unwary, or the straying cattle from falling into its unexplored depths. A wise precaution, surely; but one would like to see the red-cheeked lass who once pulled its bended sweep over its deeps wherein the glory of the sky was painted, or that mirrored the gentle face of childhood as it peered with curious and awesome glance into its moss-broidered lips.

Still further on, almost as far again, is a cellar with a tradition to remind one of the days of Captain Kidd, for here is where many moons ago the treasure-seekers came with their shovels to dig for its supposed hidden treasure. Who lived in this house? Was he the money-lender, the Shylock of the olden community, or was here the Treasury-house, the domicile of the tax-collector? It was evidently the Treasure Island of the place, for there seem to be no other traces of the money-diggers. Whether anything ever came of this divining-rod enterprise, is not recorded. There seems to be a serious hiatus in the tradition, for there are no hints of untoward disturbances by uneasy spirits, no spells of witches, if ever there were such.

> "No more the unquiet churchyard dead
> Glimpse upward from their turfy bed,
> Startling the traveller late and lone;
> As on some night of starless weather,
> They silently commune together,
> Each sitting on his own head-stone!
> The roofless house decayed, deserted,
> Its living tenants all departed,
> No longer rings with midnight revel
> Of witch, or ghost, —"

and if ever there were stories of such, they are gone the way of the money-diggers and their eagerly-sought, or mis-begotten gains. It may be that the witch's ring is the circle of six pits about a central one, that are apparent in the ground near by. Here is the mysterious and charmed number of seven, a figure to conjure by, but conjure as one may, the

void of circumstances is unfilled, and one can only wonder, and wondering, subdue his sharp regret.

A little way from this fairy circle, these seven holes in the ground, and where the river makes an inward curve, is another of these ghosts of old houses, for as one stands by its rim of cellar gaping upward to the sun, the sills are laid, the frame goes up, and the roof is on, and under the dropping eaves trails a hop-vine with Bacchanalian wantonness. Tall hollyhocks touch the window-caps and the door is wide open to the sun, and looks out upon the rushing tide. There is a whir of a spinning wheel, and the master of the house sits by the threshold smoking one of those queer Dutch pipes like what were picked up when the floor of the old trading-post was unearthed, long-stemmed and as ruddy as a sunset. There are children playing by the door and their gay laughter or childish prattle keeps accompaniment to the whistle of the robins in the towering elm that stands by one gable, and throws over the thatch a hatching soft of shadows that dance with the wind. I am about to ask the old man something of the story of the old place but hardly are the words framed upon my lips than the picture has vanished, and I am gazing across a sightless, eyeless, voiceless indent in the green grasses that grow lush and riant, as if underneath all was the secret mystery of an unseen life.

Going down the slope toward the gate through which we came, and here Nature again assumes her sway, for the wheel-track is hedged with the odorous spills of the pine, right here within a half stone's

throw, is another hollow choked with bushes. Westward from the highway is a stretch of meadow-lands, and near its lower end is an ample cellar, and in the near vicinity many others which seem to follow a line as if set upon a street, the trend of which is toward the Sheepscot, and which, evidently, held its old-time way from stream to stream. Close by, is a cellar that is something like. It is large, and shows an L with stone cellar-walls and fairly well-preserved underpinning of good stone. It has been excavated, and was found to contain some excellent specimens of the bricks of which the chimneys were constructed; and here was a mass of fused bricks indicating a different material possibly from those manufactured in these days, or even a century ago. Perfect specimens were taken out of the débris, and suggest Dutch origin, as if they were shipped here from some foreign port. A well-laid stone floor was uncovered, and Johnston says they were good flag, "nicely jointed, laid solid and water-tight in blue clay," of which there is none in the roundabout country. "The underpinning was faced up with great bricks, nicely laid." "Fragments of fused glass, plain, and finely irridescent; bits of porcelain, crockery, potter's ware, a house-key, spoons, fragments of charred oak, nicely preserved; all sorts of iron tool remains," were found here. If one had the art of an Agrippa, one could restore these to their pristine perfection and dispose of them as they were wont to be, and what a home-like tale would be theirs!

It was close by, near Brick-yard Cove, where was an ancient place for the burning of bricks. Even the kilns are to be located in the bush, and Johnston says: "No bricks have been made here within the memory of man, and tradition is silent." Close by are the remains of an old reservoir from which the water was taken for the mixing of the clay and sand. This is overgrown with bushes, and is a suggestive

BRICKYARD COVE

relic of a former industry, as old as the bondage of the Israelites in Egypt and the elder Assyrians. Here was found one perfect specimen of dark "cherry red." Could one hold it as one would

"the stone of Doctor Dee,"

weird pictures would appear within its angles; but it is as

"Dead as the letter of the Pentateuch,
As Eygpt's statues cold,"

and marvel as one may, it is, after all, nothing but an old brick, but wherein are limned the streets of the olden village, and as

> "through the veil of a closéd lid
> The ancient worthies I see again:
> I hear the tap of the elder's cane,
> And his awful periwig I see
> And the silver buckles of shoe and knee,"

and as the vision strays beyond, out of the green domes that mark the village green,

> "springs the village spire
> With the crest of its cock in the sun afire;
> Beyond are orchards and planting-lands,
> The great salt marshes and glimmering sands,
> And where, north and south,"

the Sheepscot runs, blinking and shrinking as the tide goes out, like a twisted shred stripped from the blue of the sky.

Keeping to the skeleton of the old street, one comes to the twin cellars, that tell the story of the cherished daughter of the household, whose wedding gift was a new house adjoining the old, and where the old and the new life mingled and fused, to flow on like the Nichols and the Sheepscot, a strong, steady current, while the little ones came like so many brooks down the hillside to bound into the greater stream, swelling the sun of life; but these hollows are studded with trees, Nature's kindly touch, to screen these old places from the rough winds that sometimes blow off the river, and as well lend their

welcome shade to these twin graves of olden traditions. These slopes are dotted with these graves of olden lives; for a score or more are to be counted in the immediate vicinity, and the further up the Neck one makes his way, the more of these ghosts of other days he is able to enumerate, until the wall-space of his mental picture-gallery is fully occupied.

Perhaps a quarter of a mile from the twin cellars is the site of the old smithy, and perhaps this worker in iron lived across the way, for opposite the place where the anvil sang its song and the good-natured smith whistled some old Dutch croon, while the birds in the near-by foliage kept him cheerful company, was another ghost of a cellar. Here was likewise, of a peradventure, the gossip-shop of the community where the news of the day was retailed, and it need not have been meagre in quantity or importance. The site is to be as definitely located as if the old fellow were there to this day pounding out his nails for the boarding of the houses and the shoeing of the cattle, if there were any to be shod, which is doubtful. Here is a place pregnant with the romance of the day; for here was the work-house of the artisan in metals, and who knows but he was a Flemish worker, whose cranes and andirons were turned with deft skill, and of which one would like a pair for his own library fire-place, a pair of daintily-hammered Mercurys to take a message back to those days to John Mason, or Kit Woodbridge, by wingéd post, marked, — "Answer." But what stout old cranes to span the wide chimneys of the day, and to hold on their

pot-hooks the steaming viands for those great families who were wont to cluster about the home board! Listen, — one hears the tinkle of the hammer, and what a roulade of musical notes comes as the hammer falls to the anvil after that good stout blow! One picks up a bit of the slag that came from his

THE MARIE ANTOINETTE HOUSE, EDGECOMB

forge and puts it to his ear, as if it were a conch-shell that held all the sounds of the sea, and sure enough, here are the wheeze of the huge leather bellows and the lively crackle of the sea-coal that smacks of the Cornish mines.

Crossing the foot of the meadow at the head of Sheepscot Cove and following what was an ancient

cross-street over the now almost obliterated corduroy, one is in the midst of these semi-mortuary relics, for here is a dozen of the hollows within a stone's throw, and each one has been turned by Nature, and the neglect of man, into a great jar, after the fashion of the Japanese, in which are growing trees and dwarf verdure. The stumps of what were once great pines moulder in some of them, and all indicate room and substantial dwellings. Their timbers were of oak, held together with mortice, tennon and pin, and they were without a doubt of the same style of architecture, two-story, with low gables, as the old house Margery Bray romped over, where Landlord Bray entertained, and which one may see along the Kittery shore, keeping sedate companionship with the ancient Pepperrell manse. The Bray house was built between 1620 and 1630 and is a finely preserved specimen of the dwelling affected by the prosperous settler of the day. As one looks it up and down, and about, one may easily rebuild this ancient Sheepscot Farms, for houses in those days were patterned very much alike. There were no Richardsons who used up days and months, incubating the plans for Libraries and Memorial Halls, whose beautiful lines and massive effects were wrought from the intangible and elusive stuffs from which dreams are made; but carpenters were numerous, and if one could plan a hen-coop, expanding the idea proportionately, one could build a house; nor was it built in a day, with its carved wainscotings; low, broad fire-mantels; stair-cases whose fluted hand-

rails were upheld by pilasters of fairy-like delicacy, and whose spirals were the grace-lines of a perfect circle; and over the outer entrance to which was the graceful ellipse wrought into the semblance of an out-spread fan, or other quaint and intricate device, and all with the rude tools of the time, when endurance as well as a modicum of artistic skill, with a factor. Perhaps the best specimen extant in Maine is the Sparhawk Manse in Kittery, which was built

DECKER'S NARROWS, SQUAM ISLAND

by Sir William Pepperrell as a wedding-gift to his daughter who married Colonel Sparhawk in the days when the royal prestige was at its apex in the Maine Province, and when Sir William was a Baronet, indeed, and when Sir William Phips was the Royal Governor of Massachusetts.

And, this allusion to Sir William Phips reminds one that close by the ancient brick-yard is an old saw-pit, where Cargill found the plank of oak and

the fresh saw-dust, which is known as Phipps' saw-pit, and where it is supposed that the plank were whipped out for the first ship built here. These plank were about two feet below the surface of the ground, and it is supposed that they formed the bottom of the pit. The tradition anent the place is, that, when the settlers realized the danger of further delaying their departure from a locality so exposed to savage attack, they dug a pit which they made the repository of their dishes of pewter, along with other treasures and valuables which made up the sum of their portable possessions, and then went away in the ship which young Phipps had just completed as the first Indian war broke.

Andros wrote of the fort at New Castle, "Most of the men drawn off and others debarked, they saved their officer and carried him to Boston and thereupon the fort was deserted." This, however, was in reference to the onslaught of 1689–90. Sheepscot was first burned in September of 1676, but with the ratification of the peace of 1678, the settlers returned, and for the following decade were left to pursue their customed and peaceful avocations.

There were the fields and the old cellars, a stark picture,— two years before, a fine prospect of cosy roofs, tree-sheltered along a highway where they found the grass growing rank in the ruts, and of those who went away, many never returned. The *cache*, where were hidden the household treasures two years before, could not be located, and it is supposed they are hidden away somewhere under the

sward of old Sheepscot even yet. Disputes arose over boundary lines, and titles were in doubt. Some sold, and others abandoned their rights, and the Government was asked to confirm the titles. In April 1682, our old friend, Henry Jocelyn who had located at Pemaquid as one of the agents of the Duke of York, granted the Sheepscot settlers a tract of land which he named New Dartmouth, and which was of greater extent than the original settlement, and which on the west was bounded by the Sheepscot, but which included the present town of Alna to the eastward, or a part of it. The verbatim description of this grant is unique, and is valuable as giving the old-time nomenclature of the boundary land-marks. It reads:

"On ye South to ye Sea; On ye North to ye Country; On ye East with ye River known by ye name of Damaras Cotte, as also with ye fresh Pond, at ye head of Said River, and so into ye Country; and on ye West bounding upon ye Great Island of Saccadahoc, and so through Batesman's Gutt into ye Sea South and by West; and also Upward from Batesman's Gutt Into ye Country to ye Great falles, and from thence to Great Monsicoage fales; and from thence a north and by West lyne into ye Country as per Platt will appear."

It was here, at the old Neck, Henry Jocelyn laid out the new town upon the ruins of the old, and undoubtedly along the olden King's Highway upon which one finds one's self amid these musings upon the subsequent happenings hereabout. This old

road declines gently northward where was old Fort Anne. In Cargill's barn-yard the first stone-floor was laid bare, from which westward, across the highway are other ghosts of the past, hollow upon hollow, in the velvety sward of the fields. A gun-shot up the road is the site of Fort Anne where the old Phillips' Cart-path started in to trail away toward the Damariscotta River beside which Phillips lived. This ancient trail is travelled to-day, and runs past the place where the old mill-wheel on the Cavesisix, invisible, turns upon its ponderous axle,

> As out the meadows winding down
> With lazy loiter the waters come,
> Cleaving the Autumn woodlands brown,
> Waking their echoes, while blithely hum
> The bees amid the gentian bloom,
> And the yellow sunlight, soft and still,
> Shoots from the mill-pond's bended bow
> An arrow into the eaves of the mill, —
>
> A silver shaft, — to light the way
> To the swallow's house of straw and clay,
> Shaped like the leathern bottles, old,
> That in Ali Baba's court-yard lay.
> While splashing, dashing, turns the wheel
> Over and over, and round and round
> Whirl the stones to the golden rune
> Writ by the sun on the planting-ground.

Walter Phillips, Recorder of the Cornwall Court, says, — "Mason lived a few rods south of the fort." The cellar at the northeast corner where Phillips' Cart-path comes into the King's Highway, is supposed to be the location of the famous house where

John Mason lived, and where the machinery of the administration of Duke James was set in motion, and whose agents are credited with the introduction of the Dutch element into the settlement. They may have come here before, but it is doubtful.

Here upon the site of Fort Anne one is overlooking the prospect. If one swings upon his heel, making

GARRISON HILL

the circle of the horizon the perspective of his vision, he finds himself at the apex of the locality. From his feet the lands slope easily. Here are the lintels through which are borne the frail shades of those who have passed on into the land which Moses saw from Pisgah's lofty heights, for this slope westward is God's Acre. This Sheepscot cemetery is, despite

its cold staring stones, an inviting place, and fraught with historic memories. Here were the earthworks and trenches of the fort practically at this day obliterated. It is recalled by some that years ago an arch of masonry, brick, was to be seen here, but it is now buried in the grading, which was an unfortunate oversight on the part of the towns-people. It should have been preserved and properly protected as a part of the public property. It would have brought its own reward in the increased interest in historic matters peculiarly pertinent to the local pride. It is only another glaring instance of "primrose" culture.

This site of Fort Anne was a commanding one. It swept the scene and all the approaches to the Neck looking down the King's Highway, but a little less than an eighth of a mile to the north is Garrison Hill. Here are the church and the public school, but long before their foundations were laid, it was occupied by a considerable fortification, much more extensive than Fort Anne, but only the tracings of its stockade outlines are left to wind along the grassy slopes; as to its story, they are silent. Like the stones in the burying-ground on the hill-slopes of Fort Anne, these shades of old houses thicken about one's feet as one strolls down the west side of the peninsula. According to Johnston, within a space of two hundred and fifty-four acres, there are between eighty and ninety cellars to be counted as indicating the number of substantial domiciles once known as the Sheepscot Farms. It was an ideal

situation with easy access to the sea, in the midst of rich arable lands, and equipped with mills and the tools to carry on their virgin husbandries.

It was a fertile field for the rapacities of Palmer and West under the like rapacious administration of Andros, and whose ancient titles derived from Samoset to John Brown, and that from Robin Hood, Dick

OLD CEMETERY, SITE OF FORT ANNE

Swash and Jack Pudding to John Mason were summarily abrogated to institute a system of robbery. Indian deeds were "the scratch of a bear's paw," and to procure a new title involved perchance a charge of thirty pounds. These titles, however, were but leases, one hundred and forty-six of which were made for New Dartmouth lands alone in the sixteen months of the Andros régime.

New Dartmouth enjoyed a peace of ten years. New lands had been cleared. The Dutch were soon acclimated, and new houses were constantly being built. The herds increased; ships hugged the landing, or lay out in the stream waiting for their cargoes. In the midst of all this prosperity, the pedant James was a fugitive from his throne. France was his asylum, while William of Orange had landed at Torbay, 1688, and the Catholic tyranny in England and in the colonies was at an end. France espoused the cause of James II., and then came the battle of the Boyne, 1690. The French to the eastward and about the Penobscot began to stir themselves, and the savages with their encouragement were again upon the war-path, and the atrocities of 1676–8 were renewed upon the English settlers.

This second installation of French and Indian savagery began at North Yarmouth in the midsummer of 1688. Following this, the cabins of the settlers about Merrymeeting Bay were burned, and their occupants driven off or killed. The fifth of September following, the savages appeared at Sheepscot, where they made captives of the Smith family, after which, for some reason, they drew off into the woods, but the warning was sufficient. Before night, the settlement, with the exception of the family of Edward Taylor, was safely housed within the garrison-house which has been described as Fort Anne. When the savages returned for more captives, they found the settlers had sought the safety of the fort, and a little later clouds of smoke from the abandoned

dwellings swept across the Neck, and their herds were driven into the wilderness or slaughtered in the pastures.

Then came a spell of siege, and if only the provisions would suffice their needs, they might escape the axe of the savage. As a last resort, they began the building of a small vessel. Using every precaution for personal safety, working by stealth as they could, the timber was cut and conveyed to the shore, where they wrought busily as the days went, while the spinners spun, and the weavers at the old hand-loom threw their wooden shuttles, meanwhile the webs grew, out of which were to be made the sails for the little craft. At last, from keel to monkey-rail the pinnace was complete. Only the masts were to be stepped and the main-boom rigged, and that was the work of the next day. Hardly had the dusk fallen, than the ruddy flames broke through her deck. An Indian torch had done its devilish errand, and the labors of the settler were again in ashes. But the settler is not yet at the end of his wits, for a forlorn hope of *one* has started for Boston through the pathless wilderness, beset with danger and foreboding of lurking evil, compass in pocket, a pouch of corn at his belt, his trusty musket on his arm, and the silence of the fort goes on and the savages watch from their leafy coverts for the prey about which their web is well-woven. The days go slowly, but the garrison keeps to the inner walls.

Each morn dawns like the last, — but no! There is a shot of a heavy gun down-stream. It booms

over the woodlands to roll away up-river with redoubling echoes. The stockade is crowded with eager faces, not one but is turned to the bend in the stream below the Burnt Islands. Boom, — as if a bolt had split the sky, and away fly the echoes up-river. Above the tops of the trees where the river turns

OLD BLOCK HOUSE, EDGECOMB

away, is a pillar of smoke, — a prophecy that the days of their bondage are counted. Then the small arms of the fort are made ready for a salute, and the muskets crack, and their smokes roll away. An English cheer comes down the wind, and a glistening white sail, as beautiful as the first Mayflower of the springtide, bursts the thrall of the wooded stream.

It was the return of the forlorn hope with ample

succor of troops, and an abundance of supplies; and but for a cruel trick practiced upon the savages, the bursting of a cannon which wrought a swift havoc among their dusky forms, the settlers might have remained, to have been cut off later by savage treachery. As it was, they hastened into the ship that had sailed down from Boston, to up anchor, and with the out-flowing tide drift down beyond the bend in the river, their last look backward over Sheepscot Neck blurred by the smokes of the burning garrison left behind.

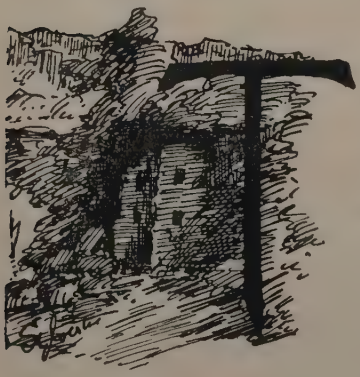
Who the man was who went to Boston overland through the woods with his compass in his pocket, his musket upon his arm, threading his way with the foot-fall of the lynx, is unknown, but the deed and the occasion

"make the hero and the man complete."

For the span of a life time the history of New Dartmouth was a tale of the barren and unkempt wilderness; but the romance and the tragedy of the Sheepscot Farms were rounded out in 1676, when the old fort that stood at the entrance of New Castle's Land of Shades was obliterated.

THE PRIEST OF NANRANTSOUAK

THE PRIEST OF NANRANTSOUAK



THE story of Sebastian Ralé, the last Priest of Nanrantsouak, is colored by a life of zealous labor and aceticism, withal a great tragedy. He was a member of an order once powerful and feared, and in its earliest days known as The Company of Jesus, to whom Calvin gave the sobriquet of "Jesuits," a name by which they were afterward generally recognized. They were expelled from France in 1594 only to be reinstated later; and from

1603 to 1764 they exercised a powerful influence in matters of state policy in France, and were active in more than one conspiracy, to be suppressed in 1773 by Pope Clement XIV., to be again recognized in 1814, and to be finally driven from France in 1880. Their founder was Ignatius Loyola.

Of the times contemporary with the subject of this sketch, the Jesuits were recognized as the missionaries of the true faith in their activity in spreading the propaganda of the Church among the North American Savages, especially in that part known as Acadia, and as well extending the French influence in the early days of exploration, colonization, and trade coveted by the French Regency, and which, under the succeeding Kings of France, was maintained only by an almost constant aggression upon the English settler of actual warfare of the most atrocious character, or by the employment of the most invidious influences among the savages, and over whom they early acquired almost absolute control.

Ralé came to *Nanrantsouak* in the latter part of the 17th century, but was not the first of the Jesuits to come among these savages, better known as the *Cannibas*, or the *Norridgewacks*. The way had been bushed out by Father Biart, who made the *Cannibas* a brief visit in 1613; but the story of the Jesuit influence in Acadia begins with the Poutrincourt colony at Port Royal, and dates from about 1611. It is well-known that Poutrincourt was preceded by DuMonts in 1604, who began his occupation at St.

ARNOLD'S WAY TO QUEBEC

Croix Island, but who shifted his base of operations to Port Royal the following spring. He was greatly ambitious, and returned to France in 1605, leaving Champlain and Sieur du Pont-Gravé to complete their explorations. It was the next year that Poutrincourt came in the *Jonas*, 1606. He immediately assumed command of the colony. The historian to be, of New France, Lescarbot, kept Poutrincourt company, and it was with Champlain he made his first voyage along the coast of Maine and across the Bay of Massachusetts. This was Champlain's third voyage down the coast, going only as far as Monhegan on his first.

Four years after Poutrincourt's advent into the colony founded by Du Monts, his affairs were in so slender a condition that he was under the necessity of sending his son, Biencourt, to the home country for assistance. About Port Royal was a fertile country where the maize flourished, but there was need of other things. There was need of men, of artisans and farmers, and of tools to till the rich soil about the Bay of Minas, that the colonial larder might not fail. There was much work to be done, and Poutrincourt, unlike Du Monts, found these Fundy shores, beautiful in summer, and comfortable and well-sheltered in winter, and it was to him a land of exceeding promise.

Louis XIII was a minor, whose mother, acting as Queen Regent, was more solicitous for the spiritual than the material affairs of Poutrincourt's colony, and along with the Crown's contributions to his

immediate needs were imposed the conditions that two of the Jesuit Fathers, Peter Biart, or Biard, and Enemond Massè should go along with Biencourt, and that the Propaganda of the Church should be expounded to the savages, as well as that a church should be founded in the new colony. This was the extent of the interest of Marie de Medicis, whose fate it was to be exiled by Richelieu in 1631.

This sailing of the Jesuits to America took place in the year 1610, and in which year Louis XIII assumed the Crown of France. Louis was King, and it was under the direction of his ministers that the policy of the colonies of New France were to be shaped. Those concerned in the Poutrincourt enterprise would not consent to the condition of the Queen Regent unless a sufficient sum was advanced to cover the cost of maintaining the Jesuits in the colony. A charitable donation of two thousand dollars was raised by the Church, by which the two priests were enabled to take a share in the adventure, which, despite the somewhat hypercritical comments of some writers, was legitimate, alike praise-worthy, notwithstanding their vows which bound them to lives of denial and poverty. Then, as now, all charitable works were dependent for their efficacy upon the amount of funds at disposal.

There was one thing, however, to be discovered by these holy men upon their arrival at Port Royal, June 12, 1611; Sieur de Poutrincourt would brook no interference with the general purse or the direction of his administration. He was not particularly

interested in their work, and he wanted none of their advice. They not only found him obstinate, but unmanageable. Having no control of the funds, they did as best they could, going among the savages, many of whose customs they preached against, so that their welcome by the aboriginees was a not over-generous one. It was not long after their coming

ON THE DEAD RIVER

that these two sons of the Church undertook, like John of old, to carry the Word into the wilderness. Massè went away with the son of Membertou, while Biart set out upon his long journey to the land of the *Cannibas* which was watered by the Kennebec. Here he wrought, for he was well received. As the first instance on this soil of a clergyman's stipend,

it was with the provisions he had in return for his gentle ministrations, that he succored the colonists at Port Royal. The Cannibas had seen the white man before, for here was the home of Nahanada and Skidwarroes, and the ruins of Fort Popham at the mouth of the river were hardly four years old.

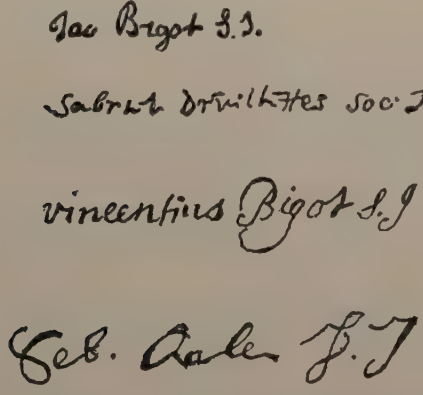
The Jesuits intended to have founded a Mission at Kadesquit on the Panaoumske, now the site of beautiful Bangor, for here was the supposed location of the golden Norombegua; but sailing across Penobscot Bay, they landed at Pemetiq (Mont Desert) close by Soames' Sound. This was in 1613, and the Jesuits were Quentin and Gilbert Du Thet, under the patronage of Marchioness de Guercheville. The latter had acquired Du Monts' title in New France, and through her influence with Marie de Medicis, Sieur de la Saussaye was fitted out with a vessel and sent away to found a new colony. He made the voyage, touched at Port Royal where he added to his company Biart and Massè, after which he headed for Penobscot, making his debarkation on the northerly side of Mt. Desert, and which was at once given the name of St. Sauveur. It was here that Biart greatly impressed the savages with his apparent miraculous power. As these voyagers reached the sands, Biart obeyed his first instinct to seek out the savage dwellers of the island. After a little, he came upon a village of Etchemins where moans of distress fell upon the otherwise quiet of the scene. Following the sound, he saw the savages sitting a-row about a little child in the arms of its

father, who, swaying to and fro, was giving way to loud cries of sorrow. Biart saw the child was ill, and at once taking it in his arms, administered to it the rite of baptism, afterward supplicating with a loud voice that God would show some sign of his providential care. After this, Biart gave the child to its mother's breast, and it ultimately recovered. It was an auspicious occasion, and Biart was invested by these woodsy children with the keys of Life and Death, theretofore accorded by them only to the great Manitou.

The fate of St. Sauveur is known wherever the career of Samuel Argall is cited,— the slayer of the Fathers Du Thet. It might not have been his willing hand, but it was his piratical expedition, and Biart and Massé would have shared a like fate had they not been elsewhere.

The Recollects of Paris at the outset of the French scheme for the colonization of Acadia undertook to evangelize the savage races of that country. They had for sometime been prosecuting their labors along the Valley of the Mississippi and its tributary waters, but they found a different condition in New France, where the mission field called for the priests of an order whose vows of poverty were not so rigid as their own. As has been noted, Enemond Massé and Peter Biart or Biard, came with Biencourt. The pettinesses of Poutrincourt discouraged them at Port Royal. Massé found his first convert in the aged chief, Membertou, of the Acadian savages and he at once began the study of the Micmac language.

His mission among the Micmacs was unfortunate, and he found his way back to France, only to return with John de Brebeuf in 1625. Richelieu in power, liked neither Recollect or Jesuit, and offered the field of New France to the Capuchins. It was declined, and the Jesuits, homeless and without friends at Court, were taken in by the Recollects, and it was with their aid that the Jesuits were enabled to go on with the work in the new field. In 1615, by the



influence of Champlain, four of the Gray Friars came to Quebec, one of whom was Father John Dolbeau, and by these were founded the Catholic Missions of the St. Lawrence Valley, which were in a way the nurseries of the subsequent Jesuit labors about the Kennebec and on the Penobscot. With the capture of Quebec by the English in 1629, the work of the Recollects and Jesuits in Canada came to a close, to be renewed after the Treaty of St. Germain

in 1632, and from which date the history of the great Jesuit missions is to be reckoned. For many years the Jesuits were the only representatives of the Church in these colonies. They were an integral part of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, and their chapels were to be counted in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Gaspé, as well as on the Penobscot and Kennebec.

Down to the years around 1643, the labors of the Jesuits among savages of the Penobscot and Kennebec country had been of a desultory character. Biart had been here at the Kennebec for a brief stay among the *Cannibas*, and had left a most agreeable impression. He found them the chief tribe of the Abenake race, and of friendly disposition; and it was about 1643 that some Abenakis had found their way to Sillery with peltries, and one chief was baptized. It was after this that Gabriel Dreuilletes founded the Mission of Nanrantsouack. After 1657 this work in Maine, so far as the Jesuits were concerned, was suspended, for fear of giving offense to the Capuchins who had missions on the eastward coast. Sillery, the early nucleus of the Jesuistic influence, was abandoned in 1683 for St. Francis de Sales which had been located near the beautiful falls of the romantic Chaudière, the burial-place of Massé.

From this new base a new series of missions were established in Maine, from which first came the Bigots, then Ralé, Lauverjait, Loyard, and Sirenne. It may be said the Dreuilletes with the founder of the Norridgewack Mission which was in later days to

become such a desperate menace to the propagation of the English settlements. Of all these priests, Ralé was a marked man among his contemporaries. He was a man of thorough cultivation, — a man of learning and schooled to industry as his Abenake Dictionary confirms, a quarto in his own handwriting, of priceless value, now in the Harvard Library. It is his greatest monument. He begins his work

A BIT OF OLD NORRIDGEWACK

with this inscription: "1691. It is now a year that I have been among the savages; and I begin to set down in order, in the form of a dictionary the words I learn." This dictionary was one of the prizes secured by the Westbrook Expedition of 1621.

This preliminary sketch of the beginnings of Jesuistic labors among the aborigines has led to the threshold of the Norridgewack Mission, direct; for it was through Biart that the advent of Gabriel Dreuilletes was made possible, and it was through Biart's diplomacy, his gentle ways and sympathetic

disposition, that this transient visit was so successful. A few years later the savage *Cannibas* asked for a teacher of the faith of Biart. It was an opportunity not to be lost. The establishment of the French influence so far south as the Kennebec brought the Jesuit one step nearer the goal of his ambition, when the settlements of the hated English at Sheepscot Farms, Merrymeeting and Pemaquid would be exterminated by these savage proselytes; when the French power should be extended even to the Hudson. It was a great dream of power and aggrandizement for the Church, but they had forgotten Harfleur, and Agincourt. So it came about that the religious superior of the Canadas sent Dreuilletes to Norridgewack. He was the first settled clergyman, for such he may be called, once installed over his savage parish, in the territory east of Casco Bay. It was a notable event among the *Cannibas*, and Dreuilletes proved a faithful priest, for not then had it become a part of the priestly ministration to inculcate the sentiments of hate and revenge into the hearts of his wild flock. That was left for his more strenuous successor, for whom he was making a wide and comfortable road among the Abenake, but who was not to come until a third of a century had passed. Dreuilletes was credited with the power of performing miracles. An instance is recorded by Charlevoix. He was eloquent, and he wrought here and there among the remote tribes as at his village chapel of Nanrantsouak. He came to be regarded as God's vicar among the people who knew him best. The

incident of his miraculous power related by Charlevoix is connected with the apparent illness of Madame de Connoyer to whom the physicians had been able to afford no relief. Dreuilletes saw her, and making a sign of the cross upon his own forehead, the sick woman was immediately healed. Madame de Lientot is Charlevoix's authority. To be credited

FORT WESTERN, AUGUSTA

with such powers of healing could not but increase the fame of the man among his parish, and it said the English were not averse to using the gentle arts of flattery that his influence might be other than adverse to their projects; but either he was too sagacious, or too simple to be affected by their adulatory policy, for he kept to his labors of advanc-

ing the faith of the Church and the influence of his government among the Indians of Eastern Maine.

The years went, until the Indians along the Saco began to kill and burn in 1676. The warfare upon the English was not of long duration, as a peace was made the following year, but it was sufficiently disastrous while it lasted; for, the settlements up the Kennebec and Sheepscot were destroyed, and the settlers were driven from the Monhegan and Pemaquid settlements. The causes of this outbreak are not directly traceable to the French instigation, though no doubt the French were abettors in a degree. It remained for the outbreak of ten years later to reveal the fine hand of the Jesuit, who had waited long and patiently for the opportunity to control the direction and manipulation of the savage hordes that roamed the woods from the Penobscot to the intervales of Pequaket.

In 1688 the French had news that Andros was endeavoring to interest the Indian in the English behalf. Vincent Bigot was immediately despatched to the Penobscot for the purpose of concentrating the savages within the French domain. Jacques Bigot, the younger, for these Bigots were Jesuits, is credited with some missionary work among the Norridgewacks. Father Vincent Bigot is alleged by Charlevoix as having on one occasion accompanied the *Tarratines* and *Cannibas* into New England when numerous of the English were slain.

While the missionary work at Norridgewack had been for almost forty years prosecuted with unwaver-

ing fidelity to the single purpose of winning the Indian irrevocably to the French interest, there had been since 1667 at the Parish of La Famille on the Penobscot, a French nobleman by the name of Jean Vincent Baron de St. Castine, who early married a daughter of the great Madockawando. St. Castine was of a most peaceable and unwarlike disposition though bred to the service of arms. Here was an important outpost of the French on the southern boundary of Acadia, although its limits were supposed to extend to the Kennebec. And here it was that the implacable Father Peter Thury expounded the tenets of the Church, and likewise kept the red torch of fire, axe and devastation, to be ultimately thrown among the English settlements to the westward, aflame. On one occasion he made his Tarratines an impassioned address which so well accorded with their thirst for savagery, that upon the sacred altar of the La Famille chapel the savages made their vows, and a few days later had made a successful assault upon the fort at Pemaquid.

The blow of 1690 had fallen. York had been visited by the disciples of Thury; Casco had been devastated; the fort at Pemaquid demolished; the settlers at New Dartmouth had been rescued by the daring of one man; while the adjoining settlements had been utterly destroyed. It was about this time that Sebastian Ralé made his appearance at the village of the *Norridgewacks*, the ancient Abenake *Nanrantsouak*. Ralé is supposed by Lincoln to have begun his labors here about 1691.

He was a fit coadjutor of Thury, and his teachings were colored with the same ruddy hue of carnage as the means of the attainment of the French supremacy of State and Church. For the wily purpose none better among the Jesuits could have been selected. He was zealous, indefatigable in the carrying out of his purpose, the which was the avowed determination of "converting the heathen." His faith knew no bounds. Like Père Brebeuf and Lallamant, of whom the latter was burned at the stake by the savages he had undertaken to convert, Daniel, Garnier, Buteaux, La Riborerde, Goupil, Constantin, and Liegeouis, all of whom were killed by the *Iroquois*, his courage was as sublime as his capacity of endurance. His abode was a hut covered by the bark of the trees; his food was a bit of parched corn, or swollen in water; and his mystic ceremonies might well be looked upon by the medicine-man of the tribe with open jealousy. His coming has been placed as early as 1670, and it is probable it would be exact to put it anywhere between that time and the date first given. He was an open and avowed enemy of the heretical English, and his liveliest endeavors were given to their extinction. Lincoln gives the date of his advent among the *Norridgewacks* as, definitely, 1691, but he may have erred. Others set it earlier. He was undoubtedly here when the Second Indian War began, two years earlier.

In one of his letters, he says: "It was among these people, who pass for the least rude of all our savages, that I went through my apprentice as a

missionary. My principal occupation was to study their language. It is very difficult to learn, especially when we have only savages for our teachers." But Ralé was a diligent scholar and he relates how well he succeeded. "They have several letters which are sounded wholly from the throat, without

A NORRIDGEWACK HIGHWAY

any motion of the lips; *ou* for example is one of the number. I used to spend a part of the day in their huts to hear them talk. At length, after five months constant application, I accomplished so much as to understand all their terms."

But where was Nanrantsouak? To the north of Waterville, the seat of one of Maine's great Univer-

sities, is Fairfield. The south-eastern corner of old Norridgewack laps upon the northern edge of Fairfield. Threading the beautiful Kennebec up stream north from where it joins the Sagadahoc, past Augusta and straight on to Waterville, keeping the river as did Benedict Arnold in 1775, on his way to Quebec, one crosses into Skowhegan, where it makes a sharp bend on a southwest course until it reaches the center of historic Norridgewack at which busy village it makes another sharp turn toward the northwest, to still keep on to its headwaters, the great Moosehead Lake. At Norridgewack village the river makes the angle of a square, and it is, perhaps, four to five miles above the village, yet in sight of the car-window on the Somerset Branch, at Old Point, one may see the site of the Jesuit chapel, where, for so many years, this priest officiated among his dusky worshippers. It must have been a beautiful spot in the days of Ralé, in its quiet seclusion, as it is to-day with the sun lying peacefully across its mowing-lands, with only a granite shaft to commemorate the tragic event that has made this particular place as notable as any other in Maine. One finds it difficult to plant these green levels with the hoary hemlock, and within their soft shadows rebuild the village church with its circling wigwams, and where lived the children of the chase, hunting their game, or harvesting through the Indian Summer days their yellow maize; but this was the picture that was mirrored in the gently-flowing waters of the *Quinebequi*. It was a drowsy place as the mellow

summer days sped on softly shod feet, and it was well protected from the wintry blasts by its densely wooded environment. It was the haunt of the deer and the moose, and the waters of the river were alive with salmon.

The locality was easy of access, for here was a natural highway from Quebec to the sea. It was but a few hours' paddle by canoe to the Sagadahoc, or the Sasanoa, and thence out by Squam to the sea. It was not far to the Parish of La Famille by the overland trail to the eastward, while to the westward to the villages of the Sokoki of which Pigwacket was the chiefest, was a trail over which the runner in times of emergency could make his way. It may be averred safely, that Ralé stood at the head of the priesthood among the Abenake, and for that reason his settlement was the most important from a politic point of view. St. Castine was upbraided more than once for his apathy in the machinations by which the English were to be eliminated, but at Norridgewack there was no cause for reproach. Ralé was the General of the Order of which he was the most active exponent. Under his domination, outside of the Sokoki, was the most powerful tribe of all the Abenake race. They had been less in contact with the English than any of the other tribes. The *Tarratines* had known the Plymouth traders on the Penobscot under Allerton, and the *Sokoki* had become acquainted with the Saco settlements as they had been up and down that natural highway from their domain to the sea. Of all the Abenake tribes the *Norridgewacks* had been

the least imposed upon by the English, and yet they were most implacable.

The chapel of Dreuillettes had been destroyed by fire, yet it was renewed as by magic, and it was the one found by Ralé when he came among his chosen people. He was five days from Quebec; he was almost two days from the English settlements; it was about the same distance from the lodges of St. Castine. He was isolate, except for the associations of Nature. A little distance away was the confluence of the Sandy River, and there was ever the song of the falls in his ears. There was the blue of the sky overhead, and the gray trunks of the Druids of the woods at his very threshold. Under his feet were the tapestries of the tree-tops, the carpetings of the fallen leaves, while upon the roof of his church, the filtering sunlight wove delicate traceries in fleeting designs, the mystic hieroglyphics of which this priest in the midst of untrammelled Nature became the rare interpreter.

Here was a lonely parish, indeed, but it was in the midst of this virgin environment that this zealous priest had determined to consecrate his life to the work of the Church. Highly educated, of high lineage, accustomed to the softer side of life's austerities, he had voluntarily buried himself, far away from the sunny France, which had been so dear to him in his childhood. It was not possible he could forget, and it is probable that in his dreams he visited the scenes with which he had once been so familiar, and that the sweet voices of old filled his ears, as the

old flowers wafted him their sweet odors. Strenuous as was his life, ascetic as were his practices, and laborious as were his tasks and the demands upon his sympathies among a stoic people, when sleep came he forgot all these, to throw his sails to the winds of night, while they carried him over the seas, and he was again among the vine-clad hills. How empty must have seemed these dreams as on his

OLD FORT WESTERN

waking he gazed out the door of his hut with every dawn! and how sore his heart! Yet like one walking in the furrow behind the plow, he looked not back upon the days that had been, unless to see how far he was on the journey toward the goal he had set for his accomplishment. From his point of view his ideal was high, no matter what others may have

thought. It is as evident, misguided though he seems to have been in his murderous pursuit of the English settler, and cruel as a beast of prey, he was sincere. He was a son of the Church, and he knew only what to him seemed its high behest.

Upon his coming to Norridgewack he began immediately the building of a new church. He had brought along its decorations and furnishings. Here were all the paraphernalia necessary to a well-conducted service, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church, and which were intended to greatly impress the wondering aborigine. Behind the altar was a painting of the Virgin Mary, and at one side the golden effigy of the Son. Along the walls were highly-colored paintings and symbolic effigies, in the midst of which adornments were performed what to the savage seemed but mystic rites, but which were only the usual ceremonies of Ralé's office. The Indian women emulated the enthusiasm of the priest and brought their finest handiwork for the adornment of the altar. They went to the far away seashore where they robbed the fragrant bayberry bushes of their wax for the candles, the brilliant lights of which shed a soft lustre over the strange scene. They made cassocks and surplices, and forty Indian boys wore them and lent their assistance to the solemn functions at the altar. All the arts of mysticism were brought into play to attract and hold the attention of these untaught, unsophisticated children of the woods. Holy days were observed, and processions were made. The banners of the church floated in the winds; and before,

went the Host. Censers were carried, the incense of which lent a soft illusion to the sweeter air. Mass was the first service of the day, and followed the breaking of the dawn, and this was in Latin. Vespers closed the day, and were conducted in the Abenake tongue and the savage was taught to take part in this service. He joined in the chant, and as their sonorous, untrained voices were lifted in unison, they were like a weird incantation, in the midst of all which was the Wizard, Ralé. What a scene in the midst of the Norridgewack woods! Close your eyes and see it for yourself, and do you wonder at the mighty hold this zealous Jesuit had upon the imaginations and credulities of this savage constituency? It is not for a moment to be thought that they understood the meaning of this mystic office, when the intelligence of nineteen hundred years has only got to the threshold which is marked with the simple mystery out of which one spells the word FAITH. As they started on their individual journeys to the Happy Hunting-grounds, these proselytes of Ralé may have seen the Light that met Saul of Tarsus as he hastened to Damascus on *his* errand of persecution.

Be that as it may, there were two small chapels other than the church. One was at the head of the rapids, which was dedicated to the Holy Virgin, where her image was raised above its altar, so that the sacred effigy of the Mother of Christ should be ever in the sight of the dusky throng who were taught to pray to her for everything. The other chapel, which was below on the river bank where the

river waters had resumed their level of a quiet, onflowing current, was dedicated to the guardian spirit of the *Norridgewacks*.

Ralé was constant in his exhortations, nor was anything allowed to come in between the priesthood and their consciences. He was their conscience, the assiduous prober of their hearts. He demanded their unreserved belief in what he taught them. His methods were perfect, and he obtained what he sought, a solidarity of purpose, and that purpose was the extermination of the heretic English.

Ralé had become fairly well-settled among his people when he was disturbed by vague rumors that a warlike tribe of savages with whom he had no acquaintance were about to settle in close proximity to his parish. He was not afraid for himself but for his *Nanrantsouaks*, that they might be drawn away from the church and fall into the wiles of the heathen. These were the savage Amalingans, a tribe from the northern interior to whose ears had never come the strange message of eternal damnation. He increased his exhortations, coloring them with a renewed warmth and fervor, until one day of the year 1697, he was visited by a deputation from the dreaded tribe. They were greeted with his most impressive exhibitions of churchly magnificence. He disclosed to their surprised visions the extent of his pomp and magnificence as he conducted the pious services of the Church. They compared him, with his gorgeous robes of office and his train of acolytes, his decorated altar overlooked by the effigies and paintings along

the walls alight with the luminous splendor of the fragrant wax candles, the intoning of the chants in the pure Abenake, the strange language of the Litany, the glittering Host, the gilded banners, —

NORRIDGEWACK MEETING HOUSE

all these mystic adjuncts, — with their medicine man in his dirt and ugliness, and his strange gibberish. They were amazed to see the warlike *Nanrantsouaks* on their knees before the shrine, bowing and crossing

themselves in utter obedience to the Supreme Master, who, to their clouded understandings, was Ralé, the apparent master of ceremonies.

They were surprised only to be pleased, and through their superstitions they were awed. Then it was that Ralé, in kindly welcoming, spoke directly to them; and it is in this address one gets an insight into the character of this priest, to whose lot, whether justly or unjustly, it fell to be the most maligned and the best-hated Jesuit who ever came to this country.

Suppose one joins these dusky worshippers for a little to catch something of what Ralé is saying from his decorated pulpit, — they are gentle words:

"For a long time, my children, I have desired to see you; — now that I have the happiness my heart cannot contain its joy. Think of the pleasure that a father experiences, who tenderly loves his children, when he revisits them after a long absence, during which they have incurred the greatest dangers, and you will conceive a part of mine; for although you do not yet pray, I still regard you as my children, and entertain for you the affection of a father, inasmuch as you are children of the Great Spirit, who is the author of being as well to you as to those who pray; who has created the heaven for you as well as for them; and who thinks of you as he thinks of them and of me, that they may enjoy an eternal happiness. That which pains me and diminishes the joy of this meeting is the reflection that one day I shall be separated from a part of my children, of whom their lot will be eternal misery, because they do not pray; —

while the others who pray, will possess the joy which endures forever. When I reflect on this fatal separation, can I have a heart at ease? The joy I feel for the happiness of the one, does not balance the affliction I suffer for the misery of the other. If prevented from prayer by insurmountable obstacles, and remaining in the state in which you are, I could procure your admission into heaven, I would spare nothing to obtain you that blessing. I would aid you, I would cause you all to enter there, so much do I love you, so much do I desire your happiness; but that is impossible. It is necessary to pray, and it is necessary to be baptized, to be enabled to enter into that abode of pleasure."

But those are kindly words, and a better greeting than a jug of strong-waters which was the English contribution to the civilization from the Piscataqua eastward. But Ralé is expounding the articles of the Catholic faith, and then he turns to them confidently, still talking in the Abenake, — "The words which I have spoken are not of men they are the words of the Great Spirit; they are not written as your messages, figured on a wampum which you make to speak whatever you will; but they are written in the book of the Great Spirit, which cannot lie."

It came about afterward that he administered to these savage *Amalingans* the rites of baptism, and they were joined to his parish. They became his devoted adherents, and entered into his pious schemes for the extirpation of the hated English as heartily as had the Nanrantsouaks.

His life was as simple as their own, and here is a note from his earliest experiences at *Norridgewack:* "Here I am, in a cabin in the woods on the borders of the sea, where I find both crosses and religious observances among the Indians. At the dawn of the morning I say mass in the chapel made of the branches of the fir tree. The residue of the day I spend in visiting and consoling the savages: — a severe affliction to see so many famished persons, without being able to relieve their hunger." If he was the master of this savage tribe, he was likewise their servant. Metaphorically, he washed their feet, as did that One of old, the feet of his disciples. He was the visible exponent of the Great Spirit to them, and they loved him with all the affection possible with their limited intelligence.

While the Second Indian War was being prosecuted, Ralé is to be counted with the Penobscot Priest, Thury, as one of its most active and cruel agents. They ravaged and slaughtered, through their dusky cohorts, throughout the eastern settlements. With St. Castine they were the evil spirits. Their mission apparently was to imbue the savage with the sole thought that once the English exterminated they would again be in possession of the birthright of their ancient sagamores, and as well be doing God the greatest service within their power. This war had early destroyed all the English settlements as far as Wells, but in 1713 came the Peace of Utrecht, and the torch was slowly extinguished; and it was not until 1720 that the Indians again became trouble-

some. Ralé had become apprehensive of the growing influence of the English, and had written Vaudreuil of the danger of the savage tribes going over to the heretics. A deputation of Abenakis from St. Francois and Becanour, accompanied by Father La Chasse, the Superior-general of the Canada Missions, was sent to the *Norridgewacks*, to strengthen the French influence. Toxus had died, an irreparable loss to

THE OLD JAIL AT NORRIDGEWACK

Ralé. He had been the great war-chief of the *Norridgewacks*, and he was entirely loyal to the French. Living, he had been able to keep the savages true to the teachings of the priests, but dead, Ralé was not long in discovering the wavering among his proselytes. As has been before remarked, these children of the Norridgewack woods had but little acquaintance with the English, and despised them. It had never occurred to them that one day the English

would invade the secret recesses of their wilderness home; so in an evil day they again joined the French.

It was in August of 1721 that the French with some two hundred Abenakis went down to Arrowsic to threaten Captain Penhallow and to demand his immediate removal from their lands on the penalty that their cattle should be killed and their settlement burned if they failed to get away at once. The Superior-general La Chasse and Ralé went along to support Anselm St. Castine in his demand. The Massachusetts Government regarded it as a hostile demonstration, and ordered the arrest of St. Castine, which was shortly thereafter accomplished, and the Penobscot leader was taken to Boston and there for sometime kept in the common jail.

This was regarded by the Indians, who were ready always to kill and burn, as a sufficient provocation; but the Colonial Government at Boston were wearied with the machinations of Ralé, and regarding his stronghold at Norridgewack as the hot bed of these savage treacheries, organized a force of three hundred men under the command of Col. Thomas Westbrook, and which was despatched thither the same year, 1721–2, with orders to seize Ralé. The expedition failed, for only the private papers of the priest were secured. The *Norridgewacks* fled, and to whom the taking of Ralé's papers was an insult to their Great Spirit, whereby they were incited to a greater fury against the settler.

Ralé had received a warning of the approach

of the English under Westbrook, and came very near being captured. Sometime before, both legs had been broken by a fall, and he was able to get but a short distance into the woods. The soldiers were close upon his heels and he stepped behind a tree. They came so near as almost to touch it, but as Ralé says, relating the incident, "as if they had been repelled by an invisible hand, they turned away and retired." Westbrook never knew how near he came to his prey. Urged by his loyal savages to take safety by going to Quebec, he answered "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry I have received from the Lord Jesus." He was to be a zealot to the end, and which perhaps he even then saw with prophetic eye. He was not unaware of the estimation in which he was held by the English; nor could he fail to see the sun of the Indian was lowering to the west. His letter to Vaudreuil was the cry of mariner in distress, and perhaps he preferred to perish with his people.

The Indians after this were especially active about Black Point and Saco. They showed a boldness in their approach against the English that was different from their former methods of warfare, which was taken by the English to mean that some great project was afoot among the French and the savages; and the designs against the Ralé settlement were again renewed. The contents of Ralé's little iron trunk which may be seen at the rooms of the Maine Historical Society, contained abundant evidence of the

diabolical intrigues in which Ralé was engaged, and the proof of his machinations was established.

As one recalls the atrocities instigated by Ralé, one wonders of what stuffs the fabrics of his dreams were made when the night had shut down over the forest domes of Norridgewack; whether they were of the suns that had risen and gone down day by day, and the wild plans for the christianizing of savage America, the ruddy glare of Sheepscot, Pemaquid and Arrowsic, the crackling of many fires and the crashing of as many roofs, the moans and cries of terror as the tomahawk flashed in air, the lifeless up-staring eyes of his victims, for they were his in very truth, the stark fields stripped of their herds, the ravaged homes, and the plaints of the captive women and children while the air throbbed with the whoopings of his emissaries; or, were they of

> "The tranquil skies of sunny France,
> The peasant's harvest song and dance,
> The vines around the hillsides wreathing
> The soft airs midst their clusters breathing,
> The wings which dipped, the stars which shone
> Within thy bosom, blue Garonne?"

The story of Ralé in those last days of his at Norridgewack are best pictured by Whittier in his romance of Mogg Megone. The limning of the tragedy that rounded out the sum of his unholy ambitions is brushed in with the hand of a master, and one hardly thinks of the weary priest in his dim chapel, but the ghost of Ruth Bonython glides in to bend at his feet a conscience-stricken woman.

GRAND FALLS ON DEAD RIVER

"Her hands are clasping the Jesuit's knee,
And her eye looks fearfully into his own; —
'Off, woman of sin! — nay, touch not me
With those fingers of blood; — begone!'
With a gesture of horror he spurns the form
That writhes at his feet like a trodden worm."

In September of 1723, the *Norridgewacks* made a descent upon Arrowsic. Thirty-seven dwellings were burned. Three hundred cattle were killed. One child was slain, while the other of the settlers fled to the garrison. The Indians returned to the wilds of Norridgewack, and from which place other sallies continued to he made. The depredations at Arrowsic aroused the government, and it was determined to strike a deadly blow at the heart of all this mischief. Winter came but the preparations for an attack on Norridgewack went on. In the summer of the next year, 1724, Moulton and Harmon led a body of rangers down to the Sagadahoc. There were two hundred and eighty of them. They were discovered by the savages who retired up the river keeping on to the Ralé settlement. Moulton and his men kept their way to Ticonic. On the twenty-first day of August, Moulton left Ticonic. A sufficient guard was left behind to care for the boats and the provisions. Moulton pressed on through the woods keeping to its most secret defiles. Moulton and his men were out to kill. The sun had dropped slowly down, and the lengthening shadows on the woods had merged into the gray of twilight; silently they crept over the mosses leaving no sound of foot-fall,

and across the gloaming sped two dusky figures. Muskets shots broke the evening quiet into a shiver of sound. There was a cry, a moan, and one form dropped to the fallen leaves while the other waited beside it. It was the wife of the Sagamore Bomazeen and her daughter; and the daughter it was that lay among the brush, dead. In her terror the mother betrayed her kindred; for from her, Moulton obtained a detailed account of the Nanrantsouak village, its position and most secret ways of approach, with the number of savages they were likely to meet. This was the knell of the tragedy about to be perpetrated. Moulton was no doubt conscience-smitten as he gazed upon the work of his muskets, but his heart was steeled to his work by the terrible atrocities of the Indian girl's race, and the trail was taken up as before, the rangers dividing into two parties. Captain Moulton was to make his attack directly upon the village. Harmon, with eighty men, was to make a circuit, to come upon the savages from the unexpected quarter, by the way of their maize fields which were just upon the outer edge of their village. The assault was well-planned and thoroughly understood. At a whisper, each went his appointed direction, and so they wound through the deep darkness of the woods, Indian file, a sinuous thread of fate being unwound slowly but surely from the trail that was left behind, an invisible thread,

"Never rustling the boughs or displacing the rocks,
For the eyes and the ears that are watching for"

the hated Yengees

"Are keener than those of the wolf or the fox."

"Steals Harmon down from the sands of York,
With hand of iron and foot of cork?
Has Scamman, versed in Indian wile,
For vengeance left his vine-hung isle?"

Like so many ghosts hugging the shadows of the night, the avengers wind in and out the forest aisles, feeling their way by the rough rinds of the trees, stopping to listen anon, as some unfamiliar sound comes down the wind, or for an upward look at the sky, as if to measure the span of the hours.

As the dawn broke and the spires of the towering hemlocks had caught the first glow of the east, the unguarded wigwams of the drowsing *Nanrantsouaks* were revealed. Not a Yengee shot was to be fired until the savages began their repulse, and the advance was like the flight of a bird through the air, noiseless and swift. The rangers could touch the outer rim of wigwams, so stealthy had been their approach, and there they stood, so many statues, waiting to see the glint of Harmon's muskets above the ruddy tassels of the maize field.

A single war-whoop, —

"A yell the dead might wake to hear,

startles the dewy coolness of the morning air, and sixty surprised and terrified savages parted the deer-skin doors of their wigwams, hemmed about by the fatal circle, and before the answering echoes of

their yells had died away, there were thin wreathings of pale smoke swirling away from as many savage muskets. It was a futile volley, — their bullets went high, as Moulton predicted. Not a ranger was struck, and it was then each marked his savage prey, and as he glanced along his glittering weapon he saw the glare of the flaming roofs of York to light the way of his deadly messenger to the heart of the murderous *Norridgewack*, who went down like grass before the mower's scythe. The muskets spit simultaneously, and under cover of their low-hanging smokes the savages, with despairing cries, made a dash for the river and their canoes, in a wild effort to escape; but Harmon closed in from the depths of the waving corn and cut them off, driving them out of the woods and back to their village, where there is a

> "whistle of shot as it cuts the leaves
> Of the maples around the church's eaves,—
> And the gride of hatchets, fiercely thrown,
> On wigwam-log, and tree and stone,
> Black with grime of paint and dust
> Spotted and streaked with human gore.
> A grim and naked head is thrust
> Without the chapel-door.
> 'Ha — Bomazeen! — In God's name say,
> What mean these sounds of bloody fray?'
> Silent, the Indian points his hand
> To where across the echoing glen
> Sweep Harmon's ranger-band,
> And Moulton with his men;"

and where the righteous vengeance of the English is being glutted to its brim.

But where was Ralé?

There was a puff of a musket smoke from a wigwam door, and a ranger fell. It was Ralé avenging the slaughter of his *Norridgewacks*. He had dropped the crucifix and taken the musket. He was a warrior as well as a zealot, but that musket-

THE OLD TAVERN

shot was his betrayal. A moment Ralé stood in the door of his wigwam, the opening before which was strewn with the dusky children of his parish, men, women and their offspring, for the slaughter was indiscriminate, erect though a cripple, defiant, his visage distorted with his hate for the heretic, now colorless with his sorrow for the fate of his *Nor-*

ridgewacks, and the rude shattering of his life-long ambition, now aghast at the sacrilige of alien hands.

> "With his pallid hands up-raised in air,
> The gray priest murmured a silent prayer;
> And then, from his thin lips, swift and loud, —
> Swift as a peal from a thunder-cloud, —
> The curse of the Church exultant fell
> On the English, as falls the Wizard's spell.
> The Saint's bell swung in its narrow cote
> To hush the scene with its brazen note,
> As if by ghostly hands set ringing, —
> As o'er its dead a requiem singing,—
> As marking slowly, with solemn toll,
> The masses for Père Ralé's soul,"

for its first silvery peal was garnished with a single purl of white smoke, and punctuated by a sharp rifle-crack; and the weary priest lay on his face athwart the sill of his hut, his crucifix in his hands, — the emblem of his faith to which he turned in the moment of his supremest danger.

But for Ralé's shooting the ranger, he would have been taken prisoner, unless young Larrabee had found him unprotected a second time. It is a family tradition of the Scarborough Larrabees, that Benjamin Larrabee, a son of Thomas, and a brother of Anthony Larrabee, who were killed the preceding April by the savages, though but seventeen, joined Harmon's company and kept the trail with his fellows. He was in the midst of the fight, and near its end he went from wigwam to wigwam until he came to that one where Père Ralé sat with his long pipe at his lips, smoking indifferently. One would

like to know what vision filled his gaze as the battle went on that he should maintain so perfect a composure. But Larrabee, thirsting for vengeance upon the savage, left him, to return a little later. He found Ralé where the bullet of Lieutenant Jacques had left him, still barring the door-way from which he sent the only message he had for the heretics.

Jacques was a son-in-law of Captain Harmon, and had disobeyed an explicit order not to kill the priest, but Jacques averred that when he shot Ralé, the priest was reloading his musket and refused all concession. It was a fitting end, for he died as he wished, among his people. The sagamore Bomazeen kept him company with the flower of his race. Fourscore of the *Norridgewacks* were killed, and less than a half hundred altogether were left of a once most numerous tribe of the Abenake family. The tribe was broken, and the remnants of it withdrew to the Mission of St. Francis de Sales on the Chaudiere, to which were gathered the remnants of the *Sokoki* and the *Tarratines*, all together making a strong Indian settlement, from which, from time to time afterward, sallied out murderous bands to feast their vengeance on the distant English; but it was not until 1759, in the month of September, that Robert Rogers with two hundred men, all veteran rangers, set out from Crown Point to penetrate three hundred miles of wilderness to the doomed Canadian village of St. Francis of Sales. Its fate was that of old Norridgewack, and its fifty wigwams went up in smoke; its priests were killed, and the torch was thrown into

the chapel, and hastening away under the curse of the Church, tradition says that not one of the rangers ever returned to his home. Like Norridgewack, St. Francis de Sales was utterly obliterated, and the English were in part freed from danger of savage attack, but it was not until twenty years later the race was subdued.

Norridgewack destroyed, the victors withdrew down the river while the reek from the wigwams and the blazing church filtered through the woods, and there was the smell of smoke on their garments, for the savages were left as they fell, their faces to the sun. It was a terrible vengeance to be meted out upon the defenseless, as well as the warrior savage, but it was deserved, only it was unfortunate that the French instigators of their depredations could not have been extinguished with them.

It was not long after, that Castine came with his Tarratines to bury the dead, and

"No wigwam smoke is curling there;
The very earth is scorched and bare;
And they pause and listen to catch a sound
Of breathing life, — but there comes not one,
Save the fox's bark and the rabbit's bound;
But here and there, on the blackened ground,
White bones glistening in the sun,
And where the house of prayer arose,
And the holy hymn, at daylight's close,
And the aged priest stood up to bless
The children of the wilderness,
Is naught save ashes sodden and dank;
And the birchen boats of the Norridgewock,
Tethered to tree and stump and rock,
Rotting along the river bank!"

There is one more there, other than the dead priest and his silent, stark, up-looking company.

> "Blessed Mary! who is she
> Leaning against that maple-tree?
> The sun upon her face burns hot,"

but what could it be other than the ghost of poor Ruth Bonython, the restless uneasy spirit, confessedly guilty of the slaying of her clandestine lover's murderer, compelled by the irate priest to walk the fires of eternal purgatory? And thus the picture fades, while all that remains of Ralé is the mute brazen bell that was found a century after under the upturned roots of a huge hemlock, left there, probably, by one of Moulton's men, who had tired of carrying it, or had hidden it, that its voice might never again bring to the memories of Père Ralé's savage acquaintance, the place where it once rang to matins as to vespers, and where its seductive voice would be forever hushed. Like the spirit of Ruth Bonython, it has returned, the ghost of other days, an accusing Voice, to dwell among the descendants of its despoilers. To me it is an uncanny thing. The mouldy patches upon its sun-painted sides are like the gray mosses that feed upon the head-stones in the graveyard. Its throat is choked with all the sounds that live above the earth, and when I pass it by, it lights up with the glare of smoking roofs, or it may be the flare of the bayberry candles moulded by the lissome daughters of the dusky *Nanrantsouaks*. It is Ralé's old bell that vibrated with the fatal shot, that saw

THE RALÉ MONUMENT

the doomed priest fall, and fraught with wizardry. 'Tis an alien thing, and ever will be.

But up by the rapids of the Kennebec as the spring-

tide flushes the eastern hills, where the Norridgewack wigwams stood,

> "Out from its sunned and sheltered nooks
> The blue eye of the violet looks;
> The southwest wind is warmly blowing,
> And odors from the springing grass,"

to scent the Madison fields, an old bronze cross was not many years ago unearthed. On this spot hallowed by Dreuilletes, and by the unmarked grave of the ascetic Ralé, rises a stone shaft. The cross that marked the storied gable of Ralé's church surmounts this pillar of stone, and, ribbed with granite, catches the first pulsing of the dawn and the last glow of the setting sun. There is no other hand-writing of the days long gone, only the fields and woods, and the same sky. There are no pictured stories on the rinds of the birches that lean over the historic stream. Not even a hoary hemlock is left, and Nature with her customed wantonness has swept her ample floors of its litter of tragedy, and not a ravelling of the gruesome tale is left other than the river that leaves its wrinkle across the pathway of the blinking sun.

Date Due

9'14.1 v.4
Sylvester
Ye romance of
Olde Pemaquid